Vol 75 #9

75,9

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Collier's

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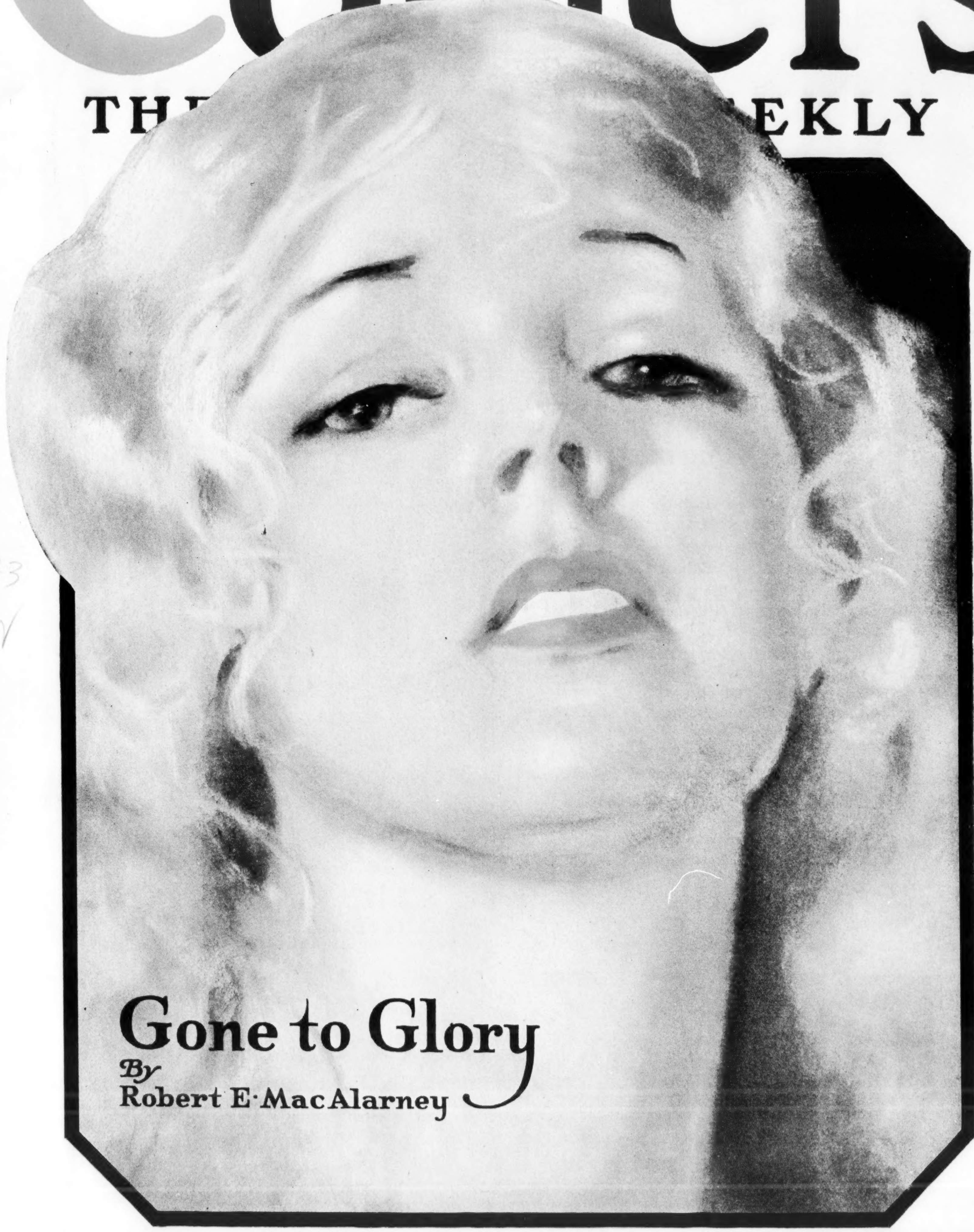
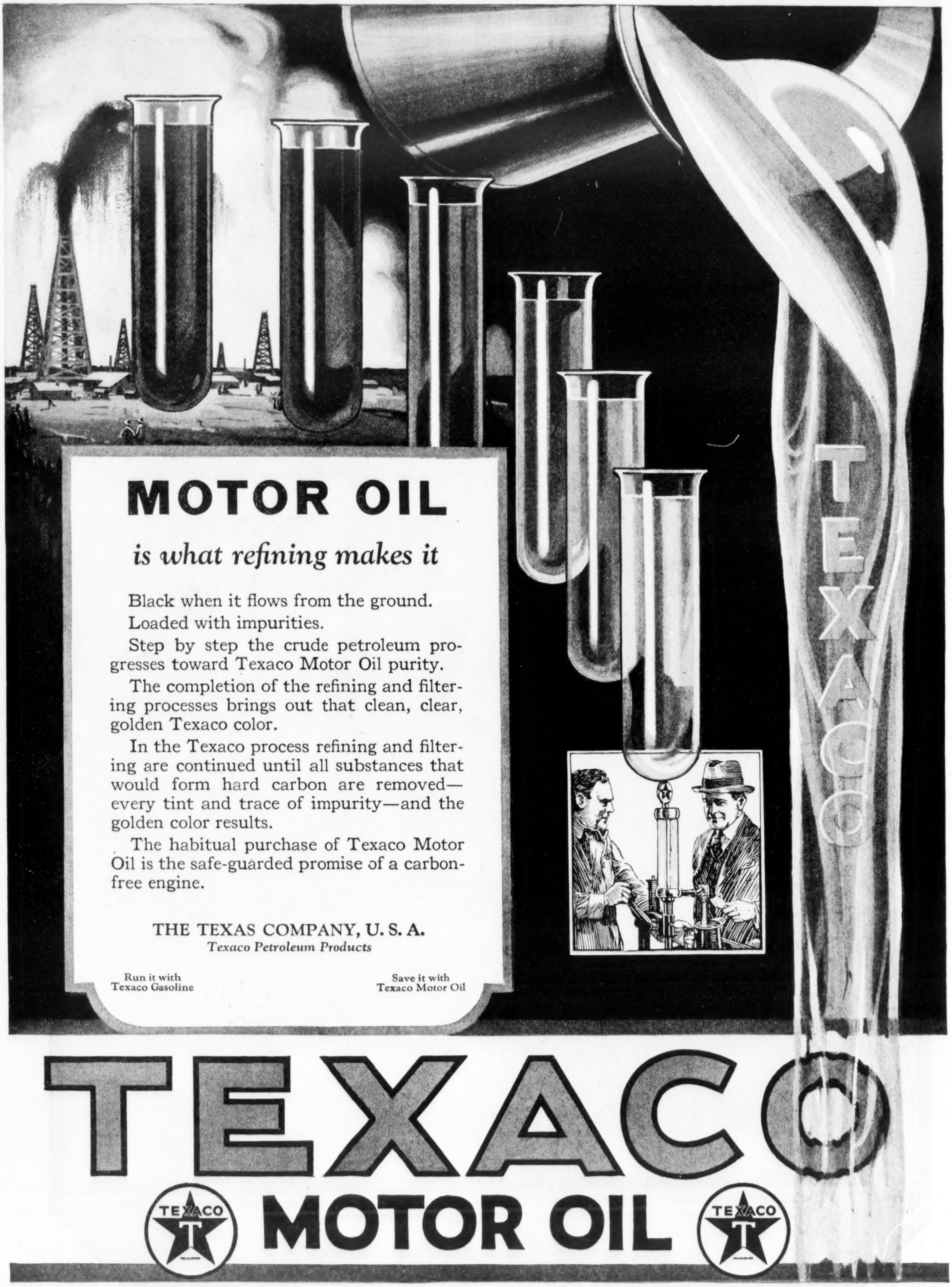


Gone to Glory

By
Robert E. MacAlarney

PAG3
TORN

H. G. Wells—Grantland Rice—Walter Camp—W. H. Upson
Princess Radziwill—Richard J. Walsh—Fred



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The completion of the refining and filtering processes brings out that clean, clear, golden Texaco color.

In the Texaco process refining and filtering are continued until all substances that would form hard carbon are removed—every tint and trace of impurity—and the golden color results.

The habitual purchase of Texaco Motor Oil is the safe-guarded promise of a carbon-free engine.

THE TEXAS COMPANY, U. S. A.
Texaco Petroleum Products

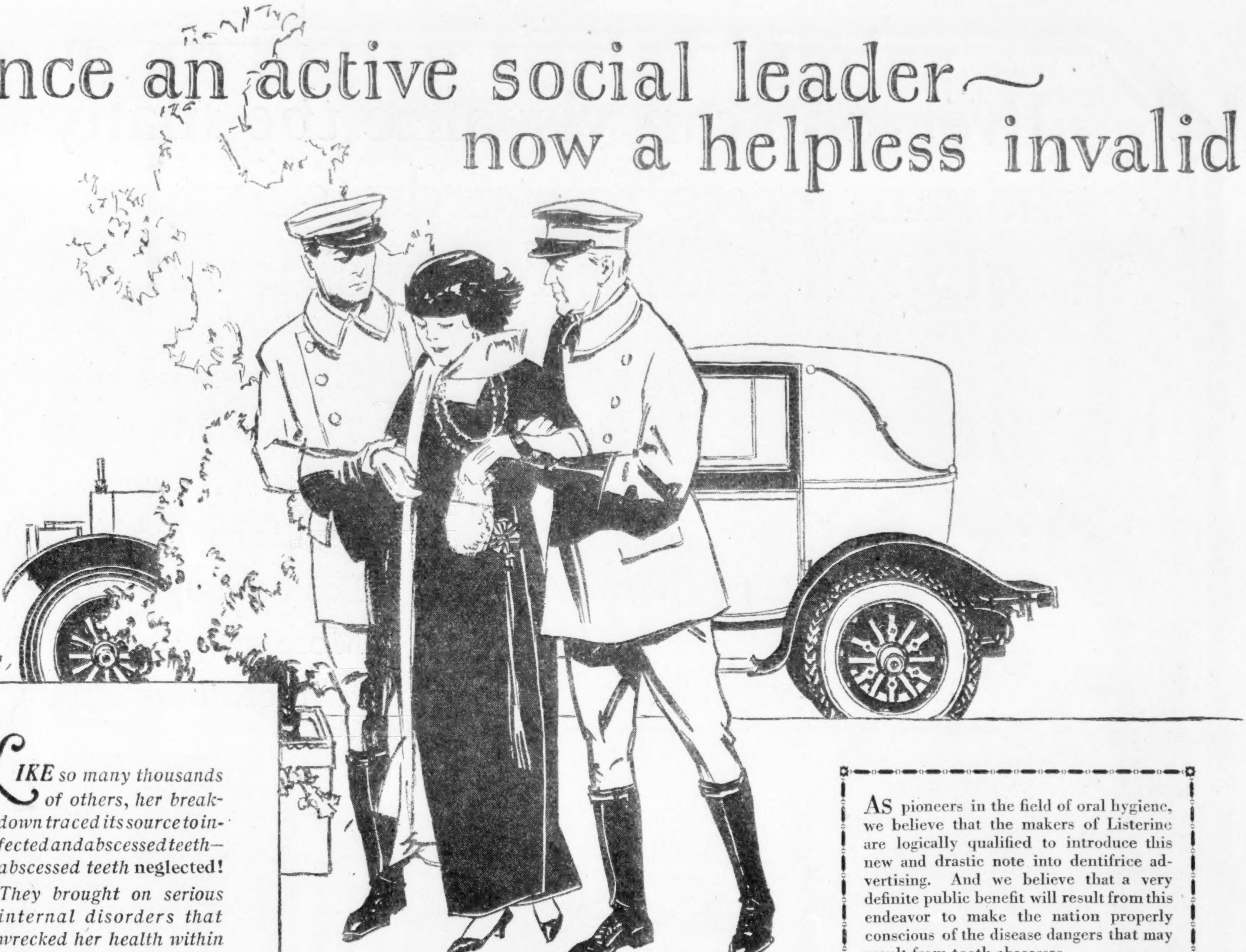
Run it with
Texaco Gasoline

Save it with
Texaco Motor Oil

TEXACO

MOTOR OIL

Once an active social leader— now a helpless invalid



LIKE so many thousands of others, her breakdown traced its source to infected and abscessed teeth—abscessed teeth **neglected!** *They brought on serious internal disorders that wrecked her health within a few short years.*

AS pioneers in the field of oral hygiene, we believe that the makers of Listerine are logically qualified to introduce this new and drastic note into dentifrice advertising. And we believe that a very definite public benefit will result from this endeavor to make the nation properly conscious of the disease dangers that may result from tooth abscesses.

—Lambert Pharmacal Company

HOW ABOUT YOURSELF?

Have you seen your dentist lately? Are you aware of the fact that many, many grave diseases trace their origin directly to neglected, abscessed teeth? Your doctor and dentist will tell you so.

One eminent authority in this field estimates that 78 out of every 100 adults today suffer from tooth abscesses—many totally unaware of the dangers lurking in such infections.

Among the troubles traced to these hidden wells of poison in your mouth are rheumatism and joint diseases; heart and kidney trouble; stomach and intestinal derangements; to say nothing of more minor ailments ranging from simple headaches to insomnia and nervous affections.

The age to which you are going to live may depend very largely upon the kind of attention you give your teeth.

Don't neglect seeing your dentist

In spite of these grave dangers that lurk in tooth abscesses, relatively few people today ever think of visiting a dentist until pain drives them there. Whereas, only a good dentist can really place you on the safe side.

The right dentifrice and faithful tooth brushing can, of course, do much to keep the teeth clean and the gums exercised and healthy. But when abscesses have developed, only a dentist and the X-ray can cope with the trouble.

Choose carefully

However, it becomes very important to choose the right dentifrice because clean teeth will not decay and cause trouble. For this reason more and more dentists are today recommending Listerine Tooth Paste.

Listerine Tooth Paste, *and this tooth paste only,* contains all of the antiseptic essential oils of Listerine, the safe antiseptic. These healing, antiseptic ingredients help keep the gums firm and healthy and discourage the breeding of disease bacteria in the mouth.

Quick results—and safe!

This is an age when people want quick results. Listerine Tooth Paste is so formulated that it cleans your teeth with a *minimum* of brushing, calling for much less effort than is ordinarily required.

Also, this paste cleans with absolute safety. The specially prepared cleanser it contains is just hard enough to discourage tartar formation, yet *not* hard enough to scratch or injure tooth enamel. And, of course, you know how precious tooth enamel is!

Finally, Listerine Tooth Paste is sold at a price that is fair—large tube *25 cents*—the right price to pay for a good tooth paste. Try it. Enjoy really clean teeth. But don't forget the importance of seeing your dentist regularly.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

❦ ❦ ❦

If your dentist has not already handed you our booklet on tooth abscesses and a sample of our dentifrice, you may have both of these by addressing a postal to the Lambert Pharmacal Co., Saint Louis.

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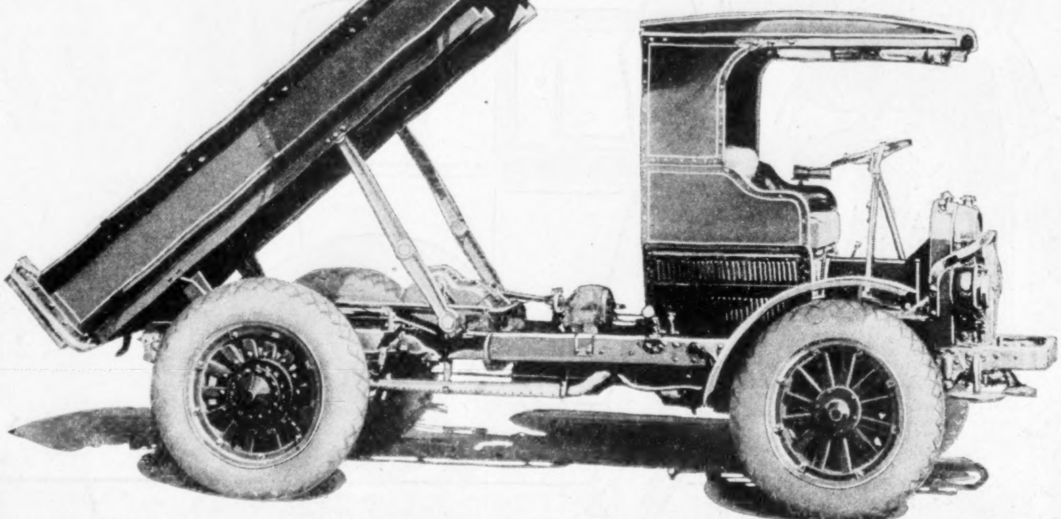

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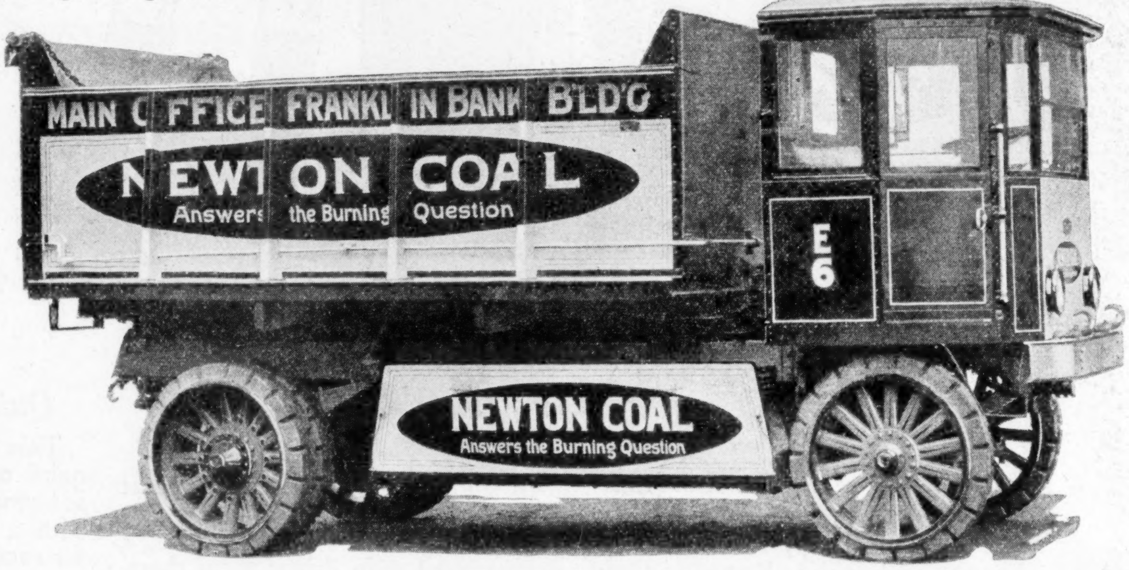
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Answers the Burning Question
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The Autocar Company, Ardmore, Pa.

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Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Springfield, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, 202-298 West High St., Springfield, Ohio. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

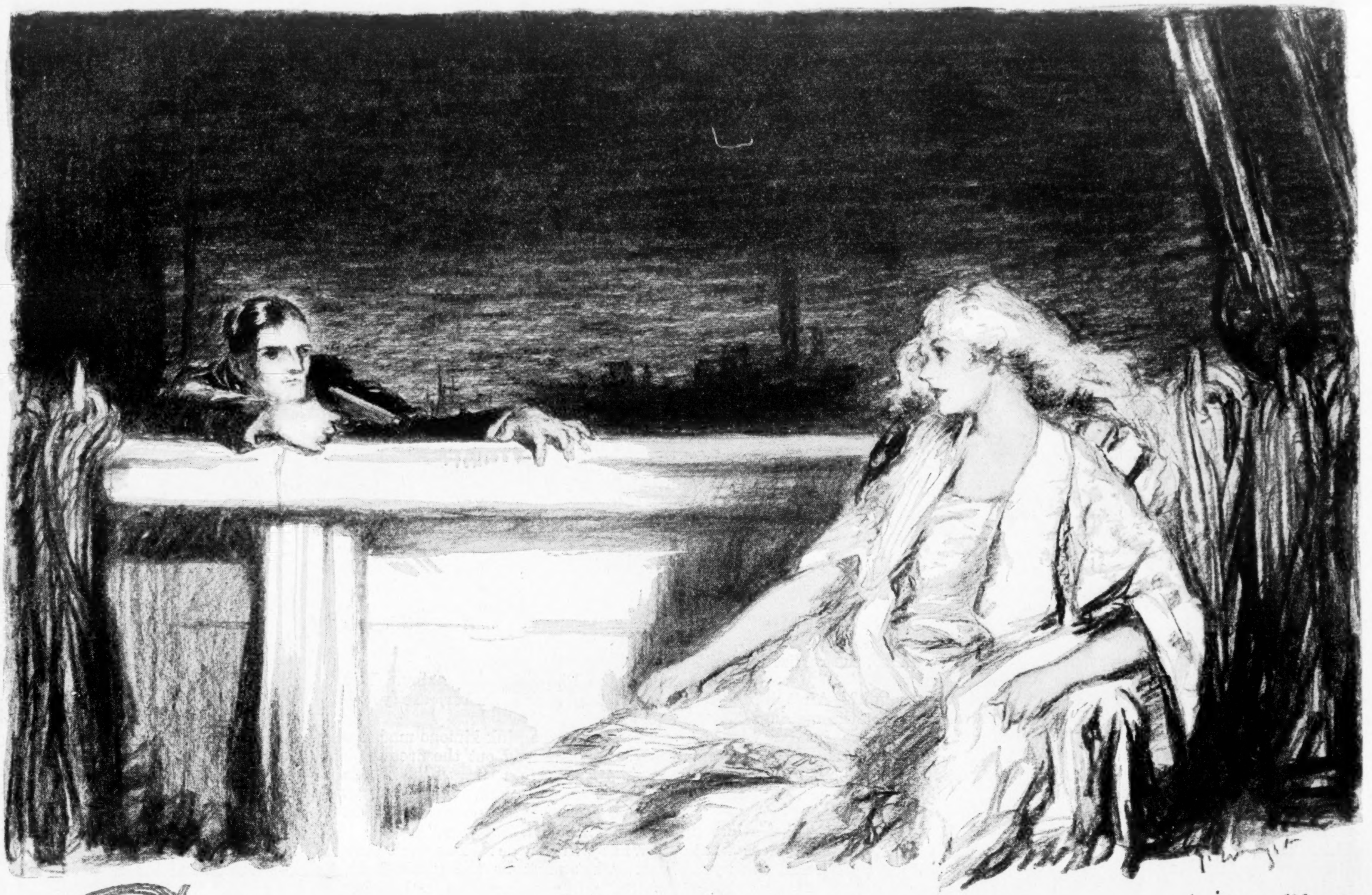
Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Copyright, 1925, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, in the United States and Great Britain.

Volume Seventy-five
Number Nine

February 28, 1925

Price: 5 cents a copy, $2.00 a year
10 cents a copy, $4.00 a year in Canada and foreign countries



A man slid over the rail and halted

GONE to GLORY

By ROBERT ERNEST MacALARNEY
ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

THE Ship Shelter for Working Girls had been born out of Gloriana Grant's moment of irritation in mid-August. The Grant yacht always anchored off East Twenty-third Street, New York. Motoring to take the launch for boarding her, when something had brought Gloriana unseasonably to town, the car had been halted by the ebb of the store and sweatshop tide, eddying to the backwash of tenement airshaft rooms—until next morning's eight-o'clock flood should swing it west again.

Teakwood decks, despite awnings and wicker, seemed stuffy, after the haze of Manhattan faded astern. Gloriana slept but little. Two or three faces in the sweatshop drift refused to vanish. They had not flaunted resentment; they had flaunted nothing at all, not even weariness; they had merely held something more vocal than workingwoman's billingsgate—a dull look of wonder: the look of a child in kindergarten, playing a game, the rules of which Teacher has never explained.

So, now, the ancient clipper, lazing upon a cushion of East River muck, bestowed at least imagined indulgence for Miss Grant's box at the opera, her limousine, luncheons at Trittori's, and cerise frocks. It housed fifty women wage earners carefully handpicked by the Charity Organization Society. There was a phenomenally long waiting list.

"She's yours, daughter," her father had said. "The old Guinevere's yours. If you say so, I'll haul her ashore and build a park around her. Your mother named her. She was the first ship I built with my own money. That's why I wouldn't have her broken up when square riggers became a liability. She's got fine lines, Glory. She's been round the Horn more times than you've had birthdays."

Gloriana visited the Ship Shelter frequently. Gert Finnerty, of Slacy's top-floor toy counter, had become her crony in especial. Miss Finnerty happened to occupy the cabin next to the one which was ever spotlessly ready for the wontedly unheralded arrival of Pier 76's patroness. At first Gert Finnerty had regarded with awe the slender young woman who had bridged with a permanent and roofed gangplank the murky sluice between crumbling pier stringpiece and wallowing clipper. For, to Gert and her ilk, this gangplank was no ordinary ship carpenter's handiwork. It was a fairy bridge that Gloriana had spun. Over it one walked from a day of headachy toil straight into the realm whence had come the Guinevere's name—if one chose. Unless the headache were exceptionally severe, one did choose. And, having realized that Hardfist Grant's daughter could roam with Jim Hawkins over Spyglass Island, or sail the Caribbean with Amyas Leigh, the awe which blanketed Gert Finnerty and her comrades evaporated. Miss Grant knew how to mix. What is more, she liked to do it. She recalled that her father had achieved his place in the shipping sun by knowing how to do it.

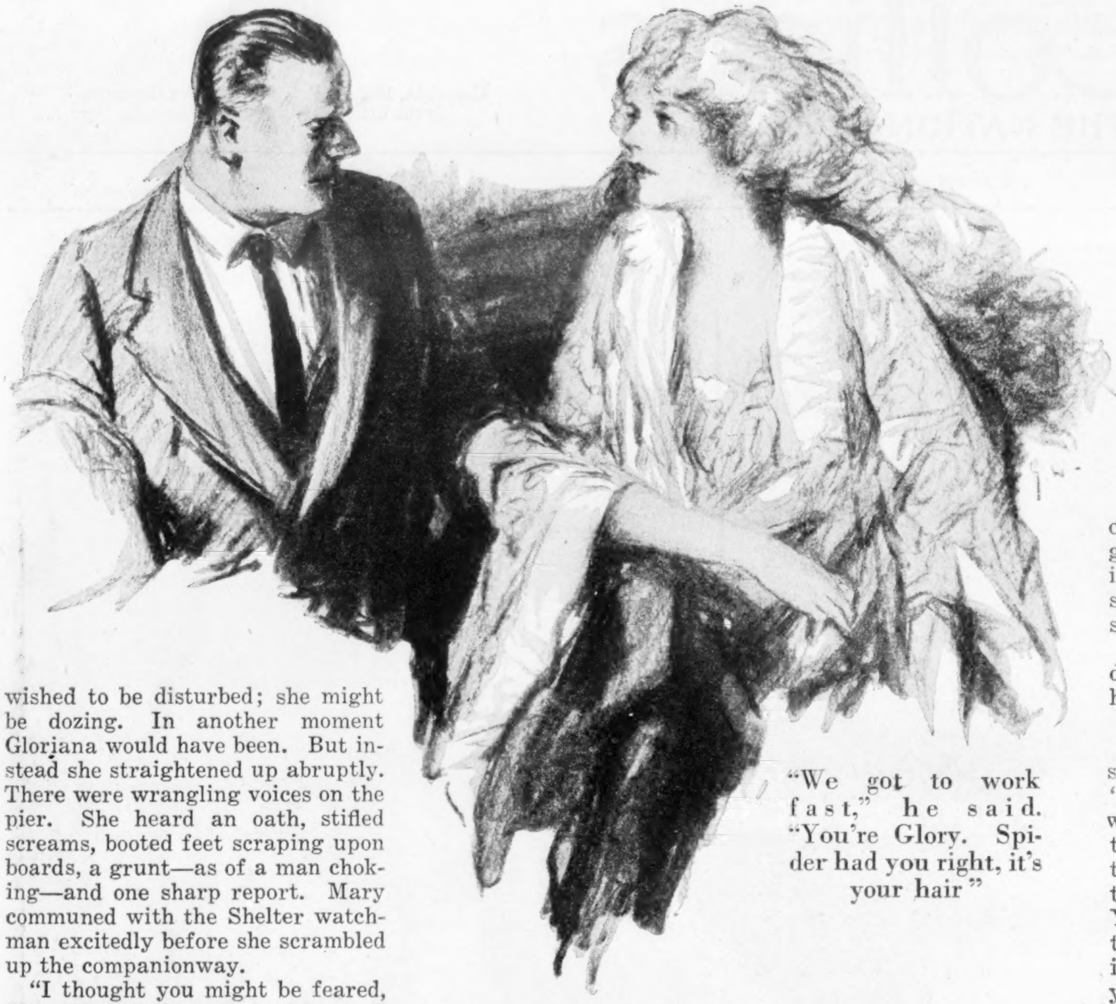
The afterdeck of the Guinevere, screened from the horde which stormed the Coney Island steamboats, with chairs tilted conveniently for aërating bob or permanent wave—here you might ever find a goodly complement of the stationary hooker's crew. It blotted out memory of fussy floorwalker, or peevish superintendent, did this twilight shampoo lazing. And it was the call of the afterdeck that drew Gloriana Grant on a certain warm afternoon. She had come from Baybright that cerise might drape the bridesmaid's gear she would wear at Alice Haggard's wedding. It was a disagreeable experience, with so many things awry that she decided to remain for another fitting. Only Mary, the cook, and Murphy, night watchman, greeted her when she tripped up the cleated gangway.

"Well, of all the bad luck!" cried Mary. "You'll be after eating supper by yourself. The girls is gone to Chestnut Grove on a chowder. And Miss Sparrow's with them, of course. The matron never let on you was coming."

"She couldn't, Mary," said Gloriana. "I didn't decide until an hour ago."

GLORIANA envied not the picnickers as she performed the Eleusinian mysteries of the shampoo. An alluring idea had occurred to her. She would have supper on deck, swathed in Gert Finnerty's pink kimono—she remembered that gorgeous garment well—while her hair hung drying in traditional Ship Shelter fashion.

Dusk came, deepened, yielded to darkness splotched by river craft lights. Mary reappeared, laid hold upon the despoiled table, and silently withdrew. Miss Grant did not look as if she



"We got to work fast," he said. "You're Glory. Spider had you right, it's your hair"

wished to be disturbed; she might be dozing. In another moment Gloriana would have been. But instead she straightened up abruptly. There were wrangling voices on the pier. She heard an oath, stifled screams, booted feet scraping upon boards, a grunt—as of a man choking—and one sharp report. Mary communed with the Shelter watchman excitedly before she scrambled up the companionway.

"I thought you might be feared, Miss Glory," she called. "Some of them gangsters waiting for the Coney boat has been fighting. Over a girl it was, Murphy says; probably some of them Dirty Dozens from the gas tanks—they beat up a cop something awful on Avenue C the other night. There'll be an ambulance pretty soon."

"I'm not alarmed, Mary," Miss Grant reassured her.

"Then I'll be turning in, miss," said the cook.

Her stout shoes clumped down the ladder. The Shelter's chef was weary; she had put up fifty basket lunches before daybreak.

Five minutes later the gong of an ambulance from Bellevue clanged. Then the river front was quiet, save for the muffled toot of a tug, swinging its pair of coal barges to meet the cross fire of Buttermilk Channel's current. Her face fanned by river zephyrs; Gert Finnerty's pink wrapper enfolding her; slapping of water against the hulk a soothing lullaby—Gloriana would have been past the picket lines of slumber, but. . . .

Over the Guinevere's rail slid a man, a mere blur at first, when viewed from between half-shut lids. His breath caught as he halted, listening; something in his hand contained a hint of glitter.

"Don't you think it would be well for you to go?"

Seeking for tremulousness in her tone, she found none.

Across the planking moved the stranger, shoving into his pocket the object that had suggested metal. He was slight, smooth shaven, with a cap pulled far down.

"Girl, howdy!" he said softly. "And her golden hair was hanging down her back. Where's all the other grafting salesladies?"

He removed his cap, wiping his forehead with a handkerchief before dropping into the chair beside her own.

"Cripes, but it's hot work, tight-rope walking on rotten spiles!" he told her. "I almost didn't get by with it. The bulls come too soon. Going to coax my second wind and be on my way. Any kick coming, Mag?"

"My name is not Mag."

Miss Grant said it automatically; even as she did so, she realized its pitiful inadequacy.

"Ain't it, though? Ain't it? Well, never mind. I got the makings."

He spilled tobacco into a wisp of paper, rolling it deftly. His fingers were steady as he hid his face behind the cap. She did not see the flicker of the match.

"Gee!" he muttered. "That's like a letter from home. Funny, Mag, what a yen you get for a coffin nail when you been up against it."

Sudden wrath flamed in Gloriana's bosom. "*You've* been up against it! What about the man you shot?"

The Guinevere's uninvited guest swore earnestly in smothered chest tones—a foul, gunman's curse, with menace in every vowel.

"Soft pedal on that!" he warned. "You been hearing more than's good for you. I didn't croak the guy—just drilled one through his gat arm. It'd be easy to beat a pinch with the old self-defense gag, only I'm a parole bird from up the river. That's why I got to frame a real getaway. The bulls don't know who done it, and *he'll* know better'n to spill anything at Bellevue."

His hand was touching hers.

"Lookit! Ever seen one? Go on, heft it. Easy, though. The rod's loaded—automatic."

Gloriana found herself taking what he thrust into her grasp. If she should press trigger as she sat—there came a sudden desire to see what would happen.

"No you won't, Mag," he said. "I know a double-crossing chicken when I lamp one. I always wring its neck. This ain't no trouble-making call. I just dropped in to get my second wind—then I'm on my way."

HE REACHED, almost timidly, to stroke one of the amber strands draping the rail. And she did not draw back angrily, as she wished to do. There was a core of compellingness in this flash youth's hoarse whisper.

"'Slike silk, Mag—'slike silk."

Phrase it differently—not so very differently, indeed—and was not gunman gallantry in tune with the tritely obvious of Baybright swains?

"I know this raft," he went on. "Used to buzz a skirt that played the room-and-board graft. But you couldn't teach her nothing. She didn't know a stop-look-and-listen sign when she leaned against one. The store dick got her for shoplifting after while. I seen her once, in stir."

The Ship Shelter's donor was following him, faultily.

"In stir?"

"Cut the boob stuff, Mag," he urged. "Up at Auburn, where she went when the shyster blew all the jack I give him to pry her loose. You're a good looker too; I can see that in the dark. What's your money-order name, kid?"

Why did she tell him? To this day she does not know.

"Glory."

"Sounds like Salvation Army. You ain't a tambourine shaker, are you—Glory?"

The girl in the pink kimono made no reply. But she held out the firearm.

"Keep it," he told her. "It'll be life insurance for some bull, if they get me. I'm not for croaking no one to-night. I'm looking for a getaway."

"What will you do? You can't stay here. That must be the picnic boat, yonder." She pointed to a bobbing cluster of lights, drawing nearer. "The girls have been on a chowder—at Chestnut Grove."

"I been there more'n once." His tone was calmly reminiscent. "They make chowder great at Riley's."

Miss Grant could not plumb the mood of this hazarding loiterer; wanted—perhaps for murder—with Murphy, the night watchman, within easy call; his weapon in her hand—and he remembered chowder.

"Please go!" she said.

"Plentya time. I got to swim for it anyhow. First we're going to make a date, you and me. For I've fell for you, kid—fell for a strange moll in a pink mother hubbard, with hair that don't come off. You might be one of the Seven Singerling Sisters, for all I know. I seen one of them in a drug-store window once—but hers was p'roxide, and yours ain't."

Gloriana Grant could not remember begging for anything since nursery days. But she was doing it now.

"Sure, I'm going. I got to go. But maybe the cigar-store bunch won't give me the laugh. Plug a gat bird for one skirt—and fall for another before I make my getaway. Old stuff, that, when King Tut was chasing chippies. But it won't make the gang lay off the razz."

He got no further; he was flattened beside her chair. The movement had been so speedy that he seemed to fade out, like the Cheshire Cat.

His safety instinct had outraced her own. For the ramp of spiling shivered; the floundering steamboat scraped the quaking wooden barrier; its lights, for a full minute, flooded the after deck of the Guinevere. Darkness returned while she still screened eyes with palms that pulsed. She could hear the gangster, breathing staccato, as he had done when he slipped over the rail; he was crouching at her elbow.

"I seen your face good, kid," he whispered. "Your hands wasn't fast enough. I'd croak a flocka flatties for a face like that. You're Glory, all right, all right. They didn't make no mistake when they gummed your label on."

The picnic sidewheeler was making fast. Murphy, night watchman, extended a welcome-home to Miss Sparrow's charges. Evidently the outing had been a success.

"Oh you, Glory! I could go straight for a looker like you."

Ruthlessly the free companion of the gas tanks' Dirty Dozen held her. Gloriana gasped with the shock of his arms; but she did not scream; they seemed to crush out of her at least part of the loathing which had filled her soul. He had torn aside her wrists; he was kissing her hair, her cheek. She abandoned all pretense of struggling; this was fate—the Guinevere had trapped her; this had been the lot of women since Sabine days.

The gangster was laughing recklessly, with the chatter of the debarking picnickers near at hand. He upturned the mouth of this latest shopgirl fancy toward his own. He was bending to kiss her lips. . . . Then he flung her back into the chair, so roughly that she moaned with the pain of it.

"God, Glory!" he snarled. "You ain't no hulk skirt. You're *different!*"

THE acid counsel of Miss Abigail Sparrow punctuated the moment, adjuring her flock to abandon boisterous tendency to song because of the lateness of the hour. Fragments of a favorite ditty lingered, caroled—diminuendo—by the first group of Ship Shelterites to scamper up the gangplank:

But yes, we have no bananas;
We have no bananas to-day.

Miss Finnerty's soprano was dominant.

"Train time," said the gunman. "But I'm coming back—to make that date."

He was bestriding the rail.

"Wait!" she called. "Take your pistol. You might—need it."

He waved to her. Through the hedge of piling came sufficient gleam to reveal the winking of his rhinestone horseshoe pin; the boyishness of features with a mask of hardness fastened upon them.

There was scarcely any splash. From below she thought she heard, "So long, Glory!"

A second afterward she was peering overside; she saw what might be the head and shoulder of a swimmer, picked out by glimmer from a passing tug. The tossing blob appeared to be heading north, toward the moored canal boats she had noticed that afternoon at Pier 70.

"I wonder how he knew," she asked herself.

Her right hand held something cool; with a mother-of-pearl handle. She wrapped it in the folds of the pink kimono as Gert Finnerty surmounted the companionway.

"Do you mind very much?" asked Miss Grant. "It was too hot for motoring back to Baybright. I borrowed it."

"You're a better pink than I am, Gunga Kim."

Which rejoinder will reveal in what fine, peppy fettle Miss Finnerty found herself. Then, still peppily, she related the story of the Coney pier shooting which Murphy had already broadcast.

"He says they've got the dock watched. And there's a harbor squad launch, with a searchlight, hanging around till daylight. The wop that was shot is dying in Bellevue. He's squealed. I hope they get the guy what done it."

She moved, to stare riverward, stumbling against Miss Grant's right side.

"Heavens!" the latter exclaimed. "Do be careful!"

"Excuse," the agitated Miss Finnerty apologized. "I'm the original jaywalker. Got a sunburnt arm?"

Silence seemed to confirm her inference. So Miss Finnerty remarked "Excuse" a second time. She would have uttered it a third, but the first syllable hung poised, to be discarded for a squeal of excitement.

"Oh, boy! the launch cops is playing tag with the fugitive!"

She rolled the last word over relishing lip. How often she had deciphered it in movie titles, while thrilling to the hair-raising predicaments of escaping bad man. Then, it had extorted unfailing sympathy for the pursued. But now the toy counter was in thumbs-down mood.

"I hope the cops get him," she declared.

TOGETHER she and Gloriana watched drama in a setting of river blackness; the yellow, darting stabs of launch searchlight, the red and fainter spitting of police pistols. For a quarter of an hour they gazed, jostled by the entire quota of returned chowderers. Mary, the cook, in curl papers and flannel slumber garment, was most emotional of all the deck audience.

When the searchlight ceased to function, and the maneuvering harbor patrolmen had done with target practice, reluctantly the Guinevere's complement went to bed.

"Nothing doing," Gert Finnerty had announced. "I guess the shore cops'll get him after all."

Beneath Gloriana's pillow was tucked something hard. The gunman might have used it to advantage had he followed her advice. Quite coldly, and unethically, the daughter of Silas Grant was speculating as to that when dawn crept into the open port. Then she slept until Mary's rap apprised her that it was almost luncheon hour.

Miss Finnerty was patrolling the passageway outside the mess hall, arms encumbered by Sunday journals.

"It's in the papers, a whole column," was her greeting. "And I been talking to a reporter. It was a Dirty Dozen gang scrap over a girl."

"Did they—?"

"No, he got away. What them harbor police needs is submarines."

Vespers in the Guinevere's saloon at five o'clock. Battened beneath hatches is the spirit of chowder revelry; "Brighten the Corner Where You Are" and "If Your Heart Keeps Right," played rapturously by the double-entry expert from a downtown paint house; girl voices, pleasantly muted, singing to a cottage organ; a blend of harmony which breathed at least temporary forgetfulness of a tasked to-morrow; Gloriana Grant, caught by the spell of the moment; last night a nightmare, with self-detestation woven through it —or had there been a last night?

After vespers, callers. The one night each week when gates were swung ajar from six to nine. A cold supper was the attribute of Sunday evening, served upon doilied card tables and trays; the Guinevere made one social gesture every seven days, and to the clipper's restricted hospitality undaunted gallants were bidden—Mary's sandwiches were not gauged for canary appetite on a Sunday. Each Shelter recruit plunged resolutely into fulfilling the urge of the cottage organ hymn. Gert Finnerty, in particular, was engaged in brightening the corner where she was.

Gloriana, remote but approving, observed Miss Sparrow brooding over it all. This pensiveness was interrupted by a summons from without; Mary was whispering, and Murphy, the rematerialized night watchman, was standing in the saloon doorway. The matron vanished; five minutes later she reappeared, making her way with a puzzled expression to Miss Grant's side.

"I'm sure there must be some mistake," she said. "But there is a man outside who wants to find a 'Miss Glory.' Would you object to seeing if he could possibly mean you? I know the girls take the liberty of calling you that."

Last night, then, had *not* been a nightmare. Faintness, with promise of nausea, snatched at Gloriana; her heart was pounding. Yet it could not be that—

NOR was it. The stranger beside the watchman, waiting at the head of the gangplank, was short and heavy shouldered. He eyed the matron casually; when he caught sight of her companion he nodded, satisfiedly, lifting his imitation Panama with a flourish.

"That's her," he announced.

"What is it?" asked Miss Grant.

"Can I see you alone, miss?"

"Why?"

He hesitated—but for an instant only. "About a date you been figuring on."

He was going through with it, whatever it was. She realized it—and her helplessness as well, unless she should choose to make a scene. There had been sufficient cheap melodrama already, in and around the Ship Shelter.

"I shall talk to Mr.—?"

"Kelly, miss."

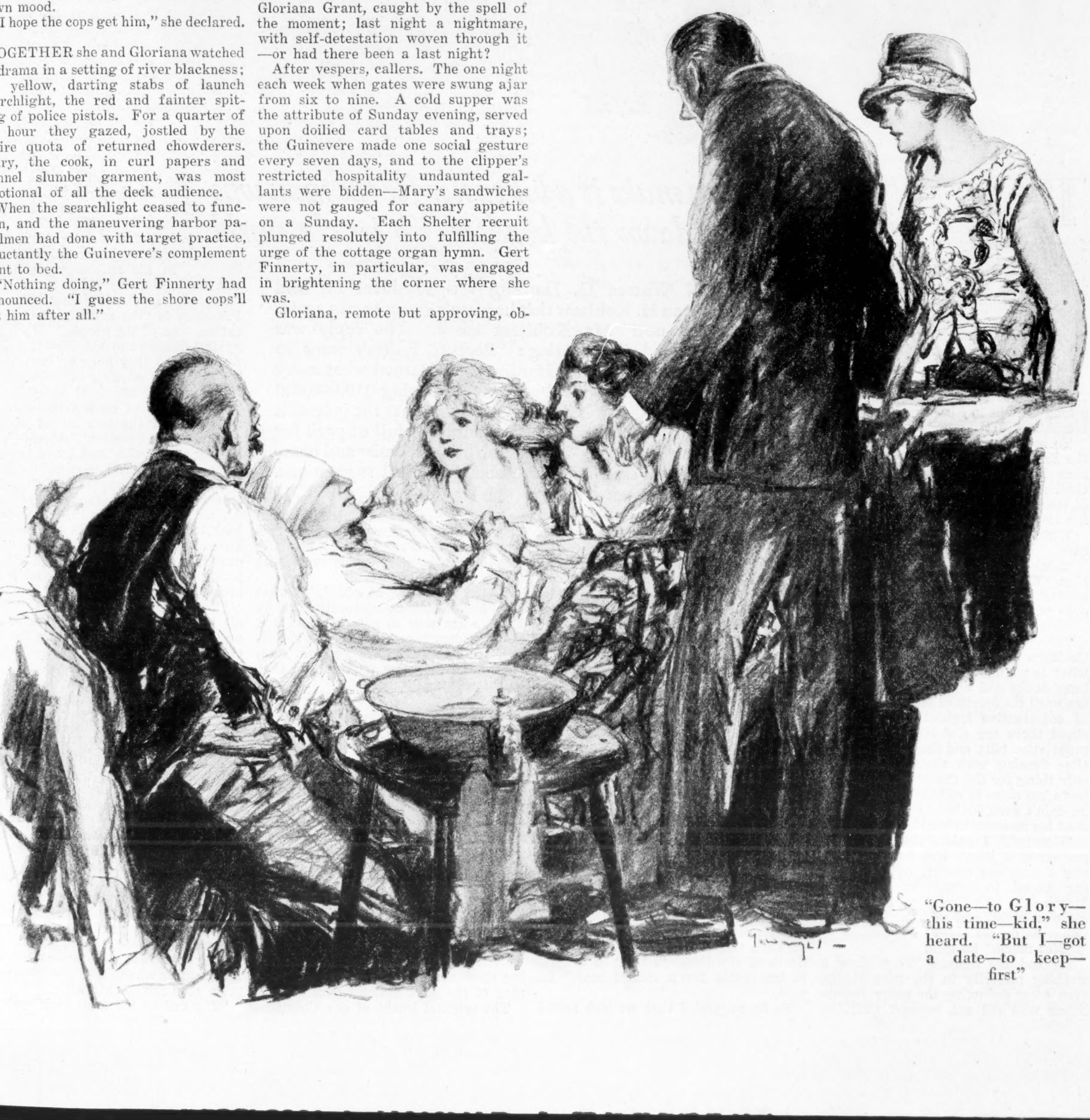
"I shall talk with Mr. Kelly here, Miss Sparrow."

Dismissal was in her manner; presently she and the flash gunman's emissary were alone. He had delayed until matron and night watchman were out of hearing. Then he bent forward eagerly.

"Listen, sister. We got to work fast."

He was young too; almost pinkily smooth-faced, whereas the swaggerer of the night had been sleekly swarthy; they ran to assorted shades in the brotherhood of the Dirty Dozen. This outlander's clothes were quiet; his voice lacked

(*Continued on page 30*)

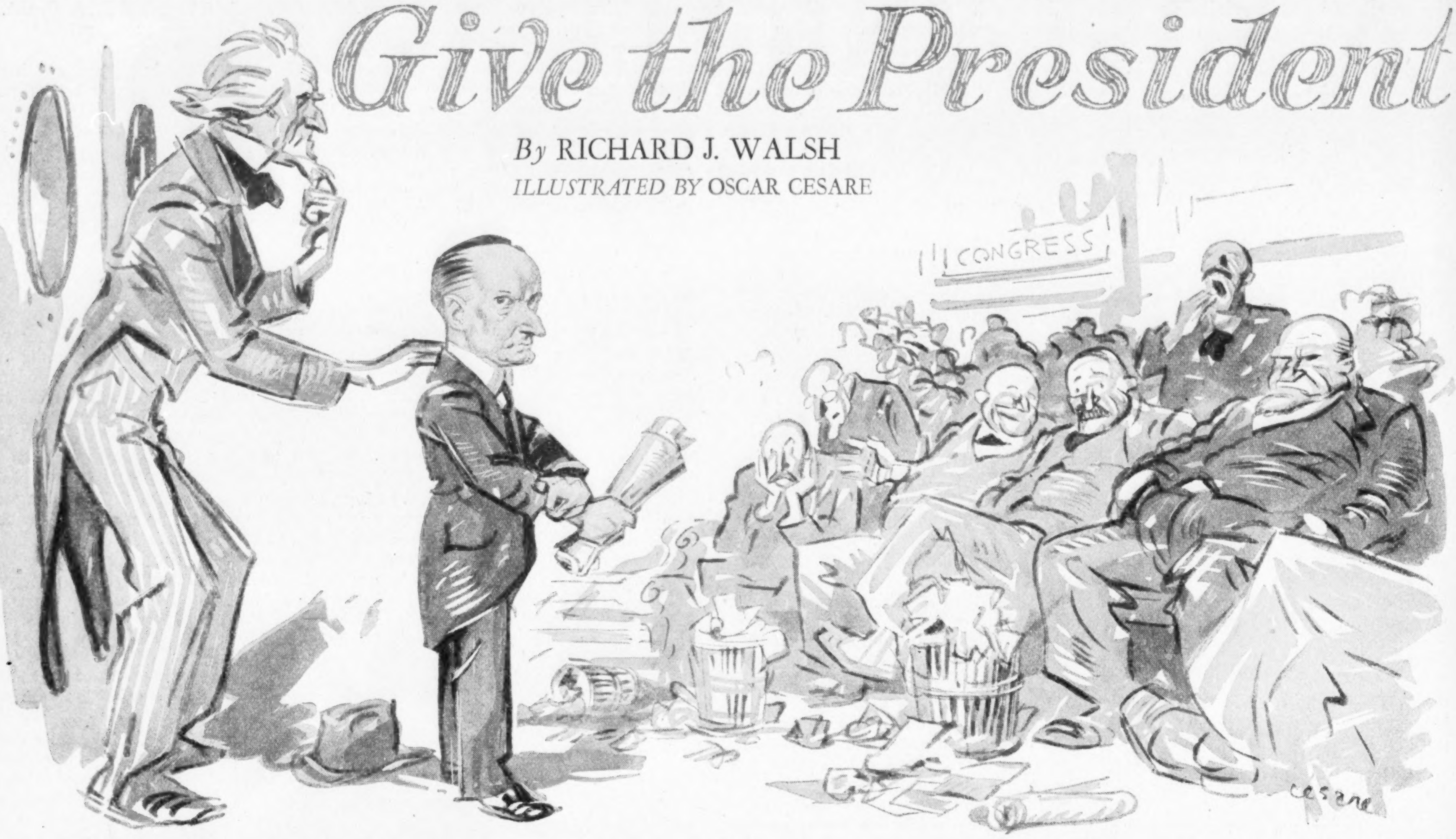


"Gone—to Glory—this time—kid," she heard. "But I—got a date—to keep—first"

Give the President

By RICHARD J. WALSH

ILLUSTRATED BY OSCAR CESARE



How we can make it a bit easier for the man who is holding down the hardest job in the world

WHEN Warren G. Harding was President he told Herman H. Kohlsaat that he wasn't going to run again. "Why not?" Mr. Kohlsaat asked. The reply was interesting—and illuminating: "Because I don't want to commit suicide." Warren Harding had learned what every President learns: that the business of bossing 110,000,000 people is the hardest job in the world; and that the incessant wear and tear of the battle in Washington is full of peril for even the strongest man. Can that job be made easier and benefit the nation? It can. Here are some practical suggestions.

"IS THE Presidency a failure?"

The query was not my own. It came straight from the leathery depths of a chair at the Union League Club, that refuge of Republicanism. It came from a man who, on an earlier occasion, sitting there and gazing down upon the avenue choked with lunch-hour loiterers, had declared that what this country needs is a return to Feudalism.

I tell that on him to convey the idea that he is not a red. Violet, rather. For a long time he has been my dependable touchstone of conservative opinion.

To hear him question the success of the Presidency was no less astonishing than it would have been to hear him challenge the success of monogamy, or of the gold dollar, or of the habit of going clothed.

When urged, he went on to make a case.

"Look what happened in the last session. Congress passed bill after bill against the wish of the President, even over his veto."

"But then we had an election."

"Yes, a great personal victory for Coolidge. But after all the cheering what do we find? The same old bunch, lame ducks and all, back in Washington until the fourth of March. No hope of constructive legislation. I understand there are a dozen or more appropriation bills, and they'll spend their time fussing with them. About the only thing for the President to do is to leave 'em alone to roll their logs. Why, he didn't even bother to go down and read his message to 'em!"

"Granted," I said, "that the short session is a joke. But don't you get any Republican comfort out of thinking ahead to what's coming after March 4th, with Coolidge President in his own right, and with majorities in Congress on his side?"

"Not much," he said.

He had the figures. They show a working majority in the next House, even after deducting the many Republicans who did not support Coolidge. In the Senate, Republican control is by no means assured. Four insurgents have been read out of the party. Without them there will be a majority of three. But this includes two new senators of radical trend—Schall and McMasters. It also includes a number of others who do not cringe under the party whip—notably Borah, Couzens, Norris and Johnson.

"A lot of us," said my friend, "are less sanguine than we were right after the election. Anyone who thinks that Coolidge is going to have a tame Senate must have forgotten what they did to him in the last session.

"I'd like to believe," he continued, "that the election had taught them a lesson, and that with Mr. Butler sitting there in Lodge's seat they will be often reminded of it. But when I look back over the history I can remember, I see nothing but a series of dog fights between the President and Congress. And I see the business of the Presidency growing so heavy that no man can handle it and handle Congress too."

Gloomily he reviewed the dejection of Taft, the breakdown of Wilson, the death of Harding. "I tell you the job is impossible for a mortal man," he said.

So he suggested that we look round and see if we could find a nice, business-like plan for making a complete success out of the Presidency. Something that he could "sell" to his cronies at the Union League.

"What we want," he added, "is what any business man naturally wants. First, some way to get Congress and the President together, stop the bickering, and put good laws through. And, second, an executive organization that will Get Things Done."

Why Congress is Worried

OVER and over again it has been said that the Presidency is the most powerful office in the world. Farsighted members of Congress tell you that they are worried because the power of the office keeps on growing. One of them said recently: "The logical end of the road we are traveling is to have no Congress at all. If the President is to move us all as pawns on the political chessboard, we might as well give him the legislative power and be done with it."

And in the executive branch they are worried because Congress is interfering more and more in the actual running of the government business.

The original intent of our Constitution was to separate the legislative function from the executive. To-day we have the President constantly trying to force legislation, and the legislature constantly trying to administer.

In his autobiography Roosevelt wrote that he did not accept the "narrowly legalistic" view that the President is "the servant of Congress rather than of the people." He fought against Cannon and Aldrich—"I pushing forward and they hanging back"—and beat them by winning over Democrats. He said that his final short session "saw a series of contests between the majorities in the two houses of Congress and the President—myself—quite as bitter as if they and I had belonged to opposite political parties."

The custom of appearing in the flesh to read messages before Congress was revived by Wilson. In 1916 he was sent back to try to work with a Republican House, and two years later the voters gave him a Senate which defied him, rejected his dearest project, and finally broke him.

"Now, then," said my friend. "What all that means is that Coolidge will probably have to make good in the next two years, if he is going to make good at all."

In the struggle with Congress, a President has three weapons:

1. The appointive power.
2. The veto.
3. The appeal to the people.

The appointive power is the one that Congress most fears. Patronage is less important to a congressman than it used to be. The growth of the Civil Service classification system has taken most of the minor offices out of the cruder categories of spoils. There remain unclassified, however, the higher offices, from third-class postmasterships up to ambassadorships and the bench. This patronage is at the disposal of the President. The member of Congress who won't be good may be punished by getting no jobs for his supporters. The member who will be good may even get a good job for himself.

"The evil of the lame-duck system,"

A CHANCE

says Senator Norris, "is not so much that the lame ducks do not do well in the jobs to which they are appointed. The harm is done long before, when they vote for measures in which they do not believe, knowing that if they support the President and their constituents defeat them the party will take care of them."

The veto is a bludgeon. Sometimes it kills a bill. Sometimes the bill bobs up again with enough votes to pass over the veto. More often Congress wards off a threatened veto altogether by skillful use of the "rider."

The rider is a paragraph tacked on a bill which the President does not dare to veto, usually an appropriation bill. The rider makes law of something which the President does not want, but he can't stop it without vetoing something he does want. It is legislative blackmail. It has an excellent historical record, for it was used long ago to curb the power of kings. Kings and Presidents cannot keep going without money, and legislatures have the taxing power. Presidents ever since Grant have been asking for the right to reject a single item without vetoing the entire bill. But the rider is a bludgeon of sorts, and Congress is loath to surrender it.

As a sounding board the White House is the most resonant in the world. The President's messages and speeches, his letters to carefully picked correspondents, his talks to the newspaper men which are quoted as coming from "a spokesman of the President"—all of these are effective appeals to the people. Through them a President can often discredit a droning Congress or round up an unruly one.

Roosevelt had the technique. Some of his most flaming utterances were for the sole purpose of blanketing the publicity of his opponents. Wilson at his height was talking not alone to the American people, but to all the literate of all the world.

Wilson and Roosevelt had only the press. To-day there is radio. Millions who never read a Presidential message now listen in on it.

All Checks and No Balance?

"CHECKS and balances!" exclaimed my friend. "That, I believe, is not an oath, but a statement of the theory of our government. It looks to me as if it were all checks and no balance."

"Do you mean to imply," I asked, "that you think the system ought to be radically changed? That our Constitution—"

"Well," he replied, "the campaign is over. We're talking business organization now, not politics. But let's see what can be done without changing the Constitution."

So we passed over the various proposals for creating a "responsible" government, which would require basic amendments.

And we came first of all to the familiar idea that Cabinet members should at least sit and speak in Congress. This idea is eminently practical, and really seems likely to be given effect sometime. All that is needed is for Congress to adopt it. Senator Couzens brought it up in the last session, and recently said, "I shall certainly bring it up again." Secretary Hughes is advocating it. It is a get-together device. The rule would probably be to have the members of the Cabinet, and heads of important commissions, appear once a week—possibly on Wednesday, the day after the Cabinet meeting. They would rise to answer questions, to offer new proposals, to defend and to urge their policies.

"The long-continued abstinence from such appearances," says Secretary Hughes, "followed the refusal of Congress in 1790 to hear Hamilton when he desired to make in person his report on the public credit."

As long ago as 1864 a House committee urged that Cabinet members be given seats. Taft put the proposal forward again in 1912, and in 1922 the Harding Cabinet endorsed it. It is one of those moves to which there seems to be no real opposition, but which are just not made.

One senator says: "If we had had this system, the Teapot Dome scandal might never have developed. Persistent rumors of something wrong out there kept coming to the Senate. Senators went to the Interior Department and were passed off with fair words. But some direct, open questioning in Congress might have either brought out the truth or forestalled further trouble."

The Cabinet represents the President. But not entirely. For there are as many as thirty bureaus, offices, boards, and commissions which are quite independent of the ten Cabinet departments. These thirty bodies report directly to the President. They greatly increase the burden of his office and complicate his relations with Congress.

The fact is that Congress has shot to pieces the original department system. Most of this has happened since 1913. Since then no legislation has been passed affecting the ten Cabinet departments as such. Meanwhile, one after another, new independent establishments have been added. Some of these independent bodies must always remain outside the control of the departments—the Civil Service Commission, for instance. But many of them belong in the departments. They will be put there if the broad reorganization plan now ready is adopted.

The plan, made by a committee headed by Walter F. Brown, was favorably reported late in the last session. It has the endorsement of President Coolidge, and it ought to go through. But bureau officials don't want to be shuffled about, much less abolished, and they go to their pet members of Congress and loudly say so.

A whole lot of them are concerned this time. For this plan is sweeping. It does not merely make some of the independent bodies less so. It wipes out many overlapping jobs.

Millions of dollars can be saved. More important than the saving, however, is making life easier for everyone who has to deal with the bureaus, from the President down to the humblest citizen. For example, an American ship coming into an American port has to come in contact with fifteen different officials, in nine different departments of the government.

The reorganization, if Congress will vote it, will greatly relieve the pressure on the White House. There will still remain, however, the staff work at the White House itself. Various plans for improvement there have been suggested. One of these would create the office of Assistant President, or put the Vice President to work in that capacity.

One highly practical method has been presented by Lindsay Rogers and J. W. Rixey Smith. The first part of that plan is as follows:

"Give the President a number of expert assistants, to be appointed by him and to work for him alone:

"1. A secretary on economic problems.

"2. A secretary on international affairs.

"3. A secretary on legislation and general politics.

"These men should be not glorified stenographers but experts, ranking with cabinet officers in honor and in pay."

Both the English and the French premiers have expert support of this kind. So also do the heads of all great industries.

Any Business House Would Do It

THE other half of the Rogers-Smith plan is based on the best business practice. It is this: Establish a Cabinet secretariat, composed of a secretary and staff appointed by and responsible to the President, which would handle routine that now loads the President's desk, and would prepare departmental matters for speedy decision by the President and his Cabinet."

A somewhat similar plan has been proposed by C. E. Maguire. He believes that the White House secretariat should be permanent, carrying on from one President to another. He says: "The President lacks a switchboard of intelligence, however much mechanical and clerical assistance he may have at his disposal. *It is incredible how haphazard, hit-or-miss and crudely uncertain is the information he and his Cabinet have before them.*" [Italics ours.]

And so we came down at last to this definite program:

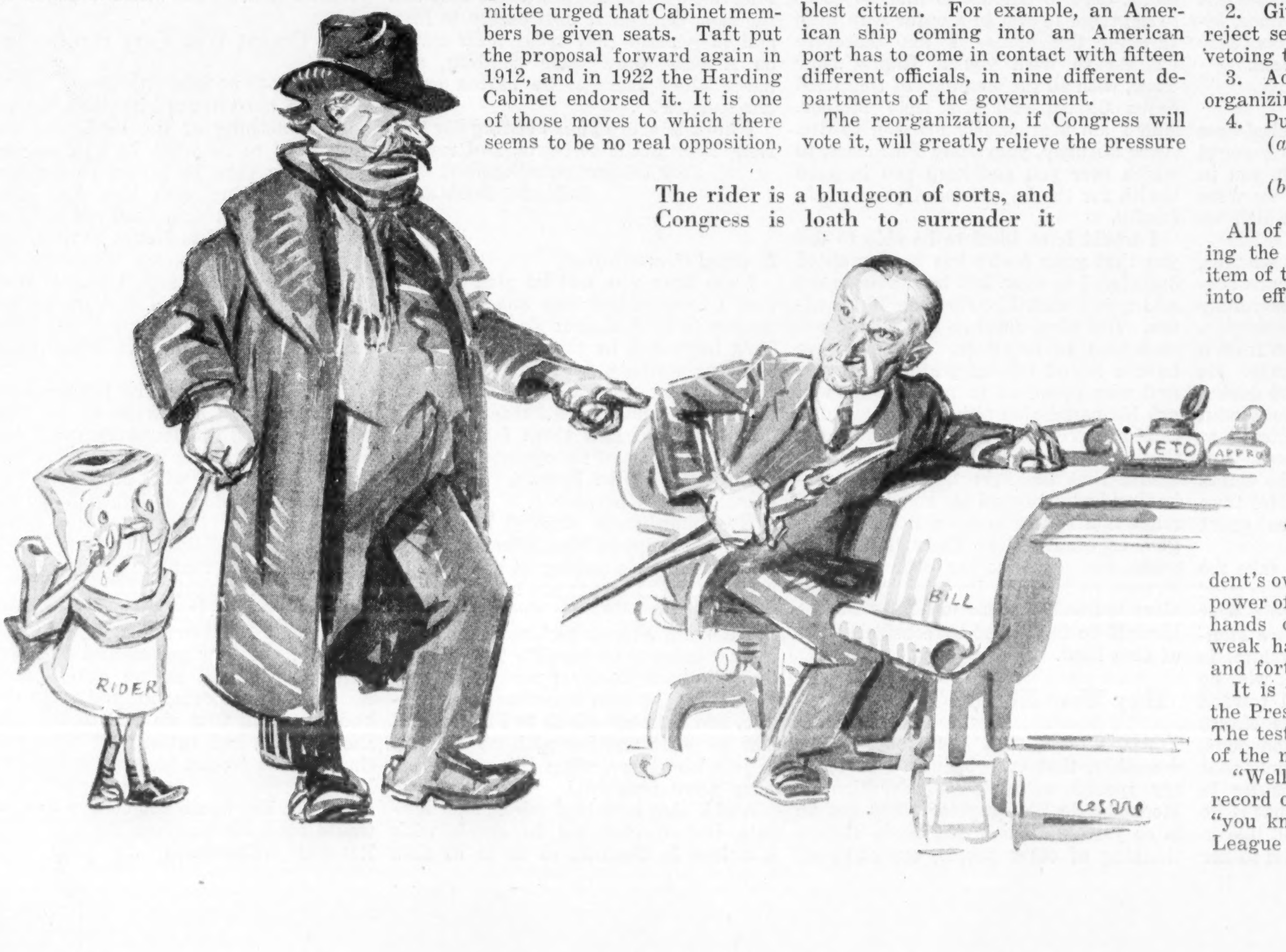
1. Give cabinet members seats and a voice in Congress.
2. Give the President authority to reject separate items of a bill without vetoing the entire bill.
3. Adopt the existing plan for reorganizing the executive departments.
4. Put into the White House
    - (*a*) an organization of highly paid expert advisers.
    - (*b*) a permanent Cabinet secretariat.

All of this can be done without touching the Constitution. There is not an item of the four which would not be put into effect overnight by any large business concern.

For lack of harmony between the President and Congress there is no panacea. It is a symptom of political difference. But political difference is not a disease; it is a healthy function. Whether or not political differences are allowed to stop the wheels of progress, will always depend upon one factor—the President's own capacity for leadership. The power of the office is tremendous—in the hands of a powerful individual. In weak hands it is surprisingly weak—and fortunately so.

It is then impossible to say whether the Presidency is a failure or a success. The test is the test not of the office but of the man.

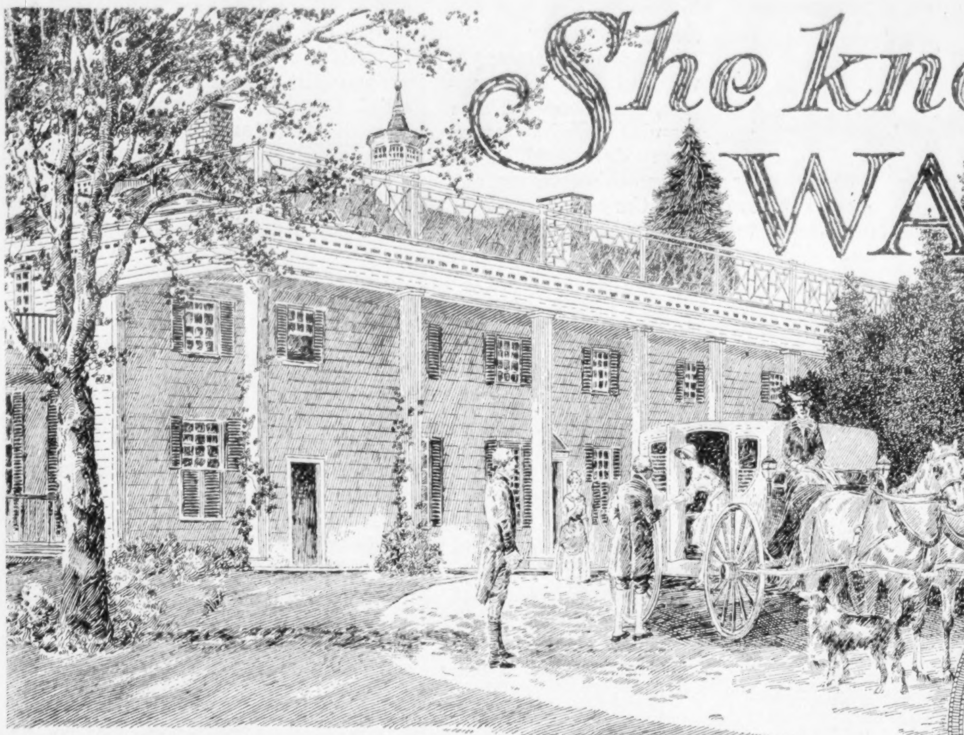
"Well," said my friend, as he put the record of our conclusions in his pocket, "you know what we say at the Union League Club: Have faith in Coolidge."



The rider is a bludgeon of sorts, and Congress is loath to surrender it

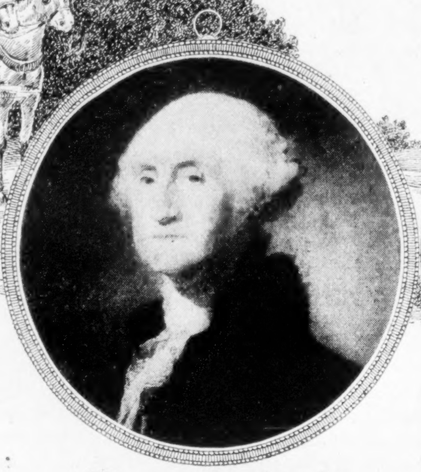
She knew GEORGE WASHINGTON

And to the little French girl who wrote these letters that was happiness for a lifetime

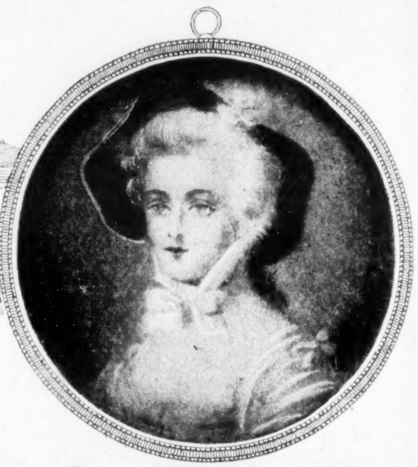


Translated by the PRINCESS RADZIWILL

ILLUSTRATED BY G. H. MITCHELL



His eyes she thought beautiful and kind



She was a comrade's daughter, so he kissed her

IT IS *often remarked that Washington, as we read about him in the school books and biographies, doesn't seem quite human. The picture that has come down to us is that of a wonderful man, but an austere, aloof, unbending one.*

Well, one little girl who knew him didn't find him an iron man; and here are her letters to prove it. To her, Washington was kind, warm-hearted—a hero whom she could love.

That little girl—fourteen-year-old Adélaide Rosalie Ursule Maussion de la Bastie—was the daughter of a young Frenchman who accompanied Lafayette to America. Her letters—here published for the first time—were written to her grandmother in France. In 1832 they came into the possession of the Princess Radziwill's family when its French branch, into which the little girl married after her return to France, became extinct. For generations they have been handed down unnoticed.

Revered Grandmother,

Your gracious letter reached me safely, and the messenger who brought it to me said that he had left you in good health and spirits, which we were all so glad to learn, and for which we humbly thank God.

I wish I could fulfill your commands, and tell you all you desire to learn concerning our life here, and especially concerning Monsieur de Washington. But so far I have only seen him from a distance, riding a fine brown horse. He was away for a little while, and during his absence we were taken to Mount Vernon (this is his country château) to look at the grounds. They are very beautiful and it is said that he wants to make them even more beautiful than they are, and that he takes great pleasure in improving them.

I begged Mistress Nance to take me one day to see the house, when this good man is living in it, but she said that just now it would not do, because Monsieur le Général, as she calls him, is angry with the French people, who he thinks are not behaving well toward his country. I asked Mistress Nance to tell me what the French had done, but she said she did not know, only that it must be so, because Monsieur le Général says it. But I think that if he knew a little French girl would like to see him, so as to be able to write to her grandmother she had done so, he would permit it.

Madame de Washington I have seen once walking in her park, and she looks very beautiful, and was very well dressed. They all say she is very kind, particularly to the poor Negroes, who all seem to love her. But I think it is a great pity she keeps slaves. We do not do it in France, it seems to me.

I humbly commend myself to your kindness, Revered Grandmother, and remain

Your humble and obedient granddaughter,
ADÉLAIDE-ROSALIE.

12 November, 1798.

Revered Grandmother,

Monsieur de Chevrières is starting back to France, and told us that he would take with pleasure any letters we might care to entrust to him, so as to bring them to you in a safer way than through the mails. I am therefore writing to wish you a Happy New Year, with all the blessings of Our Lord Jesus Christ, and His Holy Mother. And I am particularly praying to Ste. Anne d'Auray, your Holy Patroness, to watch over you and keep you in good health for the happiness of your whole family.

I would have liked to be able to tell you that your desire has been granted and that I have at last been able to see and speak with Monsieur de Washington. But alas, alas! so far I have not succeeded in doing so. However, we have a friend who sees him sometimes and who promised to me that he will ask his permission to bring me one day to Mount Vernon. That friend does not think that the fact Monsieur le Général thinks that the French have been behaving badly toward his country would make him refuse to see a little French girl, especially if he knew this would make her grandmother over there in France so happy. He says that Monsieur le Général is too just a man to let himself be influenced by considerations of that kind.

They Were Kind to Their Slaves

I MUST tell you, Revered Grandmother, that everybody in this country speaks with almost adoration of Monsieur de Washington. They say he is so just and kind, and he is always thinking of other people, especially of the poor Negroes, and so is Madame de Washington. It seems that I was quite wrong when I wrote to you that I thought it a great pity he kept slaves, because it appears that both she and Monsieur le Général would have given theirs their freedom long ago if there had not been something which I don't understand in their contrat de mariage (settlement, as they call it in this country), which is something that is arranged for when people marry, which prevents them from doing it. But whenever any of these poor Negroes gets ill, then both Monsieur le Général and Madame de Washington do all they can for him, send their own doctor to him, and in general they treat their slaves as if they were their children, and never allow them to be beaten or ill treated. . . .

I humbly crave your blessing for this New Year about to begin, and remain

Your obedient granddaughter,
ADÉLAIDE-ROSALIE.

28 November, 1798.

Revered Grandmother,

I am sure you will be glad to hear that I have at last seen and have been spoken to by Monsieur de Washington. This happened in the following way:

I was walking with Miss Elizabeth when we met him, riding his dark horse as usual. Another gentleman was with him. When I saw them I thought I would make use of the opportunity, and so I called out in French, "Bon jour, Monsieur le Général!"

He immediately stopped his horse, and made a sign to Miss Elizabeth (who was all the time pulling at my skirt to keep me back) and to me to come up to him, which we did. He then said, "You are a little French girl as I see, how do you come to be here?" Then I told him all about Monsieur mon Père, how he had fought with Monsieur de Lafayette, and then gone back to France, and how we were waiting with my Maman to join him there, when things had become more peaceful.

And I also said that my Grand' Maman had wanted me to speak with Monsieur le Général, so as to be able later on to say that I had had this happiness.

Monsieur de Washington then smiled, and I could see the expression in his eyes, and it was beautiful, and he appeared so kind and so good. He then asked my name, and when I told him, said that he was very sorry, but did not remember it, but that he would look up in his papers, and see whether there was nothing there to revive his memory. I then said that my Papa had only been a soldier, not an officer, but that he had always spoken to us about Monsieur le Général, and said that he was the greatest man in the whole world.

His Cravat Was Very Handsome

AND there he interrupted me, saying that I must not talk like that, because he was nothing of the kind, and had only tried to do what he had thought was right; then he turned to the man who was riding with him, and said: "What do you think, shall we ask this little French girl to Mount Vernon, and present her to Mistress Washington?" And when I heard him, I almost cried out with joy, and said that my grandmother would be so happy if she knew that I had really been in Monsieur le Général's home.

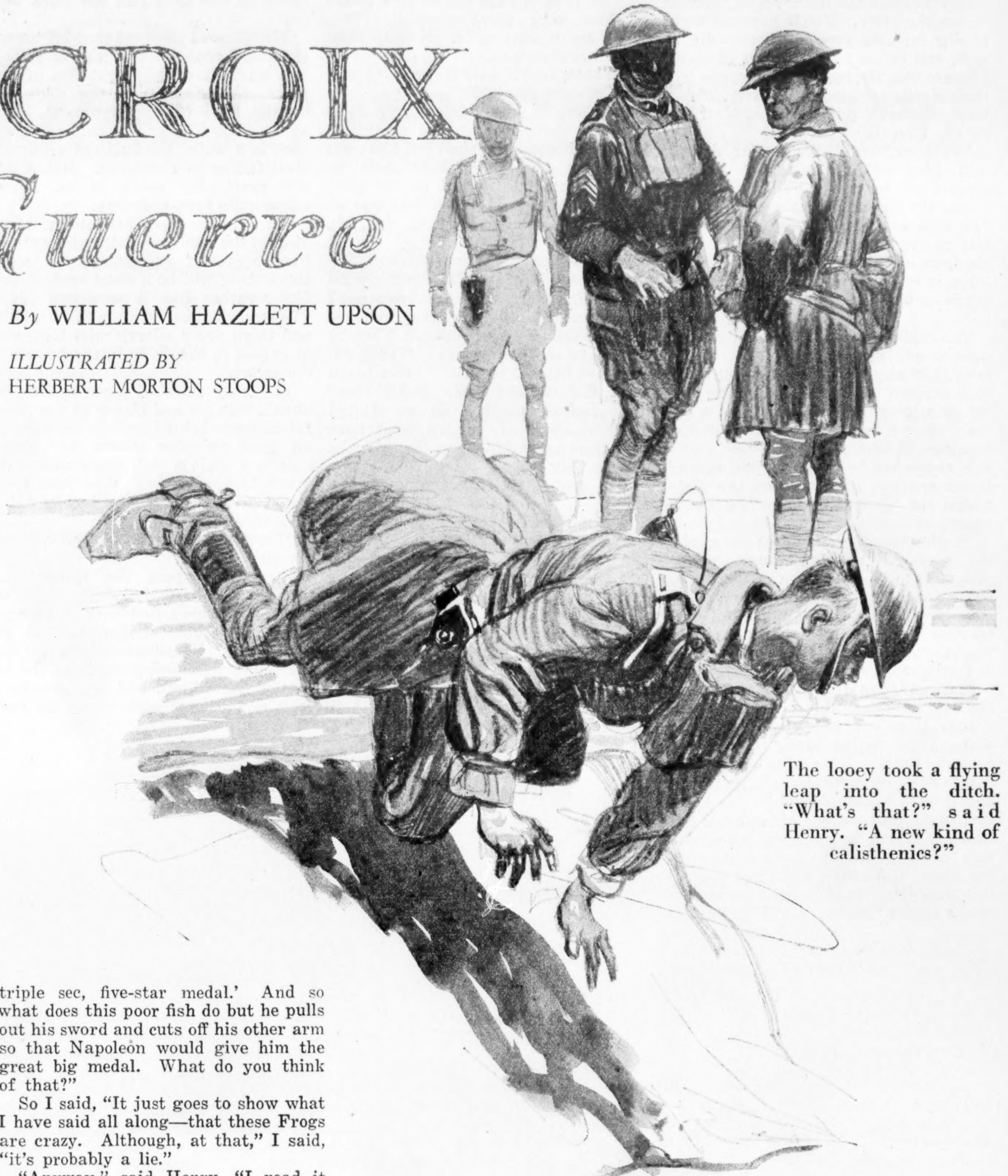
"Well, then, we will give her this happiness, and you can write to her that you have been in Mount Vernon," and he added that he would send his carriage to fetch me with Miss Elizabeth that same evening, and then he bowed to us just as if we had been great ladies, and Miss Elizabeth was so frightened and scared that she could not even curtsy as she ought to have done. But I did not forget it, and when we were back home we immediately began to take out our best gowns and to adorn ourselves as well as we could, when Mistress Nance came in, and when she had heard all that we had to tell her, she said we had better just wear our simple white frocks, because the General liked everything that was plain and quiet, but she would not believe that he would send his carriage for us. But, Revered

(Continued on page 40)

The CROIX de Guerre

By WILLIAM HAZLETT UPSON

ILLUSTRATED BY
HERBERT MORTON STOOPS



The looey took a flying leap into the ditch. "What's that?" said Henry. "A new kind of calisthenics?"

HENRY was a guy that could get into more trouble with officers and noncoms than any other buck private in the whole Thirteenth Field Artillery. And one day early in October, 1918, when we were in the middle of the Battle of the Argonne, he pulled off a stunt that I thought was going to get him a general court-martial, and maybe send him back to the States to Leavenworth, or I don't know what. But the same day it happened that he had pulled off another stunt that made them change their minds, and they let him off and pinned a medal on him, and he was a hero and everything.

The events leading up to all the excitement began one evening just after supper when the battery was at Septsarges. We had the four guns strung out along the road just east of the town with their noses pointed north. The men of the battery were in pup tents and old German dugouts in the woods just south of the guns. Me and Henry, being privates in the telephone detail, had our little hole in the ground right behind the trail of the No. 2 gun. We had been there several days, and had dug ourselves a real elegant hole. We had one of them curved pieces of corrugated iron on top for a roof, and in front we had some planks that we used for a front piazza.

The sun had just set, and the weather was cool and clear and pleasant—with no rain, for a wonder. It had been a hard day. We had been firing steadily, and the Germans had been firing back fairly hard, although no shells had fallen so very close to us. In the afternoon some of the other men on the detail had run out about two miles of wire up to the top of the ridge beyond the town of Dannevaux in front of us. The idea was to have an observation post up there.

So, with all the firing and all the extra work, and one thing and another, everybody was tired; and we was glad after supper when things took a kind of a lull. Me and Henry was sitting on our little front porch, smoking cigarettes and watching the big red clouds in the sunset. And we was contemplating the landscape and the shell holes in the fields, and the busted-up trees in the woods, and the little German cemetery across the road with several shell holes in it, and here and there, lying around, a few old white bones that had been blown up.

And, as it happened, me and Henry got to talking about medals, the Victoria Cross and the Fritz Iron Cross and so on, and Henry said:

"I remember once reading about Napoleon, the big Frog general; and it seems that one of his soldiers had his arm shot off, and Napoleon had him called up and was getting ready to pin a big medal on him for bravery. And it seems that Napoleon said, 'If you had lost both arms, I would have given you a medal twice as big—a regular triple sec, five-star medal.' And so what does this poor fish do but he pulls out his sword and cuts off his other arm so that Napoleon would give him the great big medal. What do you think of that?"

So I said, "It just goes to show what I have said all along—that these Frogs are crazy. Although, at that," I said, "it's probably a lie."

"Anyway," said Henry, "I read it in a book."

"Well," I said, "I remember once reading a story of a little drummer boy in the Civil War. And there was a charge, and the guy carrying the flag was killed, and the other side grabbed the flag and was taking it away. So the little drummer boy, he run out and killed a few dozen of them, and he was wounded pretty bad himself, but he brought back the flag. And in some way it seems that if they had lost the flag they would have lost the whole battle, or something, so this guy, as I remember, got a medal, and when he came home all the people cheered, and I forget whether he married the girl or not. But, anyway, it was all fine and dandy."

AND about this time a great, big, heavy German shell went rushing and screeching along away up high over our heads and hit far behind us.

"Aha!" said Henry. "The Fritzes are shelling Cuisy again. But as I was going to say," he went on, "in this war we don't seem to hear so much about medals. There don't seem to be no medals passed around in the artillery. At least I never heard of any."

"Well," I said, "to get a medal, you got to do something heroic; and you never heard of anybody doing anything heroic in the artillery. Of course," I said, "there is lots of work and lots of grief in the artillery. It's dangerous and nasty and all that, but there isn't anything what I would call heroism."

And about this time another big shell went over our heads; and we listened till we heard it hit far away behind us.

"That's all right," said Henry, "but that ain't the only reason. We ain't in the right place to get medals. The birds that issue these medals never come round the artillery. Now, if you happen to be some place where there is a guy with a basket of medals going around to give them away, it's not so hard to get one. I heard about a guy in the S O S at Biarritz, that was in the Quartermaster's Department and had charge of some trucks. And the Queen of Rumania was down there, and she was moving from one house to another, and he sent around six army trucks to move her stuff. And the next thing he knew he got a Rumanian medal as big as a dinner plate."

Another shell went by overhead. But we knew it was going to hit far away, so we hardly noticed it.

"And I knew a feller," Henry went on, "that was a captain in Paris, and the Greek ambassador or something was there, and he couldn't get no sugar—sugar being so scarce on account of the war. So this captain that was in the supply department sent the Greek a whole load of sugar—enough to start a whole Greek restaurant. And for that they gave him one each of about all the different medals the Greeks make."

HENRY stopped to light another cigarette, and I looked up, and through the gathering darkness I seen the captain approaching, and with him a new second lieutenant that had just arrived in the battery. The lieutenant was a tall, simple-looking goof with a little yellow mustache. He kept looking around here and there, and peering into the dark, sort of nervous like. Me and Henry stood up and sort of come to attention, as much as anybody ever does come to attention at the front.

"Lieutenant Ascott," said the captain, "you will take these two men up to the telephone station we established on the ridge this afternoon. You will run out the rest of the wire to the top of the crest and establish an observation post where you can see the town of Vilosnes across the river. You'll have all night to dig in; and you had better dig in well, and be sure to keep out of sight, because the German outposts are less than a mile off across the river, and if they see anything they'll just blow you off the terrain."

"Yes, sir," said Lieutenant Ascott, still kind of nervous, and peering around like he was scared of the dark.

"In the morning," said the captain, "as soon as it is light enough to see, call up the battery and we'll adjust on the town of Vilosnes. They report that there is an enemy ammunition dump in there—a big one—and we have to get it."

The captain opened up a big map and pointed out how the land lay. I still have that map. I kept it as a souvenir. It is old and torn now, and in one corner is a brown stain, which was a red stain when it was first made. But that evening the map was brand-new, and I still remember how the captain spread it out and put his finger on the place where the German ammunition dump was.

"Right there," he said, "by the road." And he folded up the map and then he said, "Take enough iron rations and water for to-night and to-morrow. You may have to stay in your hole all day, because you will be under direct observation, and if you try to move around in daylight they may get you."

"Yes, sir," said the lieutenant, and the captain went off.

Just then one of them long-range shells came sailing along on its way back to Cuisy. The looey cocked his ears, and listened, and opened his eyes very wide, and then took one flying leap into the ditch beside the road. A perfect nose dive. Sort of like a rabbit going into its hole. All the cannoneers looked at him very much startled. They didn't know what to do. Nobody knew what his idea was.

"What's that?" said Henry. "A new kind of calisthenics?"

And finally somebody said, "He was dodging that shell." And everybody laughed, because the shell had hit about two miles away. And here came the looey, scrambling up out of the ditch again, and even in the half darkness we could see that he looked a bit sheepish.

THEN he seen we was laughing, and that made him sore. He glared around and said, "Stop that noise, you men! And stand at attention when you are in the presence of an officer." Then he turned to me and Henry. "Come on, snap out of it!" he said. "You heard what the captain said. Don't stand there looking dumb." So we started along up the road, but we didn't have no rations or anything, so Henry spoke up very polite:

"Sir, hadn't we better get some rations?"

"What?" said the looey. "Haven't you got your rations and water?" He was so rattled he didn't seem to know just what he was doing.

"No, sir," said Henry, "but we'll go and get them."

We went back and got some canned willie and a couple of canteens of water, and Henry got his field glasses. The telephone and the fire-control instruments and a pick and shovel had already been carried up to the ridge. By the time we got going it was dark and the stars were out.

We followed the road that led toward the ridge ahead, where the doughboys had established their first line of outposts. At the foot of the ridge was a little town called Dannevaux. And as we walked along we could see, every once in a while, the burst of a German shell falling in this town. But it was still pretty far away, so we walked along quite free and easy.

It was pleasant, cool October weather. Most of the autumn weather in northern France is wet and rainy, but sometimes there will be a short spell of perfect weather like it was that night. The road gleamed white in the starlight, and there was a silvery mist beginning to gather in the fields in the bottom of the valley.

The looey marched along a little bit ahead, with me and Henry at a respectful distance behind and to one side, as all good privates should do. Every once in a while a shell would go by, far overhead, and every time the looey would give a little jump, but he didn't duck into the ditch.

"Trying to hold onto himself," Henry whispered to me.

We walked past the spring that the Fritzes used to shell so often, and where there had been a hospital tent for a couple of days until it got shelled out. Up ahead rockets and signal lights were going up from the infantry front lines, and occasionally a shell would burst with a dull red flash in the town of Dannevaux. "I don't like that," said Henry. "We have to go right through there."

"Less noise back there," said the looey. "Do you want the Germans to hear you?"

Now, the Germans was about two miles away across the river, but as the looey didn't seem to enjoy our talk we shut up.

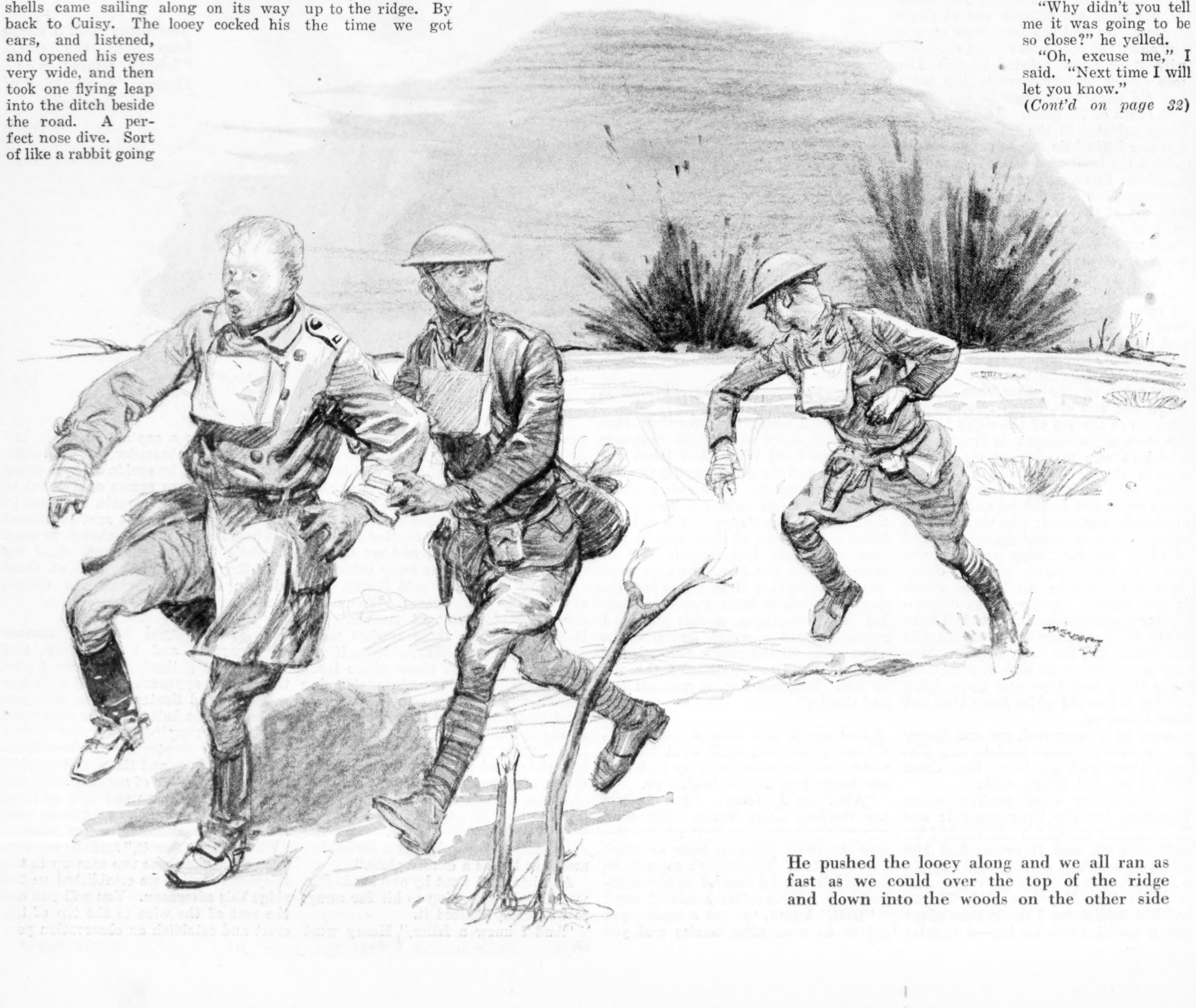
ON WE walked, and we got nearer to Dannevaux, and there didn't seem to be any more shells landing there. Finally, we got right in the town—in among the wrecks of houses, with their busted-up ruined walls standing up white and still in the night. Just as we came to the corner where the road to the ridge branches off we heard the far-away song of a German shell, coming slow and easy out of the north, and headed in our direction. Henry flopped on one side of the road and I ducked into the ditch on the other. I pressed my face in the damp earth—waited—held my breath. On it came—nearer—louder. Then down it dropped with a rush and a scream that filled the whole sky like a million wild animals pouncing on you, and half the town seemed to blow up. Fragments buzzing. Stones and dirt falling all about. And at last—silence again.

I looked up, and there was that crazy lieutenant just running backwards and forwards in the road. And then, after everything was over, he took one of his flying leaps and dove into the ditch beside me.

"Why didn't you tell me it was going to be so close?" he yelled.

"Oh, excuse me," I said. "Next time I will let you know."

(*Cont'd on page 32*)



He pushed the looey along and we all ran as fast as we could over the top of the ridge and down into the woods on the other side

There's no such Word as QUIT

By

GRANTLAND RICE

It was only the soul of the great competitor that carried Bucky Harris to a world series championship

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A VETERAN manager was discussing one of his players.

"He isn't fast," the manager said, "and he isn't strong. He isn't so much of a hitter and he is only a fair infielder. But he is one of the greatest ball players I ever saw."

"Why?" we asked.

"Because," the manager replied, "he is thinking through the job every minute and when I need him worst he is at his best."

There came to us at that moment certain recollections of Ducky Pond, who finishes his Yale career this June. The first time our attention was focused directly on Pond happened to be in one of the closing innings of a Yale-Princeton ball game, where Yale had a one-run lead and Princeton had men on bases with only one out.

Here was a picked spot, an ideal location for a young college pitcher to blow apart in eight or ten different directions and leave fragments scattered on the field. But in place of being excited at this moment, with a big Princeton crowd unleashing the battle howl of the clan, Pond was about as upset and as worried as Christy Mathewson would have been. With more than usual deliberation he saw that his infield was set, waved an outfielder over to the right and then, turning to the plate without worry or hurry, he began to put more stuff on the ball than we had seen all afternoon. Princeton couldn't break through this mixture of poise and determination under full control.

I hold in my memory the picture of a great Army defense rolling Yale back and an Army attack making headway. There is Pond, near midfield, slashing at tackle. (Pond is no great sprinter and no part of a giant.) As he drives in the Army defense blocks his path with a crash. But in place of going down or losing his head Pond swings to the left, sees an opening, dashes through and travels fifty yards for a touchdown, preventing a Yale defeat.

These are only two of many such instances in Pond's career, where the basis of his competitive greatness involves just two words—concentration and determination.

Concentration and determination are about 90 per cent of the answer whenever competitive worth stalks into the open field amid the hoarse huzzas of the crowd. Concentration means thinking of the job, thinking through the job and thinking of *nothing else.* Determination means the will to keep on, to play out the game regardless of any barrier, and to put on full pressure when the big chance comes.

They must ride together—those two qualities—and when they do they can cut their way through steel and stone.

Two of the greatest competitors baseball has ever known are Ty Cobb and Babe Ruth. We recall several years ago dropping in to see Cobb at some hotel just as he was getting up. There were not three square inches of uncut surface on Cobb's legs from the hips down. There was little except plaster and tape with here and there an open cut none too pleasant to look upon. They were all sliding wounds from a hard campaign in which "Ty" was hitting over .400 and getting close to the base-stealing record of his league.

In addition he had fever with a temperature around 102. He should have been in the hospital instead of on the ball field; but with a hard New York series ahead he wouldn't quit. In spite of this physical handicap he threw himself into the game that same afternoon with all the fury he had. He made three hits and stole three bases, each time hurling his legs and body at full speed upon badly bruised and battered flesh. The pain he suffered never cut into his complete concentration on the game, where he watched for every chance; and it failed to break down his determination to win.

This one experience gave me a large part of the answer to Cobb's ball playing glory, where a determined spirit drove suffering flesh on to the final play.

Babe Ruth presented much the same picture in one of the early Giant-Yankee world series. About the time that series started Ruth had an infected arm which was badly swollen. The Babe also had a wounded leg upon which he could hardly stand. Either wound would have been enough to stop the ordinary mortal and send him to the hospital for repairs. But neither the pain nor the handicap diverted Ruth's attention from the main business at hand nor broke down his determination to fight it out. He lit the fuse to two home runs, hammered out a number of valuable base hits, fielded brilliantly and slid to bases as if his vast frame never carried an ache or a scratch.

The Great Competitor

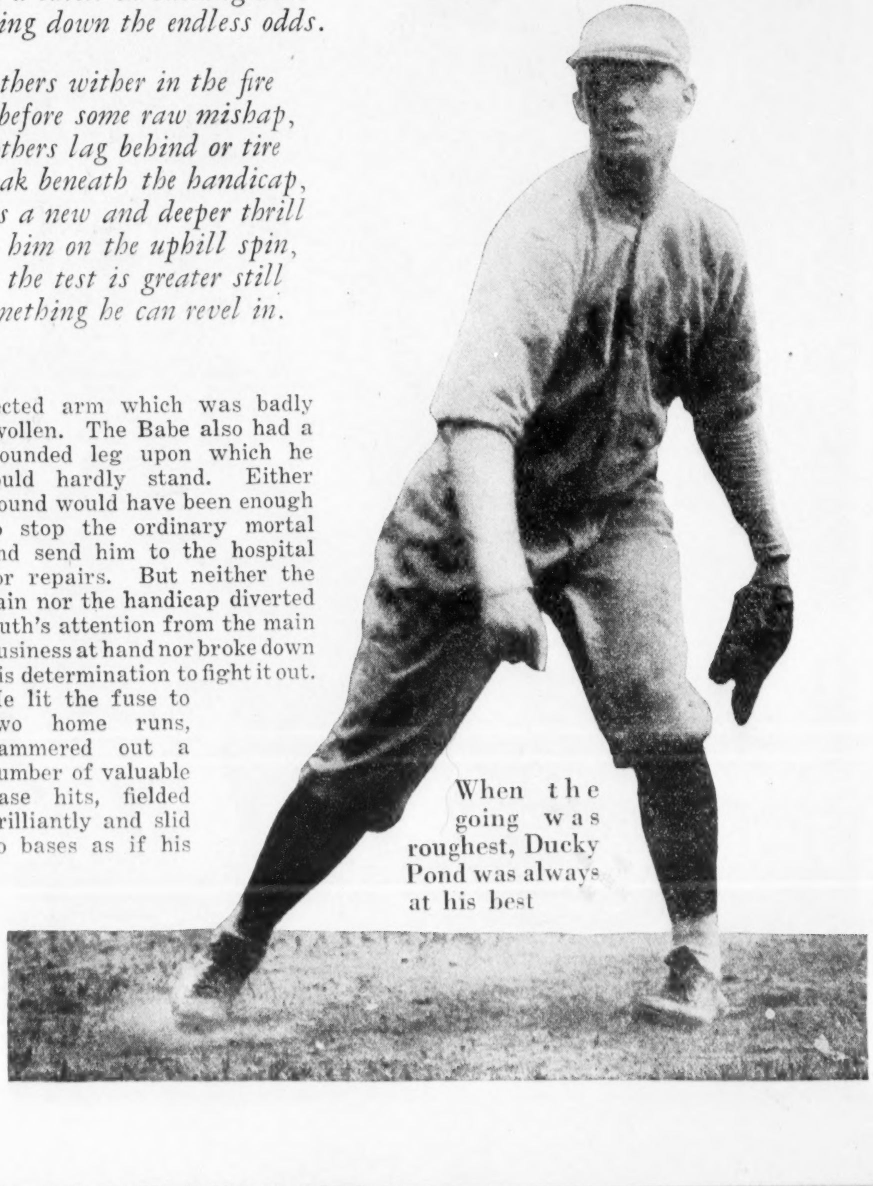
Beyond the winning and the goal,
Beyond the glory and the fame,
He feels the flame within his soul,
Born of the spirit of the game,
And where the barriers may wait,
Built up by the opposing gods,
He finds a thrill in bucking Fate
And riding down the endless odds.

Where others wither in the fire
Or fall before some raw mishap,
Where others lag behind or tire
And break beneath the handicap,
He finds a new and deeper thrill
To take him on the uphill spin,
Because the test is greater still
And something he can revel in.

Here was a combination of concentration and determination that one rarely sees. Such combinations are only born of a flaming spirit.

Jack Dempsey had just been knocked through the ropes by Luis Firpo. He had been badly battered after getting back. The round ended and Dempsey had just sixty seconds for an intermission. At the end of the brief intermission there was no thought in his mind of playing it safe. He was cooler in that moment than he was at the start of the first round. His entire concentration was thrown into the job of knocking Firpo out. There was no outside thought in his mind. His determination to win had not even been jarred by the sensational episode of the first round when he plunged head foremost through the ropes. Nothing could have broken up this concentration and determination but unconsciousness. He returned to the job with a cool head and an unworried mind; and he lost no time in feinting Firpo off guard and then knocking him down.

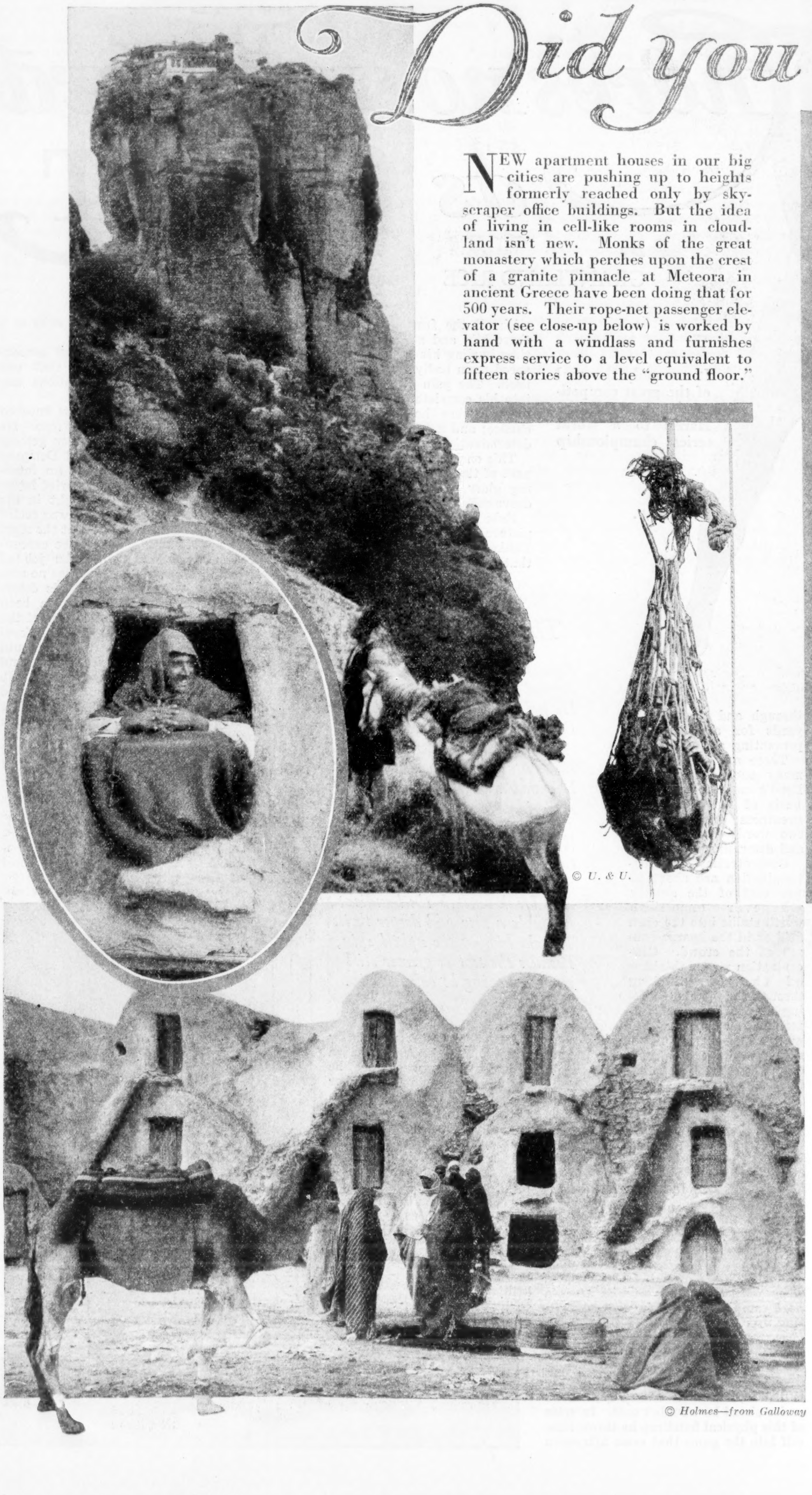
The average boxer at this point would have been (*Continued on page 43*)



When the going was roughest, Ducky Pond was always at his best

Did you think

NEW apartment houses in our big cities are pushing up to heights formerly reached only by skyscraper office buildings. But the idea of living in cell-like rooms in cloudland isn't new. Monks of the great monastery which perches upon the crest of a granite pinnacle at Meteora in ancient Greece have been doing that for 500 years. Their rope-net passenger elevator (see close-up below) is worked by hand with a windlass and furnishes express service to a level equivalent to fifteen stories above the "ground floor."



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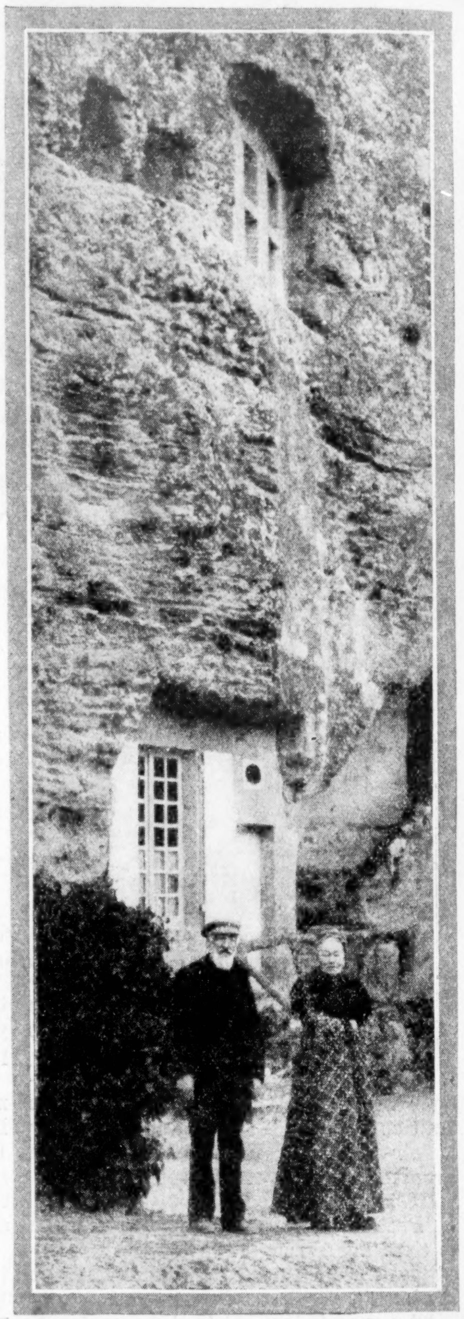
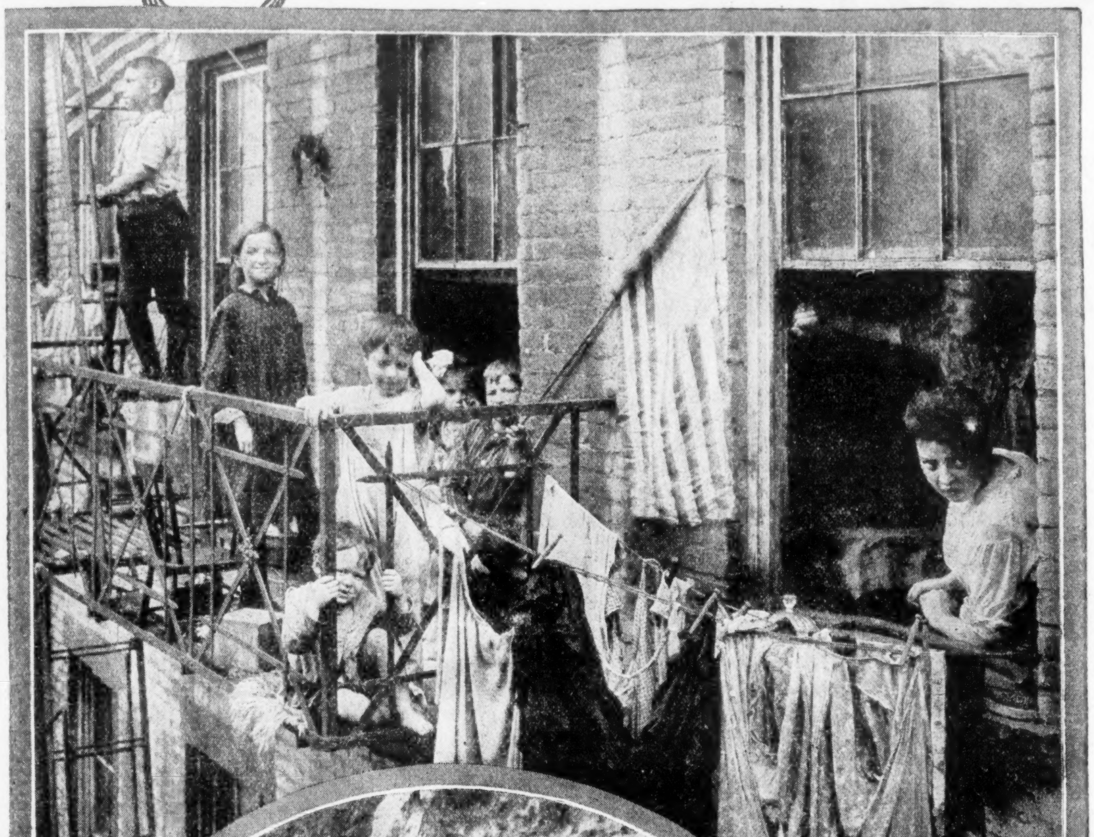


© Galloway

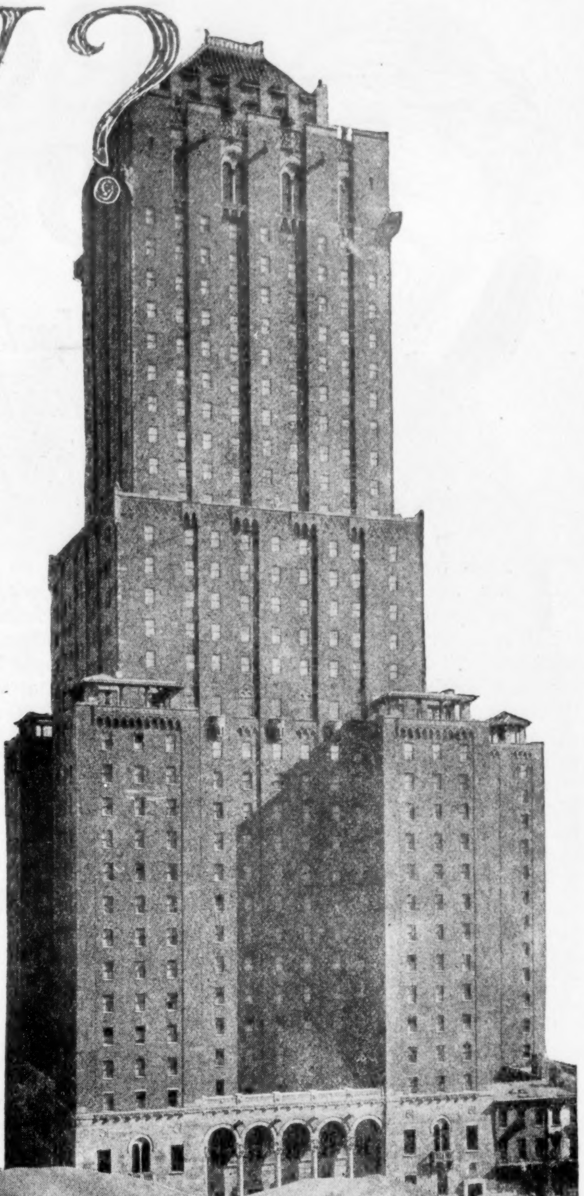
THERE'S something of the romantic appeal of a "Swiss Family Robinson" about the trim cliff-dweller's apartment, above, chiseled out of solid rock at Rochecarbon, France, beside the Loire. You know that many a generation has lived here before this elderly couple, and that they themselves have dwelt in this snug suite all their lives. No terror of moving day troubles them.

WASPS may have furnished the model for man's first "co-op" flats. Of a certainty, the architects of the primitive adobe village in southern Tunisia, which is pictured in two views at the left, must have copied a mud-daubers' nest. Each apartment is a single cell of dried mud, with holes in the wall for windows and doors. A stairway is the only improvement upon the wasp-nest. Note the "hobble" on the camel.

they were NEW?

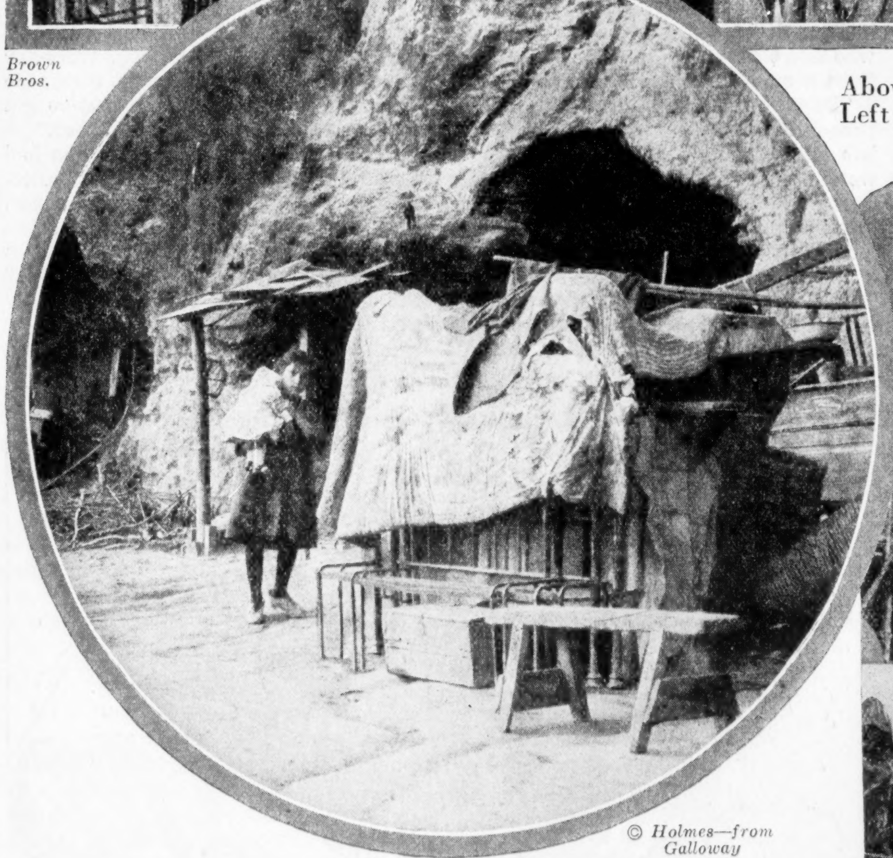


Brown Bros.



Above: A New York slum
Left: One in old Rome

Wurtz



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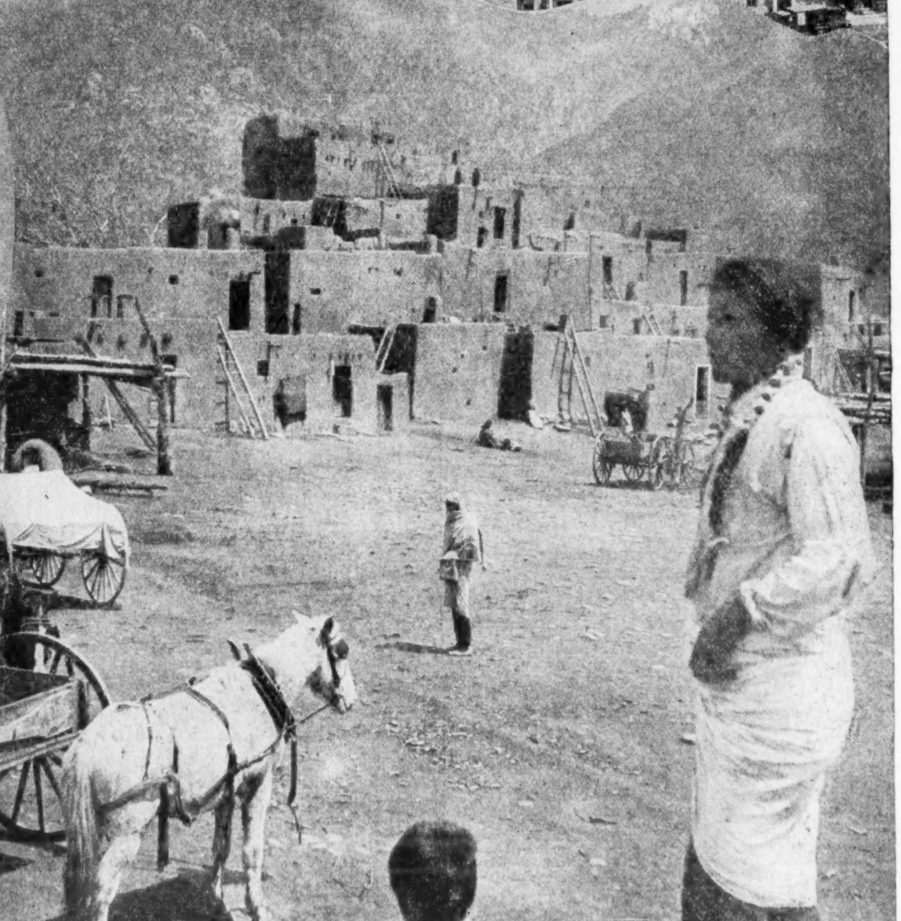

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EVEN the slum, which you might suppose was nonexistent until we took to flat life and "living in layers," appears to be nothing really new. In the "Eternal City" of Rome, last year, the municipal health authorities ordered the boarding-up of some of the oldest slums in the world—those cliff-dweller burrows in the hillside which some of you may have glimpsed as tourists when you went motoring out from your apartment in a downtown hotel to the racetrack.

THE city of the future, we're told, will be highly original in design. This because new "zoning laws" require, in the interests of light and air, that high buildings rise in "setbacks." If you swallow that, compare our snapshot (at upper right) of the tallest of New York's new apartment houses with the view below it of a venerable "terraced house" of Pueblo Indians at Taos, N. M. And recall that this Pueblo skyline was centuries old before Columbus set sail!

POVERTY is the Best Policy

Uncle Henry says that candidates for public office must be free from the odium of self-support

"I SEE where the Democratic leaders are plannin' to bring the party back to first principles," said Mr. Stubbs. "What does that mean?"

"Another fight," sighed Uncle Henry. "Every true Democrat has his own idea of what constitutes first principles, holdin' 'em sacred until somebody agrees with him. It's too bad. After last November, I had the hope that you Jeffersonians would be cured of the delusion that you're a political organization. Why, 'Lonzo, there's no end to the rich possibilities if the party would only stick to the activities for which it is fitted by taste an' temperament—things like picnics, raffles, wakes, an' chowder parties.

"Can't you realize that you're not cut out for a business pursuit like Presidential campaigns? Look at your conventions! Always the same haphazard, headlong adventure in blind man's buff. You go to 'em without the least idea who you're goin' to nominate, relyin' entirely upon city directories, telephone an' dream books to refresh your memory an' give suggestions.

"Compare your bunglin' amateur performance with the smooth, machine-like precision of the Republicans. Politics is a business with them, an' they go about it in a businesslike way. Their candidate is always picked months in advance, developed in a dark room an' put on ice until ready for use. The only reason they have a convention is so the party workers can get a chance to come up for air.

"What I couldn't understand was the inactivity of the Humane Society. Its failure to stop the last campaign will always remain a blot on its record, for as early as September all pretense of sport had been lost an' the thing was sheer brutality. From all over the country came cries of 'Throw the towel into the ring,' but the trouble was that no true Democrat ever had a towel."

"Our trouble was havin' that there Davis for a candidate," growled Mr. Stubbs. "The idea of namin' a man who had J. P. Morgan for a client."

"Not Morgan particularly," said Uncle Henry. "It was havin' had a client of any kind that made Davis utterly illegible as a Democratic candidate. Of course, I don't mean to say that he couldn't have handled police-court cases if the fees never ran over $10, but you couldn't expect true Jeffersonians to overlook his bein' hired by big men to represent 'em in big affairs. It was too plain a proof of ability.

"The minute Davis got the nomination I knew that he didn't have a chance. Democrats have a reputation for bein' mercurial, an' in their surface moods I reckon they are pretty flighty, but when it comes to *fundamentals*, granite is not more unyieldin'. Jes' as Americans demand that baseball heroes make a home run every time they come to bat, so do Democrats insist that every aspirant for the Presidency shall be free from the odium of self-support.

"In other things they're as broad as any people in the world, but woe to the candidate who's ever shown himself able to earn a livin' by other means than office holdin' or stayin' with his wife's folks. The party views him with cold suspicion until he proves that he's never been more than a jump ahead of blue glasses and a tin cup.

"When Morgan an' other captains of industry came to Davis with their cases, why didn't he have the sense to meet 'em outside the three-mile limit? Or take an assumed name, or else provide himself with false whiskers? Certainly Charlie Hughes has shown that no high-priced lawyer can win success in public life without a hair screen of some kind. Openly acceptin' employment from millionaires, with nothin' to deceive the eye, was the same as signin' a death warrant.

"Hew to the line. That's the Democratic motto, an' in choosin' a President it's usually the bread line they hew to.

"It's a bad business, 'Lonzo, an' the worst of it is that the idea has got a fairly strong hold on people generally. 'Poor but honest' is one of America's most popular traditions, an' the average citizen believes implicitly that vagrancy is a full sister to virtue an' success a twin sister to shame. If a candidate gets a shave an' a shine the same day, at once the rumor spreads that he's sold out to the predatory interests.

"When I ran for Congress in the old days, I used to stop my buggy on the outskirts of every town an' bury my collar an' tie in order to get the effect of republican simplicity so dear to the true American. Many a night the wife sat up ravelin' fringes on a perfectly good pair of trousers, an' we always kept a pup to chew my shoes. Why, I know a lot of office seekers right now who don't dare buy new clothes except from a suit-legger.

"Darned if I can understand it. We preach thrift to our children, an' teach 'em that a savin's bank is the noblest work of God, but if any are foolish enough to take it seriously, an' manage to accumulate a fortune, we turn on 'em like wolves. It's far easier to find a camel in a haystack than it is for a rich man to get into public office. Morgan or Rockefeller couldn't be elected on a Republican ticket in Maine, an' the only reason Henry Ford gets by is because nobody has ever seen the color of his money.

"How can a man protect an oil reserve who's never bought more than a quart? What does a fellow know about timber who's never handled it in larger quantities than a toothpick? Honesty may be the best policy, but it doesn't insure against loss by ignorance, stupidity, an' other calamities of nature.

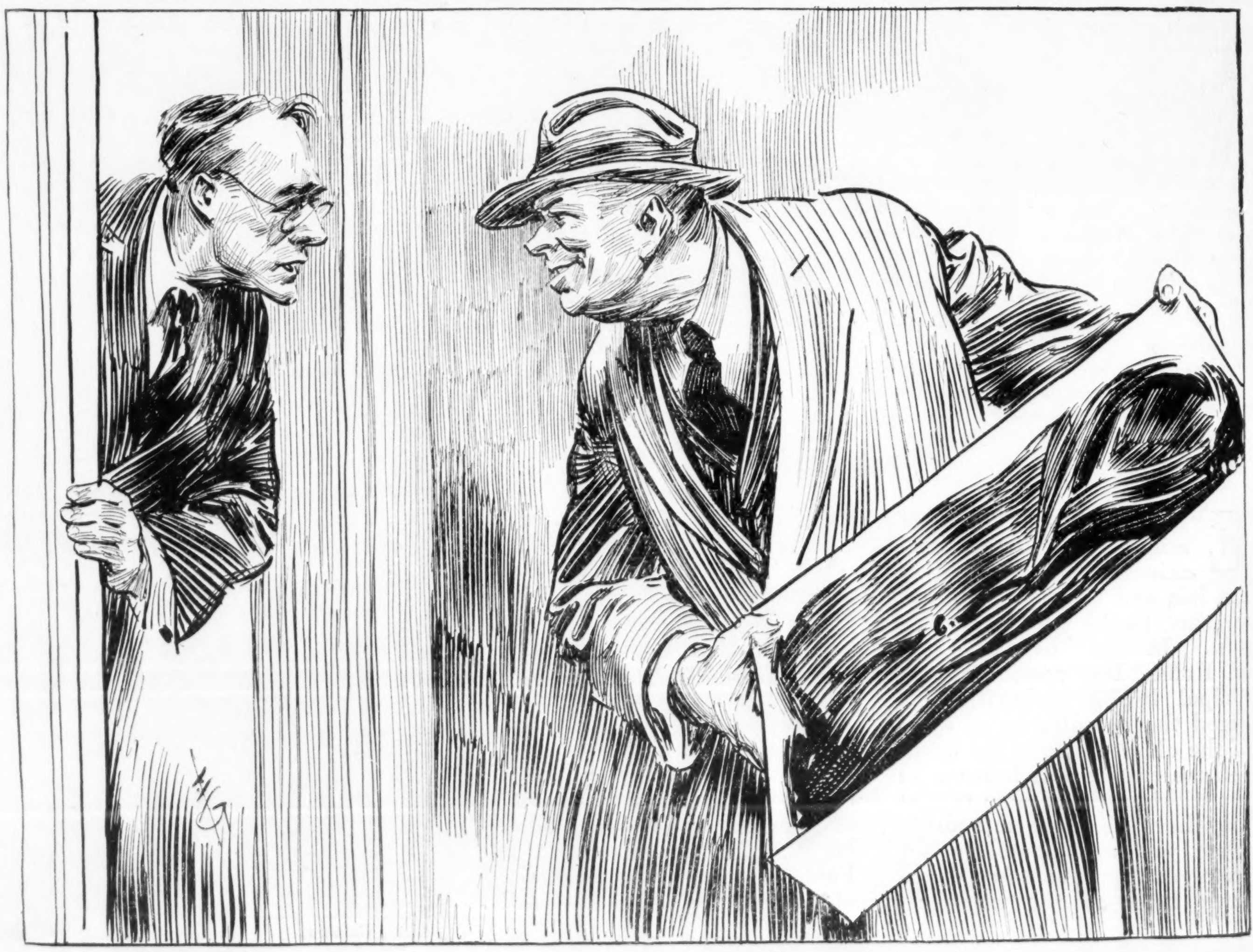
"A man isn't always poor jes' because he's honest. It may be on account of a lot of other things like hatin' work, arrested development, not wantin' to learn a trade, watchin' buildin's go up, mindin' other people's business instead of his own, or not bein' able to start where Andrew Carnegie left off. An' it doesn't follow that a man is a crook jes' because he's made money enough to be invited to speak before a Rotary club an' have his jokes laughed at.

"If you ask me, I'll say that our own government—federal, state and municipal—would be better run by men experienced in handlin' large affairs than by chaps who've never figured in any larger financial transaction than payin' car fare. But you'll never be able to make the American people believe it, I'm afraid. We're wedded to the idea that rags are *always* worn for virtue's sake, an' when it comes to pickin' men for high office they've got to prove that they owe the butcher."

"Huh!" sneered Mr. Stubbs, who had been following his own gloomy reflections. "Republicans are like sheep. They do as they are told."

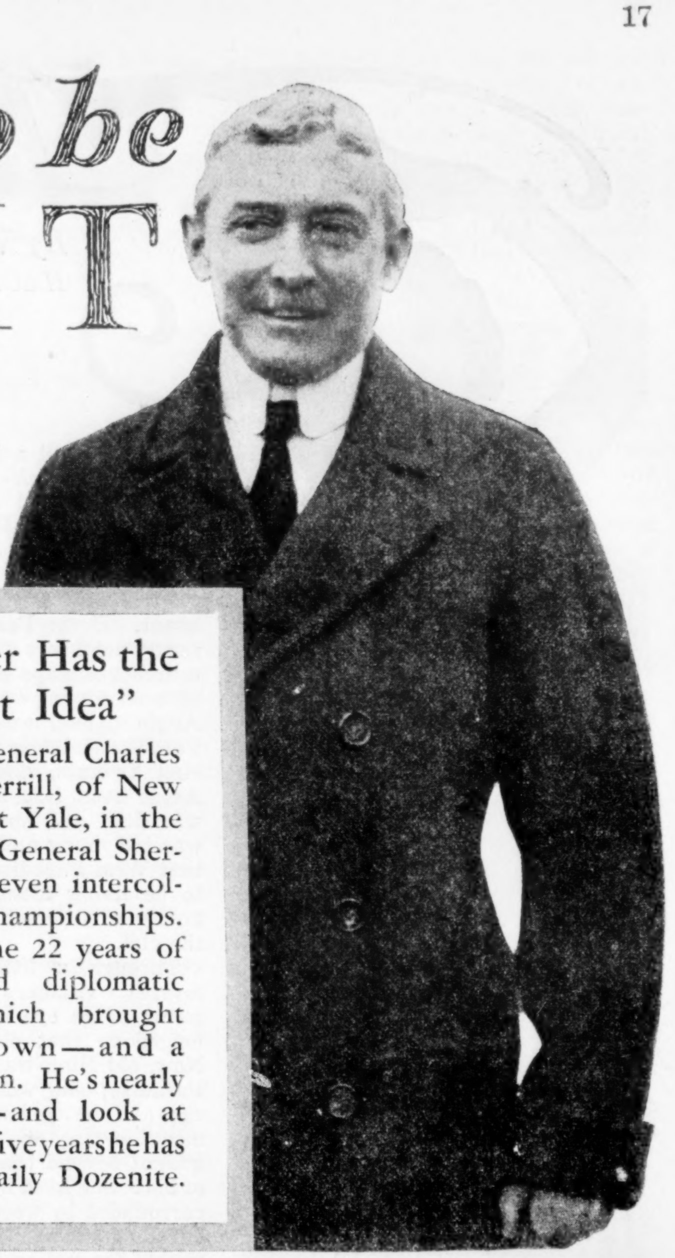
"Yes," said Uncle Henry, "an' a Democrat has to be told what he does."

"I know office seekers who don't dare buy new clothes except from a suit-legger"



What it Costs to be FIT

By
WALTER
CAMP



"Walter Has the Right Idea"

SAYS General Charles H. Sherrill, of New York. At Yale, in the late 80's, General Sherrill won seven intercollegiate championships. Then came 22 years of legal and diplomatic work which brought him renown—and a breakdown. He's nearly 58 now—and look at him! For five years he has been a Daily Dozenite.

THE average man would hardly dream of going to his office in the morning without a shave. He does not enjoy shaving, but he has to do it in order to accord with convention. He is forced into action by the thought of what people would think and say of him if he were not clean on the outside. But it is the external appearance that is presented to his fellow man and he thinks only of that. He is not driven by this urge to do the things that will make him clean and healthy on the inside.

It really costs something to keep fit. It costs some little attention to the laws of nature. It requires some will power. It costs a short space of time each day.

The man of pioneer days had no choice. If he did not defend himself from the savages, if he did not work hard to provide shelter for himself and his family, if he did not wrest from nature a living by the use of his hands, he and his family suffered, starved, perhaps died. For him there was no easy evasion of these demands. He became hardy and strong. Courage to overcome adversity was born within him and self-reliance grew with necessity.

But civilization has changed all that. The average man no longer lives by the sweat of his brow. There are policemen to protect him from the lawless; there are houses, built by others for him, to keep out the cold and the storm. He can no longer stand exposure. If dropped in a forest he becomes lost; if forced to find things to eat instead of buying them he would starve. His teeth need constant attention or they decay. His digestion fails him. He needs fitting surroundings for sleep, and he may have to whip up a jaded appetite with stimulants. That is what many a man has become under the softening, enervating conditions of modern life.

Health Must be Worked For

BUT there are men—plenty of them—who have set up against the soft life a bulwark of courage and strength and efficiency. They are ready to make sacrifices of time and money and so-called pleasure in order to enjoy to the full that far greater happiness of sound vitality and conscious health. I know many such men, men of finance, professional men, men in commercial pursuits. Does it cost them anything? Yes, indeed it does. It costs them time and attention and an exercise of will power. But the investment draws compound interest and the will power which these men exercise grows greater with that exercise.

Suppose we study in greater detail the price the man in good condition is paying for the luxury of health. In the morning ten minutes of the Daily Dozen to stretch his muscles and make them supple. Another ten minutes for the bath and a rub-down that leaves the skin pink and rosy, prepared to do its work of protecting the body against changes of temperature, ready for its regulatory work, fairly aglow with readiness for combat. Then he puts on no bath robe or underclothes, but stands naked just as nature made him and while his body takes an air bath, he proceeds to cleanse his teeth and to shave, having first taken two or three glasses of water, hot or cold as he chooses, which is as welcome to his stomach as the external bath was to his skin. Having finished his shaving he dresses leisurely, not in heavy flannels, but in light underwear—scrupulously clean—puts on his outer clothes and goes down to breakfast hungry and ready to start the day right.

And what has all this cost him in time over the man who neglects his body? That other man jumps out of bed, at the last minute, gives his hands and face a slap of water, makes a hasty dab at his teeth with his tooth brush, hustles into his clothes, grabs a cup of coffee and a roll, catches his train in a hurry and begins the day all wrong.

It has cost our first man an extra half hour, but he has made a good start and the other a bad start.

Our wise man settles down to work in a good temper. At noon he eats lightly, his breakfast having fortified him for this, whereas the other man is hungry, eats much and of rich food, returns to his office heavy and sleepy.

Two or three times a week, as opportunity offers, the first man gets in some play outdoors, if in any way possible; indoors if nothing else is available; another bath and rub-down, another drink or two of cold fresh water—and usually, not always, for nature allows a margin, a rather simple dinner.

The second man has no time for any exercise or pleasure. If he has any spare time he would rather stop in at a movie and sit in a stuffy atmosphere for a couple of hours. He comes home irritable and cantankerous to find fault with his dinner and family.

On Sundays and holidays our wise man spends most of his time out of doors, often getting up quite as early as upon other days. The second man sleeps as late as he can, eats a hearty breakfast, sits down to his reams of Sunday papers, eats a big dinner at one or two o'clock, goes to sleep after it and finds it is five or six o'clock before he knows it and his day all gone, and he has got nothing out of it of benefit. On Monday, more irritable than ever, he begins the same old round over again!

But this is the city man. How about the farmer? How about the man whose work keeps him more or less out of doors for the greater part of the year? Well, he has better chances, but in thousands of cases he does not avail himself of them. Many a man of this class is found in middle life or just beyond that with a body warped out of shape and a rebellious digestion. But he began with every opportunity. As a boy his outdoor life built him up—as a young man he was a fine physical specimen. But even then, he was started on his road to deterioration. I saw many of these outdoor boys in the service. They came from the farms and, even at twenty-one, were beginning to lose their correctness of posture. Their back muscles were fine, and how they could lift! But many of them had begun to stoop slightly and few of them were at all supple. Their motions were stiff and often awkward. They had been at a kind of work that tended to bow them forward and tire one set of muscles while giving no exercise whatever to others! And yet every one of these men, had he spent two minutes a day, imitating his dog in stretching exercises, would have been erect and supple. If his food—no matter what it was—had been cooked properly and eaten slowly, he would not have had digestive troubles. The cost in time and trouble would have been an insignificant price to pay for the health and strength that might have been theirs in middle life.

Now one other caution about keeping fit. Nature does nothing in a hurry. She gradually gives the blacksmith a muscular arm because he hammers with it and she sees that she must make it efficient and strong, but those powerful muscles do not spring into that arm in a day. Nature builds slowly but surely and, above all, safely.

Many a man, suddenly realizing that he is becoming slack and flabby, plunges into an orgy of strenuous exercises. He becomes lame and sore. Nature tells him that she had no idea that he was going to put those muscles to so severe a test and that they are not ready for it. If he gives her warning by beginning gradually she will have those muscles ready for even extreme use.

A football team begins to train gradually. A man is not thrown into a scrimmage the first week in which he comes back after vacation; he is built up slowly and gradually to a point where he can stand the unusual work. The same is true in all our other sports. But we do not carry this theory into our everyday life. Instead of preparing by training for any sudden change, we invite all sorts of trouble by a sudden plunge into this condition. We take even our vacations in this foolish way, changing suddenly from sedentary life into one of violent exercise, and then wonder why it does us no good. If we are lucky, Nature does much to adjust herself to the change, but no sooner does she get adjusted than we drop this violent physical exercise and go back to our offices.

Condition comes slowly, it demands time and consistency. Indeed, keeping fit does cost something, but not a minute spent for that purpose is wasted. Moreover, the use of the time should be adapted to the kind of life a man intends to lead, as later articles in this series will show.

CALVIN COOLIDGE *by William Allen White*

OF ALL our Presidents, Mr. Coolidge is hardest to know. To many persons he is a puzzle. Coolidge himself says: "Many people don't understand why I'm President, least of all my father." There is a whole story in that frank avowal. It tells of an inner Coolidge, filled with a passion for public service, hidden so far beneath the dour surface that even his father couldn't find it.

But William Allen White found it and understood. In a series of articles which are the best work in a career distinguished by brilliant writing, he describes Calvin Coolidge inside and out.

Beginning in next week's Collier's

The Devil's THIRD

By VALMA CLARK

ILLUSTRATED BY T. D. SKIDMORE

IT WAS not a friendly knock, but it *was* a knock—human knuckles upon her door! Angie hooked herself hurriedly into her red gingham dress, and opened to—Sheriff Haines.

She followed the taciturn sheriff at his command, wondering what it was about. Down Pease Alley, with slatternly neighbors staring at her—up the courthouse steps with a knot of decent citizens staring again. To disapproval Angie Cabral was accustomed (West Paradise had never approved of the foreign Cabrals, and they approved of Angie even less now that her father was dead and she lived alone; Angie was too young and too pretty in a way that West Paradise did not understand to be living alone), but this curious flutter of interest in her was new to the girl.

Through a little anteroom, where several villagers waited. . . . The gleam of an eye halted Angie. It belonged to that old witch, Nina Zell. Now, old Nina was a mystery in West Paradise; she was of uncertain race, age and antecedents, and in her moments of fury she spoke a strange language; beyond that, one knew nothing of her. She lived in the last little house, surrounded by weed-grown vacant lots, out Bush Road, where, with a sort of genius for ugliness, she manufactured and sometimes sold the most hideous false faces. Her house was one that little girls ran by and that small boys whistled by, the subject of dares and hysterical giggles, the object of bravado. Occasionally, in threes and fours, supported by pennies, the bolder children would venture into her shop for Halloween purchases. Angie herself, having the support neither of companions nor of money, had yet once or twice, drawn strangely, ventured into the shop alone, and those encounters with old Nina had become the sharpest memories of her childhood. For Angie Cabral had a special fear of Nina Zell; other children might escape old Nina, but not she, Angie had felt.

Now, as Nina's black eyes—*mad* eyes, West Paradise insisted—gleamed out at Angie from a face the color of an old coffee stain, ironically, knowingly, Angie was again afraid.

She followed to another room where a man, who was curtly introduced to her as Detective O'Connell from the city, sat behind a desk and studied her. He probably saw her fear.

"You are Angeline Cabral?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where were you last night?"

"Why, I—I was in the restaurant."

"What restaurant?"

"*My* restaurant, since my father died."

"Where—?"

"It's where Bush Road crosses the railroad, by the station."

"Railroad station? 'Joseph Cabral's Quick Lunch,' " he nodded. "How late were you open last night?"

"Why . . . ten-thirty."

"Sure?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you leave the place for a half hour, say, during the evening?"

"No, sir."

"Not for a few minutes before—ten o'clock?"

"No."

"What men did you talk to?"

"Men? Some customers, three of 'em on the eight-twenty local changin' for Bloomsville; a hobo, an' another fellow on a late freighter. I—took their orders, and passed the time of day with them."

"That's all?"

"Yes," lied Angie.

"No—friendly caller?"

She denied it, with wide, scared eyes. She could not tell him that Kenneth Tobin had run in late to bid her goodby; she could not tell anyone that yet, because, for the present, on account of Mrs. Tobin, she and Kenneth met only secretly.

"This tramp, he was a foreigner?"

"Yes."

"Like you, eh? Portuguese perhaps."

"I don't know; he wasn't like *me*," quivered Angie.

"But you—knew him."

"No. I'd never seen him before. He—he was not a nice man."

"Stranger; you took a dislike to him. Why?"

"He bothered me. He—was not a nice man."

"How did he annoy you?"

"He—stared too much. I had a good-luck charm on my neck, an' he asked me w'ere I'd got it; w'en I served him, it dangled over him, an' he caught it in his hand an'—an' wouldn't let go."

ANGIE did not add that Kenneth had come in at that moment and had kicked the fellow out of her place with several oaths and a "Damn you, I'll *kill* you if you ever come in here again; for a nickel I'd kill you, anyhow!" Kenneth was fiercely sensitive about her position in the town, wild if anyone so much as looked at her askance. There had been one other witness to the scene, Angie recalled swiftly—a man who came through on a freight train every two or three weeks and always dropped in, late and solitary, for coffee and two wedges of apple pie. He had gone on by this time. She was safe in telling them that she had been alone.

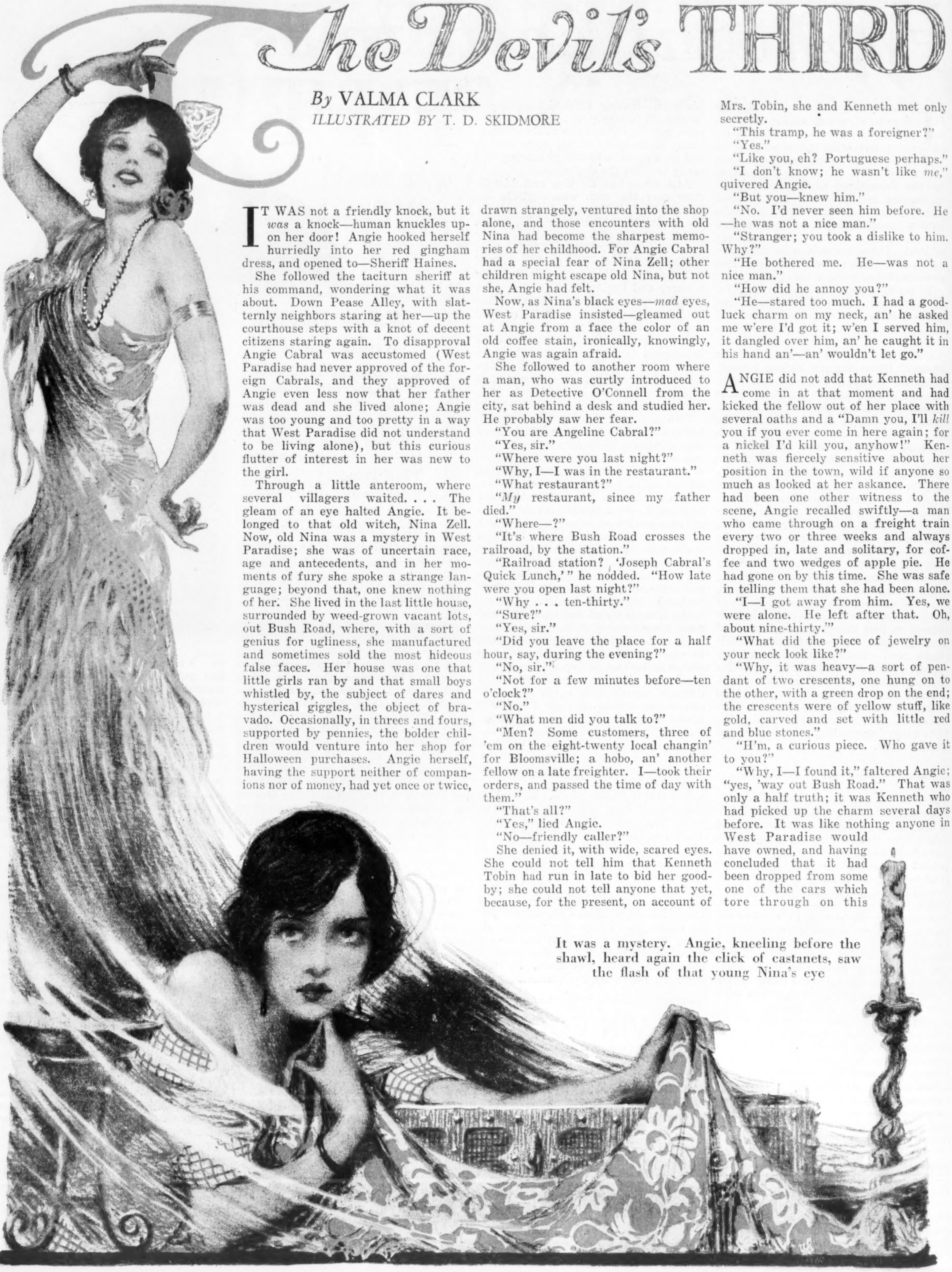
"I—I got away from him. Yes, we were alone. He left after that. Oh, about nine-thirty.'"

"What did the piece of jewelry on your neck look like?"

"Why, it was heavy—a sort of pendant of two crescents, one hung on to the other, with a green drop on the end; the crescents were of yellow stuff, like gold, carved and set with little red and blue stones."

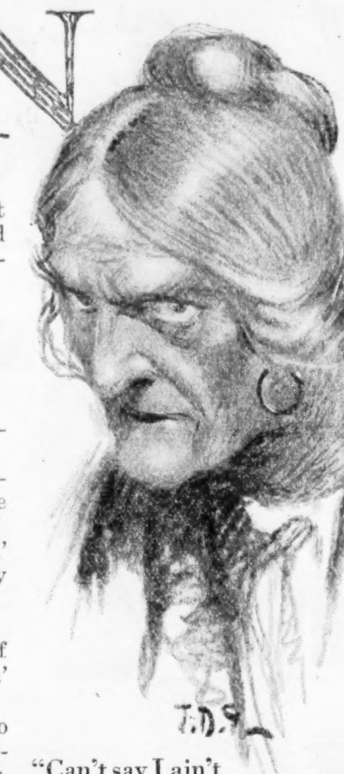
"H'm, a curious piece. Who gave it to you?"

"Why, I—I found it," faltered Angie; "yes, 'way out Bush Road." That was only a half truth; it was Kenneth who had picked up the charm several days before. It was like nothing anyone in West Paradise would have owned, and having concluded that it had been dropped from some one of the cars which tore through on this



It was a mystery. Angie, kneeling before the shawl, heard again the click of castanets, saw the flash of that young Nina's eye

HORN



"Can't say I ain't warned ye," snarled old Nina

state road, they had strung it about Angie's neck on a black ribbon and had laughingly referred to it as her temporary engagement ring.

"You have the pendant at home?"

"No, I've—lost it."

"Lost it since last night?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is this your pendant?"

"Yes," stared Angie. "But how—w'ere? I *wondered*—"

"What," continued O'Connell smoothly, "did the tramp look like? Describe him, please."

"Why, he was a large man, dark an' with a black mustache—older 'n my father was."

"His clothes?"

"A cap an' a blue handkerchief around his neck; a—a corduroy vest an' a wrinkled brown suit."

"Is *this* the man?" They led her to the next room, where a pair of hobnailed shoes protruded from a stretcher, removed a sheet, and watched her reactions.

"Dead?" wondered Angie.

"Quite so. That will do, Haines"—and O'Connell guided her back to his desk.

Angie sat down on a convenient chair without an invitation.

"You know that this man was shot dead on Bush Road, at the town limit, at ten o'clock last night? That the body was found by people who had heard the shot not ten minutes later?"

"No."

"Come! He was in your lunchroom at nine-thirty; you quarreled with him over a piece of jewelry; he was dead a half hour later, and *you* were the last person to see him alive. Moreover"—O'Connell played his trump card—"that piece of jewelry was found clutched in his hand."

"*My* charm? But how—"

ANGIE CABRAL'S great, soft, black eyes gazed back at the detective, incredulous, wide open like a child's; but suddenly fear spoiled them, the thick lashes veiled them, the knuckles of Angie's dark little hand whitened. Kenneth! From sending a final epithet after the objectionable customer, he had come back to her. They had talked; then, careless of the transient, who concentrated on his apple pie, he had kissed her good-by. Angie had moved straight to the table which had been precipitately vacated by the stranger, with an idea of clearing it off. She had played with the sugar bowl for a minute, thinking vaguely that she must set it aside before the crack in it split clean through and spilled the sugar in some customer's lap, thinking more clearly of Kenneth.

She had turned, the ribbon about her neck had swung out, and she had missed her pendant. At the moment when the swarthy stranger had been eliminated by Kenneth, the crescent charm had hung there against her breast; between that moment and the moment of Kenneth's departure, she had been approached by no one but Kenneth; Kenneth had held her in his arms; almost the instant Kenneth had left her, Angie had discovered her loss; all of this—the row, the kiss, the loss—had been witnessed by the freight man, who tossed her an encouraging word as she searched for the pendant. This was *her* pendant—there could not be two like it in the world—and it had been found on that dead man. Kenneth? No! Yet there was something curious here. Thank Heaven, the freighter had gone on! She must keep very still about Kenneth.

"How?" echoed O'Connell. "That's what *you* can tell me, I reckon. How did this bauble of yours come to be found in the murdered man's hand?"

"I—don't know. I only know I lost it off. It drops off easy; the loop you string it on was broken and bent out like a little fishhook when I found it, and I had to press it back hard—see? There, it's bent out now! *That* shows how I came to lose it."

Angie, explaining, touched the man's palm with a brown forefinger; her bent head showed the smudge of black lashes against a luscious, dusky cheek with the furred bloom of the peach to it; her body, beneath the scant dress, had the droop and the straight lines of a child. O'Connell, who did not look like a man to be stirred by loveliness, was yet moved. "Won't do. We'll have to—hold you for the murder, I'm afraid."

"Murder?" Angie's crooked little white tusk dug into her soft lower lip.

"I'm sorry. But unless you can prove a clear alibi—"

"Alibi?" she groped.

"You were in your restaurant, you say; if someone had seen you there at ten o'clock—"

"I was alone," insisted Angie quickly. But that was the truth, she remembered; she *had* been alone at ten o'clock.

"How old are you?"

"Seventeen." But Angie was not thinking of ages; trapped, she suddenly realized who it was that had set the spring so neatly for her, and she flared to one of her passionate, southern angers. "It's Mrs. Tobin!" she accused him. "Oh, I know how they talk about me, an' I was careful, only it slipped out of my waist w'en I was in the post-office yesterday noon, and Mrs. Tobin saw it. She went straight out to Ladies' Guild meetin' last night and told it, and no doubt they sat late discussin' me. I know the things they talk, askin' how do I buy jewelry, and if I don't buy it who gives it to me. Then, when this killing happened, Mrs. Tobin reported straight to Sheriff Haines about the pendant, or it couldn't have got back at me so quick. It was Mrs. Tobin! The fool! If she *knew*—"

"Sorry," O'Connell ended it brusquely, "but we'll have to hold you."

"All right." Angie collapsed to that plastic, childish state of submission which was most natural to her, but she punctured her lip on a little mental oath she would guard Kenneth from them in spite of his fool of a mother.

O'Connell waved her over to Haines.

"Jail?" faltered Angie.

"Sorry."

The door opened, and Angie glimpsed old Nina, and terror seized her. But the newcomer was the young Mr. King, and he said: "I came as soon as I heard. This girl was in the lunch room when the murder occurred; I saw her myself as I passed on my way home."

"You are—?"

"Reverend King, pastor of the Baptist Church," said Sheriff Haines.

"Oh," said O'Connell.

"I'd been walking over in the east part of the town. I'd met several people, and talked a bit, and I heard the town clock strike ten. It couldn't have been more than five after ten when I passed the Cabral restaurant and stopped a minute to watch Angeline Cabral, alone in there, playing with a kitten. The town limit, where the man was found, is a good fifteen minutes' walk out Bush Road from the restaurant; this girl couldn't possibly have had a part in the affair."

"Hm-m. Damn queer about the jewelry."

"Perhaps. But I saw her myself," said young King with dignity.

"Didn't see anything else—anything out of the ordinary?"

"No. A high-powered car running too fast."

"So?" O'Connell questioned him with interest. "Well, I may want you two for witnesses."

Angie, pausing in the anteroom to thank Mr. King, saw Nina Zell summoned after her. She must be old, terribly old, Angie thought; yet her black eyes had the fire of very young eyes, and she swung her bent old body with the free stride of youth itself—a movement from the hip that suggested rhythm and dancing. She hinted at old beauty, old power, some different manner of life. She fascinated Angie.

"Your house is the nearest to the scene of the shooting," came O'Connell's voice. "What did you hear?"

Nina strode closer to the detective; she held up one bony, strong finger. "Gentlemen," she announced solemnly, "money is the devil's first horn, jealousy is the devil's second horn, and do ye know what the devil's third horn is—the middle one and the biggest? I ain' a lyin' woman, and I ain' no old *diddecoy*, and I'll tell you: the devil's third horn is gossip—aye, gossip! *Gossip!*" She crooked the eloquent forefinger into a mimic devil's horn. "Gentlemen, I've got nothin' to say to ye." Mocking them with the brilliant, mad eyes, she relapsed into impudent silence.

The spell of Nina pursued Angie as she hurried to the restaurant. As though dug into her memory on a pen point, like the inked letters of a warning, were the words of the fortune the old woman had read her, when, as a little girl, Angie had once visited the shop with her father. Nina had dropped a nickel into a glass of clear water, and after a few moments of ominous silence, had coaxed: "Nice little girl, pretty little *Chi*. . . . What you 'fraid of, what you fearin', dear?" Suddenly her whole manner had changed: "Right you are! The luck says our lines cross, and I'll do ye no good, do ye on'erstan' me? Can't say I ain' warned ye. Beware o' me and avoid me, Angie Cabral! Aye, you can laugh, Joseph Cabral. But that's God's truth I'm tellin' ye. The fate lines cross. . . ." And old Nina's laugh had twanged out, her brilliant eyes had held Angie rooted, charmed.

Kenneth and the pendant. . . . Angie went back again over every incriminating detail of the evening before. Why would Kenneth have taken the pendant from her in that secret way? Yet how had it got there, except through Kenneth? Why would he have rushed out and shot a man, a stranger? No, it was not sensible. But she was glad that his business of peddling seeds over the state in his flivver had taken Kenneth away on another long trip. She would keep absolutely still. No one must guess their friendship. Even mail between them would be dangerous: Angie would not write him, whatever he might think; she would drop him just one note, mailed from Jenksville up the line, forbidding him to write to her. Kenneth was safe—safe from the slightest suspicion of interest in her, from the faintest suspicion of—anything worse.

The dead man was identified by a family of gypsies, who had set up a camp near the town, as one Petro Stillo, and was buried in the paupers' corner of the cemetery at the town's expense. Several clues were followed, but came to nothing. After a week O'Connell departed from West Paradise, and the matter died, except as a subject of speculation among the natives.

THE affair had one result: it made Angie's position in the town more intolerable. Every time she walked down the street now she met not only disapproval but distinct suspicion and hostility.

That Mrs. Tobin was still talking she knew, for she overheard her. Pease Alley was the back-door street to Tobin's Avenue, and Angie's patch of yard lay directly behind the Tobins' spacious grounds, separated from them by only a board fence. Indeed, it was a small gap in that board fence which had first brought Angie and Kenneth together. But the board fence might have marked the line of a contagious quarantine so far as any cognizance taken by Mrs. Tobin of either Pease Alley or Angie Cabral. So normal was Mrs. Tobin's voice as she talked to Mrs. Henty in her garden one evening that the flimsy fence might even have been a wall with an absolute guaranty of sound-proof qualities.

"I don't say *she* did it; I don't know."

Angie was teetering in the old rope swing which her father had put up for her.

"But I do say that her story of picking that pendant off the state road is—"

"*Feeble*," giggled Mrs. Henty.

"Yes. Pendants like that don't grow on state roads. I understand it's valuable: real gold, sapphires, carnelians, the green drop an aquamarine."

"Where do you think—"

"A man."

Followed a little pregnant, relishing silence.

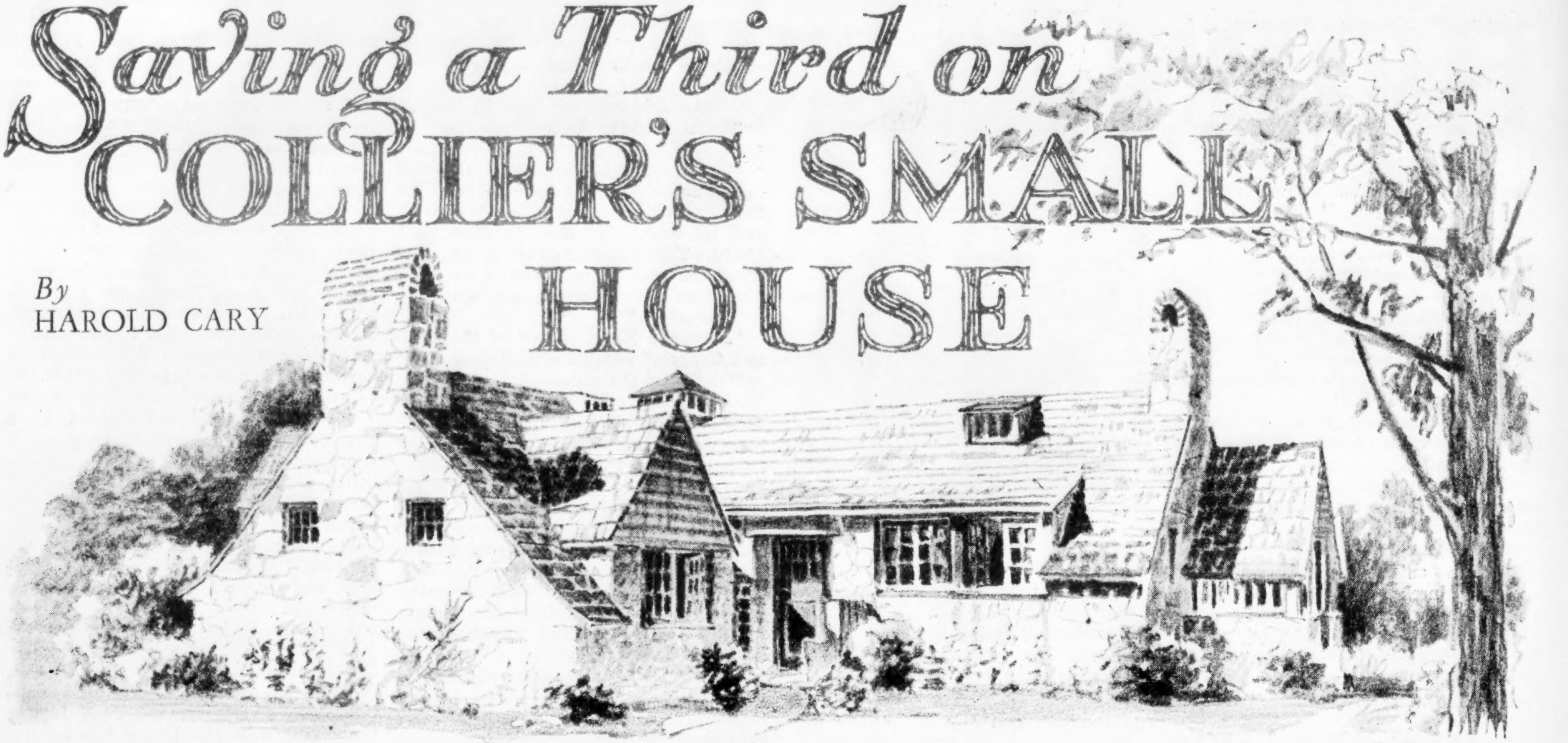
Angie, staring resentfully at the blank wall, could just *see* Mrs. Tobin, that "right little, tight little" woman, standing there in her stiff gray taffeta, with the net dickie boned up into a high collar, and the silver pompadour, as solid and unchanging as the hair of statuary. Amy Tobin was the granddaughter, by birth, of the late Judge Cyrus Sutherland, the only near-great man West Paradise had ever produced. She and Kenneth still lived on in the old Sutherland brick mansion, much run down now, but scrupulously kept up as to lawn, housekeeping details, etc. Mrs. Tobin herself was chairman of the Ladies' Civic Guild and president of the Farther Lights Society. She was admired for her firmness and executive ability, which she was supposed to have inherited. Angie, hot under the insinuating silence, felt welling up in her a hatred for Kenneth's mother that was like physical nausea.

"Will you have some of these bell plants too, Sarah?"

(*Continued on page 34*)

Saving a Third on COLLIER'S SMALL HOUSE

By
HAROLD CARY



To show the way to home builders, Collier's constructs another house

MANY an uncarpeted brick has been shied at my head by prospective house-owners because of the size of the Ernest Flagg house that Collier's built—the house of stone which I wrote about last year, and in which I now live.

"What if you did save a third?" say these messages. "Collier's house at eleven or twelve thousand is more than the average man can afford. What can you do on a house under ten thousand—say, seven or eight? Will Flagg methods work to cut costs and build better houses?"

There were hundreds of letters like that. Now they're going to be answered. Collier's is going to say it with stones and cement. The new Collier's house is being built and will be finished this winter. The walls are now complete and the roof is on. We are going to save at least a third on this house just as we saved a third on the first one.

Look at the plan on this page. It's really a big house with three sizeable bedrooms. There is a laundry and a storage-room, a dining-room nook and—for a small house—a huge living-room. It will cost in the neighborhood of seven thousand dollars in the location where it is being built.

I hope you note how I qualified that last statement. This house could be built nearly fifteen hundred dollars cheaper in New Jersey than in Westchester County. I could build it for half in some places. We are putting it up in the most expensive building district in the world, ten miles from New York City, Bryn Mawr Park, Yonkers. Keep that in mind.

The estimate of the cost of this house in the same place, built by ordinary methods with an equal amount of usable floor space, is $13,200.

How can it be done?

It can be done by the methods of Ernest Flagg, methods which are applicable to a chicken coop or a mansion. The architect of the Singer Building in New York, of the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington, of Annapolis Naval Academy, one of America's great artists and technicians, Flagg has evolved these revolutionary methods by years of experiment, by trial and error.

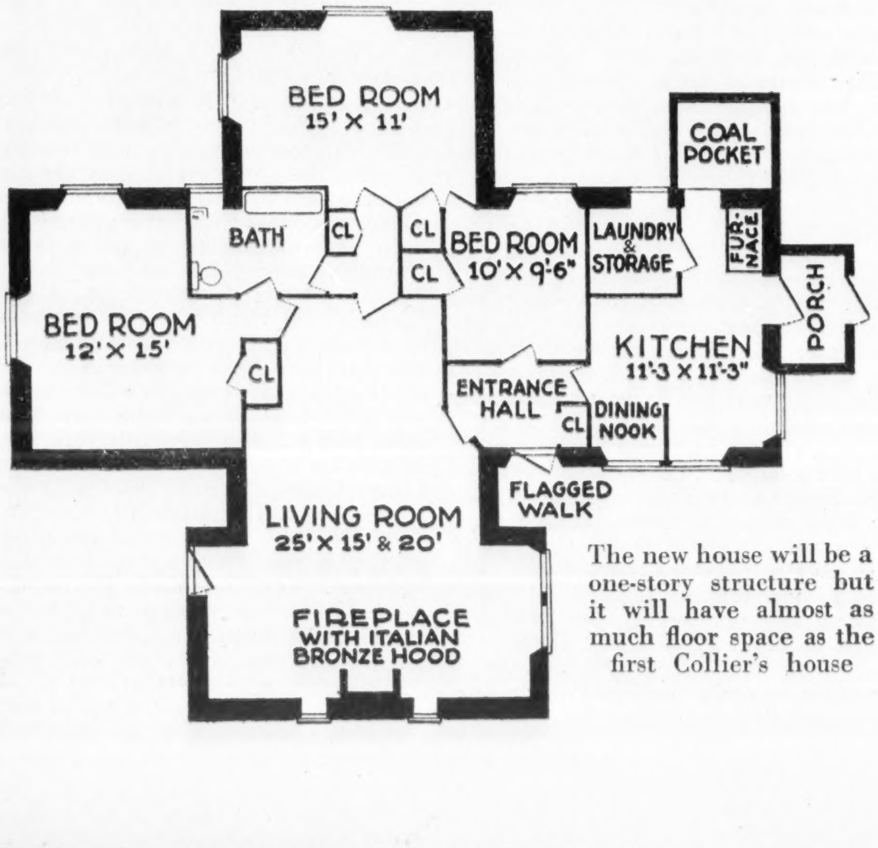
Applying these methods, I built Collier's first house as an experiment. I was an amateur who had never before tackled anything bigger than a bird cage. Nevertheless Flagg's stuff worked. I saved nearer a half than a third of the probable cost on the house I built and now live in. I built another one from another plan for a friend of mine. The man who worked with me on those two jobs went on. Last summer he built two more from his own designs, using Flagg fundamentals. And now we are together building a house for Collier's readers to show how great a saving we can make even on a smaller house than mine is.

It will take twenty years for these ideas to spread all over the country among owners and architects. But anyone reading these articles, of which this is the first, should be able to have a beautiful house with just as great a saving.

Like the first Collier's house, this one has no cellar. Among the hundreds of men with whom I have talked, architects, engineers, contractors, none of them seems able to realize that this is one of the most important sources of saving. On the house which we are now building we estimate that the elimination of the cellar will save $3,200. This is the hardest kind of thing for experienced persons to believe, but our operations have shown it to be true. It is perfectly true that I can construct a full-sized cellar under a house of this character for less than $3,000 provided there is no rock to blast. And perhaps only an efficiency engineer making a time study would realize why building on top of a cellar is much more expensive than building on top of solid ground.

Look at it this way: When you start a Flagg house, you put down the foundations under the wall to a depth below frost line. Then you fill in the ground inside the walls with a flat floor of concrete four inches deep. The construction is precisely the same as that of a cellar except that it is built on top of the ground instead of in a hole. The rest of the house sits on top of this foundation. It must be lifted there by hand. It represents a great deal of human labor. In any type of construction you wheel a small house into position, in a wheelbarrow, a stone at a time, a pipe at a time, a board at a time. In this type the laborers rush the materials in almost at the ground level instead of placing it on top of a hole the edges of which are three or four feet above ground.

From my own experience living in the original Collier's house as well as from the experiments which Mr. Flagg has made, I know that a house built in (*Continued on page 44*)



The new house will be a one-story structure but it will have almost as much floor space as the first Collier's house

"I WAS an amateur who had never before tackled anything bigger than a bird cage," says Harold Cary. So Collier's—which wanted to show how even the most inexperienced can save money when building a home—set him to work on a house. He built that house, and—through the use of the revolutionary Ernest Flagg methods—he saved one third of the estimated cost. The total expenditure was about $11,000. "Fine," said our readers, "but too expensive. How about something less costly?" So Cary is back at it again. He is building another "Collier's house." Like No. 1, it's of stone; but it is smaller; and, although it is being constructed only 12 miles from New York City, where costs are unusually high—highest on earth, in fact—Cary believes that he can complete it for less than $8,000.

SARGON, *King of Kings*

By
H. G. WELLS

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN

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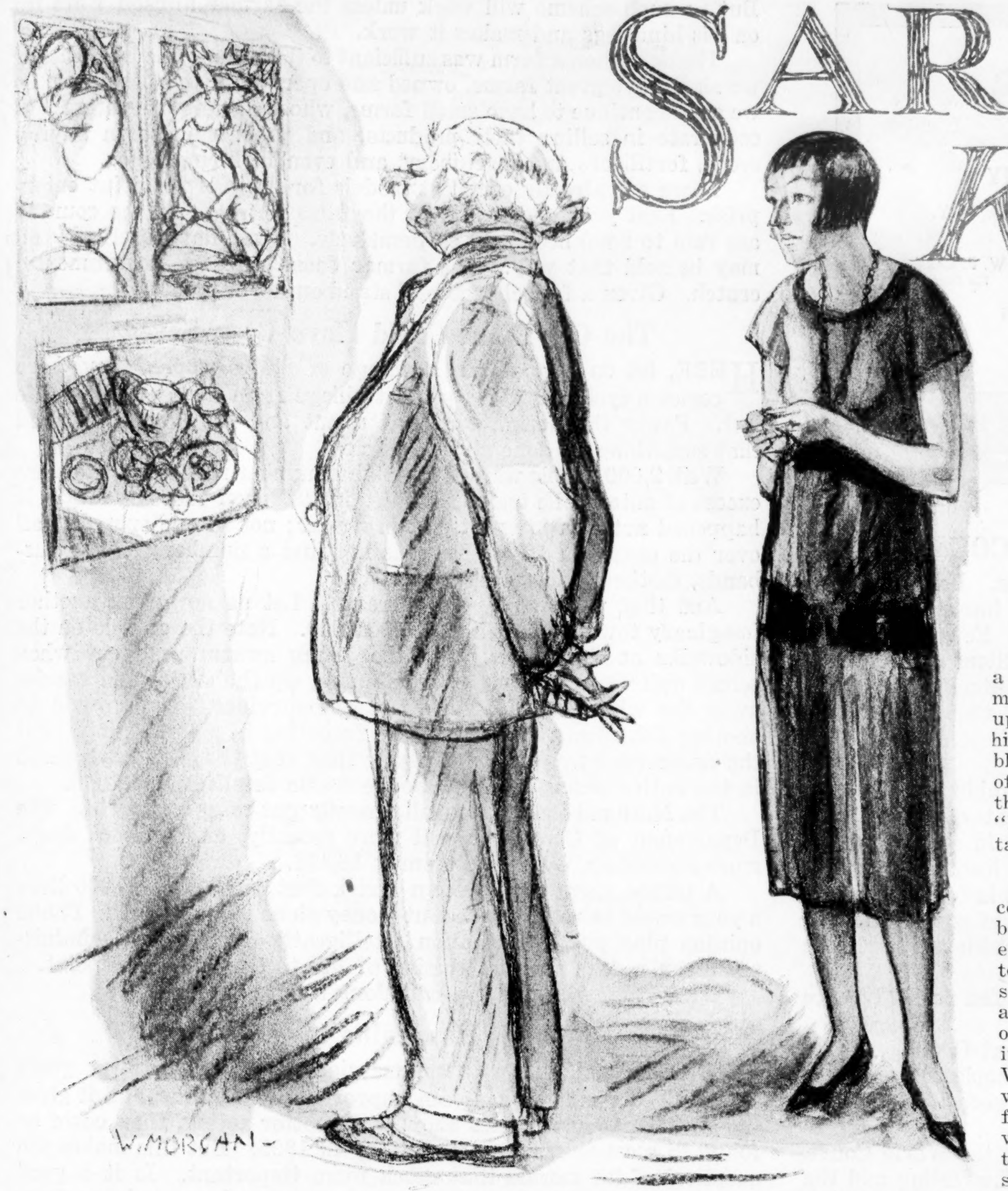

"Wonder what they mean," said Mr. Preemby. "'Summer Night,' it says"

Chapter II

MR. PREEMBY looked unusually small but unusually dignified in his full mourning. Christina Alberta was also extremely black and shiny. Her skirts reached for the first time in her life to her ankles—a sacrifice that she felt would be particularly acceptable to the spirit of the departed.

A new thing had come into Christina Alberta's life—responsibility. She perceived that for unfathomable reasons she was responsible for Mr. Preemby.

It was clear that the sudden death of his wife under the surgeon's knife had been a very great blow to him. He did not break down or weep or give way to paroxysms of grief, but he was enormously still and sad. His round, China-blue eyes and his mustache looked at the world with mournful solemnity. The undertaker had rarely met so satisfactory a widower. "Everything of the best," said Mr. Preemby. "Whatever she can have, she must have." Under the circumstances, the undertaker, who was a friend of the family, having met both Mr. and Mrs. Preemby at whist drives quite frequently, showed commendable moderation.

"You can't imagine what all this means to me," said Mr. Preemby to Christina Alberta, quite a number of times. "It was a pure love match," he said; "pure romance. She had nothing to gain by marrying me. But neither of us thought of sordid things." He was silent for a little while, struggling with intractable memories.

He subdued them. "We just met," he said, smiling faintly; "and it seemed that it *had* to be."

THERE was much to see to in those days of mourning. Christina Alberta did her best to help, watch and guide Mr. Preemby even as her mother had desired, but she was surprised to find in him certain entirely unexpected decisions that had apparently leaped into existence within a few hours of her mother's death. One was a clear resolve that he and she must part company with the laundry, either by selling it or letting it or, if no means of disposing offered, by burning it down or blowing it up, as speedily as possible. He did not discuss this; he treated it as an unavoidable necessity. He expressed no animosity for the laundry, he made no hostile criticism of the life he had led there, but every thought betrayed his fundamental aversion. And also they were to go away—right away—from Woodford Wells and never return thither. She had come to much the same decisions on her own account, but she had not expected to find them in such quiet strength in him.

He became explicit about the future as they sat at supper on the evening of the funeral.

"Your mother's cousin Sam Widgery," he said, "was talking to me."

He munched for a moment; his mustache went up and down and his eyes of China-blue stared out of the window at the sunset sky. "He wants to take it over."

"The laundry?"

"As a going concern. And he being our nearest relation, so to speak, I'd as soon he had it as anybody else, other things being equal. . . . Wish I knew what to ask him for it. I don't want to ask him too little. So I said I didn't care to discuss things at a funeral. Said he'd better come along to-morrow. Their place isn't doing well. It's got sort of embedded in Walthamstow. It would pay him to get out and let the land go for building. He hasn't got very much money. . . . But he wants this place. He reely wants this place."

His blue eyes were the eyes of one who sees visions.

"I don't know if they taught you about making companies at the School of Economics. I'm a child at all that sort of thing. He talks about partnership or a mortgage or something like that, but what we want—what we want is a limited company. And what we want is something like debentures, only rather more like preference shares. We want it so that whatever he draws out of the business we've got to draw out more. Otherwise the company can cut away the security for your debentures by paying too much dividend on the ordinary shares. *He'll* have the ordinary shares. Him and his wife. I don't say he'd do such a thing deliberately, but he might very easily be led into doing it. He's got to be looked after. We want to fix it so that if he pays more on his shares than we get on our shares we'd get our interest leveled up. It's all very difficult and complicated, Christina Alberta."

Christina Alberta regarded Mr. Preemby with new and deepening respect. She had never heard him make such a speech before at meals, but, then, he had never before been free from interruption and correction.

"We'll have to have it fixed up properly by our solicitors," said Mr. Preemby.

"We shan't be badly off," he continued, helping himself to cheese. "There's a mortgage or so we've got and some houses at Buckhurst Hill. It's a curious thing, but your poor dear mother had a sort of faith in my eye for house property. She often let me guide her. And I always had a feeling for making some sort of reserve *out* of the business. . . . Very likely Sam Widgery will take over most of the furniture of this house. It's a bigger house than his. . . ."

"Where do you think of going to live, Daddy?" asked Christina Alberta.

"I don't rightly know," said Mr. Preemby after a moment or so of introspection. "I keep thinking of different places."

"London," she said. "If I could go back to study— Before it is too late."

"London," he said, "it might be."

He hesitated over his next suggestion with the hesitation that had become a habit, so accustomed was he to see his suggestions crumpled up and flung aside. "Have you ever heard of Boarding Houses, Christina Alberta?" he asked with an unreal carelessness. "Have you ever thought it might be possible for us to go and live in Boarding Houses?"

"In London?"

"ALL over the world—almost—there are Boarding Houses. You see, Christina Alberta, we might get rid of our furniture here, except for my books and a few little things, and we might put most of that away for a time—Taylor's Repository would take care of that for us—and we might go and live sometimes in a Boarding House here and sometimes in a Boarding House there. Then you could study and needn't keep house, and I could read and look at things and make memorandums about some theories I've thought of, and talk to people and hear people talking. All sorts of people go to Boarding Houses—all sorts of interesting people. These last nights I've been thinking no end about living in Boarding Houses. I keep on thinking of it, turning it over in my mind. It would be a new life for me—like beginning again. Life's been so regular here. All very well while your poor dear mother was alive, but now I feel I want distraction, I want to move about and see all sorts of things and different kinds of people. I want to forget. Why, in some of these Boarding

(*Continued on page 26*)

Collier's

PUBLISHED AT SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY

Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.
6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C. 2

THOS. H. BECK, *President* · G. J. KENNEDY, *Vice President* · W. P. LARKIN, *Vice President*
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FEBRUARY 28, 1925

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

COOLIDGE STANDS BY THE COURT

ELEVEN years ago war seemed unthinkable. Except among professional soldiers, the possibility of an international conflict appeared to be but a lunatic's illusion. Few normal men could bring themselves to believe that tens of millions of the flower of youth would soon be engaged in a process of mutual annihilation. Yet the Archduke Ferdinand was murdered and the vengeance of that crime set in motion forces of destruction whose end no living man may see.

Will world war ever come again to curse mankind?

Calvin Coolidge has soberly considered that question. His answer is plain. Recently at Washington he said solemnly: "If the lesson of this last and greatest war shall be lost, then, indeed, will this experience have been almost in vain. It is for the generation which saw and survived to devise measures of prevention. If we fail in this, we shall deserve all the disaster which will surely be visited upon us because of our failure."

Measured words are these and true. If we fail to seek peace we shall undoubtedly be held accountable.

What shall we do to assure peace? President Coolidge's program is simple—associate ourselves with other peoples in whatever measures tend to restore, stabilize and reëstablish security and peace among the nations.

The first step in this direction is adherence to the World Court. The President of the United States, expressing the feeling and the purpose of the millions whose suffrage put him in office, has unequivocally urged this action. The United States Senate should not longer delay its consent to this moderate proposal.

Newsboys are Human Too

A COLD, snowy night. Two ragged little newsboys shivering on a corner. Customer. One dollar bill. No change. Just a minute, mister, and I'll get your money. Customer waits. Ten, fifteen, thirty minutes he waits. He doesn't want to believe the little fellow is dishonest. Then the little figure appears and painstakingly counts out the change. Explains that he had to go to five places before they'd let him have it. The customer takes change and puts it in his pocket. He watches the face of the boy. He explains that he needs that change or he'd divide it up. Still the little chap's face shows no change in expression. Then the customer takes out a new bill and hands it over. A few steps down the street he hears the kids talking. "I told you it'd work," says one.

Customer chuckles. "Honest, and he had business sense too," he muses.

The Farmer Doesn't Need a Crutch

THERE has never been a political party in this country which didn't call itself the farmers' friend. In late years there has been none which didn't admit that something was wrong with a marketing system which gave the farmer so little and cost the consumer so much. A possible way out has now been agreed upon by the Agricultural Conference, whose report President Coolidge, in keeping with his preëlection promises, has recommended to Congress.

Briefly put, the proposal is that the government do its part by permitting, encouraging and regulating coöperative associations, by making credit cheaper and easier to get at, by providing a central clearing house for information, and by giving the farmers at least an even break with manufacturers in the matter of tariff rates. But no such scheme will work unless the farmer himself r'ars up on his hind legs and makes it work.

The day when a farm was sufficient to itself has gone by. Either we shall have great farms, owned and operated by corporations, or we shall continue to have small farms, whose owners or renters will coöperate in selling their products, and probably also in buying seeds, fertilizers and machinery, and even in hiring labor.

There are already excellent models for this sort of joint enterprise. Last year one fourth of the farm products of the country are said to have been sold coöperatively. Some day practically all may be sold that way. The farmer doesn't need a governmental crutch. Given a fair chance he'll stand on his own feet.

The City That Could Have Been Saved

HERE, let us say, stands a village of 2,000 people. And here comes a cyclone and erases that village from the map, every life lost. Fancy the nation-wide excitement and the frantic demand that something be done about cyclones.

Well, 2,000 people were killed. That number represents the mere excess of automobile traffic fatalities in 1923 over those of 1922. It happened not in a moment, but in a year; not in one spot, but all over the country. The 2,000 was not just a number; it was husbands, mothers, sons, daughters.

And that was merely the increase. Let us now rear another imaginary town, in fact a city, of 16,000. Note the crowds on the sidewalks at the center. See the young swarm rush out when school quits. And now the dam bursts, up the river, and carries away the whole outfit, leaving not one survivor. That would be another Johnstown flood, not to be forgotten in a generation. Yet the misfortune would be no greater than that the country suffered in the entire number of automobile traffic fatalities for 1923.

The National Safety Council recently put these at 15,714. The Department of Commerce still more recently, and without doubt more accurately, estimated them at 16,452.

A billion spent to cut down a risk that costs over 16,000 lives a year would be well spent. But money alone will not do it. Public opinion plus public regulation intelligently devised and administered can reduce this destruction of life to the vanishing point.

What state will take the lead along this road to safety?

What's Happening to the Movies?

THE motion picture as a commercial enterprise is thirty years old. Technically it has been improving all the time, and it gives the smallest town a better show, with better acting, than could be found in most theatres on Broadway in 1895. But this makes the question of its morals that much more important. Is it a good influence, especially for the youngsters who make up a large fraction of its twenty million daily patrons?

You can have almost any answer you like. A state board of censorship says flatly that "the motion picture has become a menace to society." A judge declares that "most of them are salacious and vicious."

On the other hand, a famous producer insists that "the decent picture pays better than the indecent," and assures us that the younger generation of directors are turning more and more to "good, clean, human, uplifting" film dramas. The manager of a great New York theatre, whose audiences reach 7,000,000 a year, backs him up. "Salaciousness doesn't go," is his verdict, after tabulating the 30,000 letters he received from patrons last year, "the people don't want indecent pictures."

Who is right? The issue is important, for the motion pictures are probably having almost as much influence just now as the schools. Collier's would be interested in your point of view. Drop us a line.

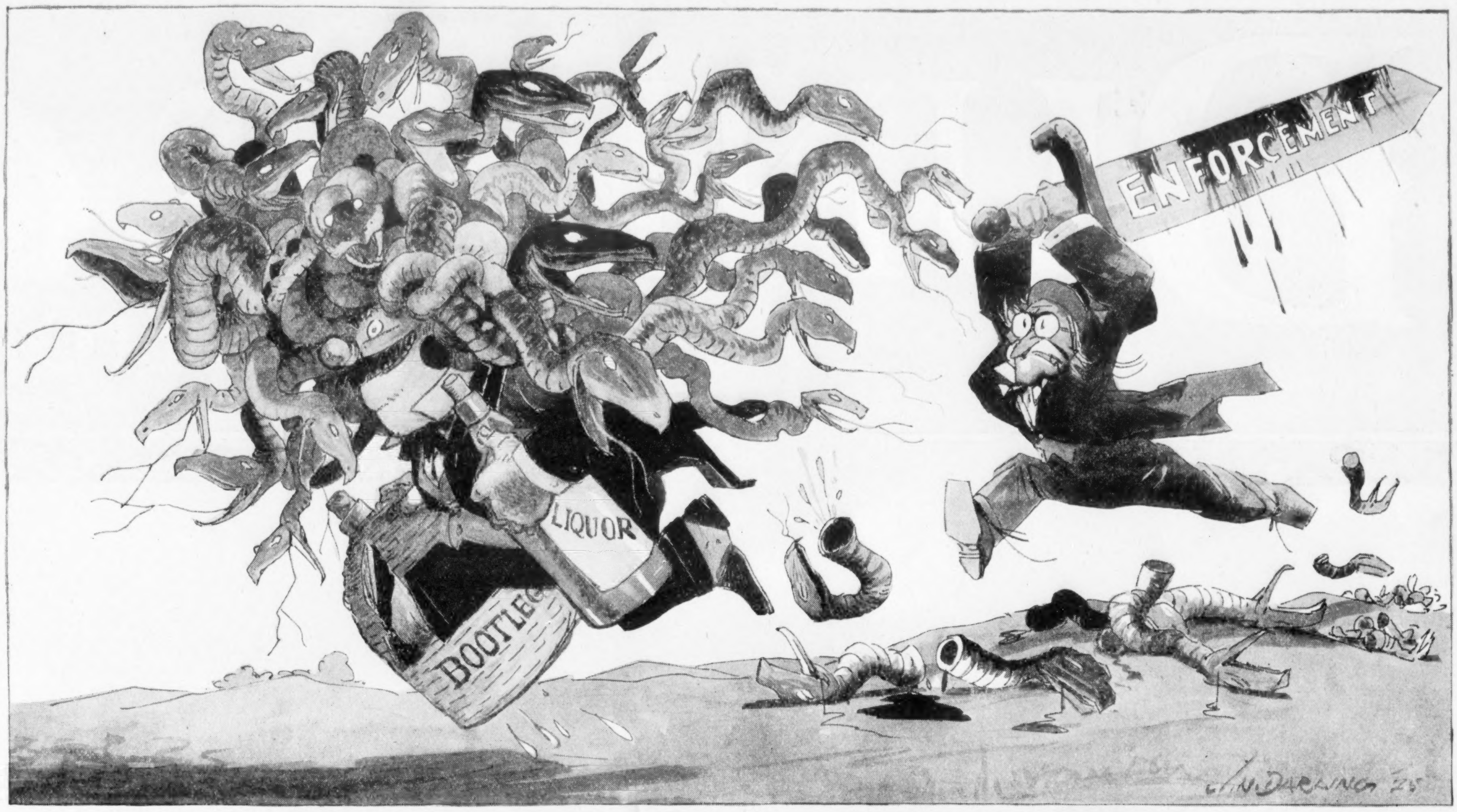
This is the Season of Forgetting

FROST, snow and ice and the driving winter rains are at their task of working into readiness the plant food needed for summer's flowers. Hints of change sometimes blow in from the far Pacific, up from the Gulf of Mexico and out along the north Atlantic shore.

"The dead of winter? What's that?" asks Mother Nature. "I'm getting ready to grow a whole lot of new things. Out of the old they come. You wait and see."

Nature holds no grudges; mourns no loss of past time, but uses it instead to build on for coming days. Out of the ruin and the wreck that daunted us somewhat as winter came freezing in, she even now prepares the blossoming triumph of June.

Who can do better than that?



Mythology doesn't have a monopoly on the hydra-headed monster that grows two new heads whenever one is cut off

Automobiles and Civilization

By Roy D. Chapin

Vice President, National Automobile Chamber of Commerce

YOU and I have unconsciously changed our whole mode of living in the past twenty years. A new annihilator of space has come into practical utilization. The motor vehicle has affected our lives more than any of us appreciate.

Rather strangely it is unlike other of the new conveniences we have adopted because it not only carries new pleasures to us, but it carries us to other advantages hitherto inaccessible.

I will venture to say that a large number of the readers of this article are now living in homes so distant from their work that only the motor car enables them to be so independent in their choice of residence. Take Detroit. The workers in the city reside anywhere within twenty miles or more, and we have no tenement life. So it is in almost every state. The American home has come generally to represent a piece of land, trees, some green grass, and a garage for one or more cars.

Turn the picture around and look at the rural sections. The motor car has done more than anything else to eliminate the slang word "rube" from our vocabulary. The country dweller in most places is within easy motor reach of his trading center, and visitors from abroad marvel at the up-to-dateness of even our small villages.

Friends of yours and mine have blessed the day the motor car was invented because of the quick arrival of physicians by automobile in crises meaning life or death.

The insistence of every parent that his child shall have an education that will give him a fair start in the world has found a new significance in rural sections. The death knell has been sounded for the one- or two-room district school. Now country children have the advantages of fine consolidated schools, better teaching, and the motor bus or car transports the children from many miles around *every day* during the school year.

Traveling libraries in motor trucks are bringing knowledge to the people instead of making them come and get it.

You may think that the motor vehicle takes more people away from church than to it, but statistics show that you are wrong.

Properly handled, time is certainly money. The average American income is larger because of time saved in getting about.

The motor truck has brought about lower costs of food distribution. The rural motor express has given the farmer a shipping platform at his front gate.

1925 has definitely marked the genuine beginning of motor bus transportation. No longer are the busses old motor trucks with a bus body superimposed. The new ones are designed for their work. They are safer, more comfortable, faster, and can be operated to pay so that better year-around service is furnished everywhere.

We are entering an era of super highways running out of our towns. They are in effect new railroad lines, and will carry more traffic than the average railroad over the same distance. Some of them are two hundred feet wide, with two forty-foot pavements for in- and outbound traffic.

Is all this vast expenditure worth while? We are putting in over a billion dollars a year for the improvement of roads. We spent in 1924 over $2,200,000,000 for motor cars, trucks and busses. We consumed 6,000-000,000 gallons of gasoline in motor vehicles. We have placed more than 17,000,000 motor vehicles on our roads. Either this investment is sound, or it is not.

The answer is that our citizens are so convinced of the necessity to them of this new transportation that for 1925 these sums will be considerably exceeded.

Yet, to produce the best economic result for our people, it is essential that we study the fundamentals. For this reason noted economists are at work to give advice on the development of highway transport and the directions in which taxation of the motor vehicle should go.

Psychologists are studying the cause of highway accidents. Children are being trained in all up-to-date schools in highway safety. The Highway Education Board at Washington operates an essay contest for school children, and almost half a million of them annually write essays on highway safety.

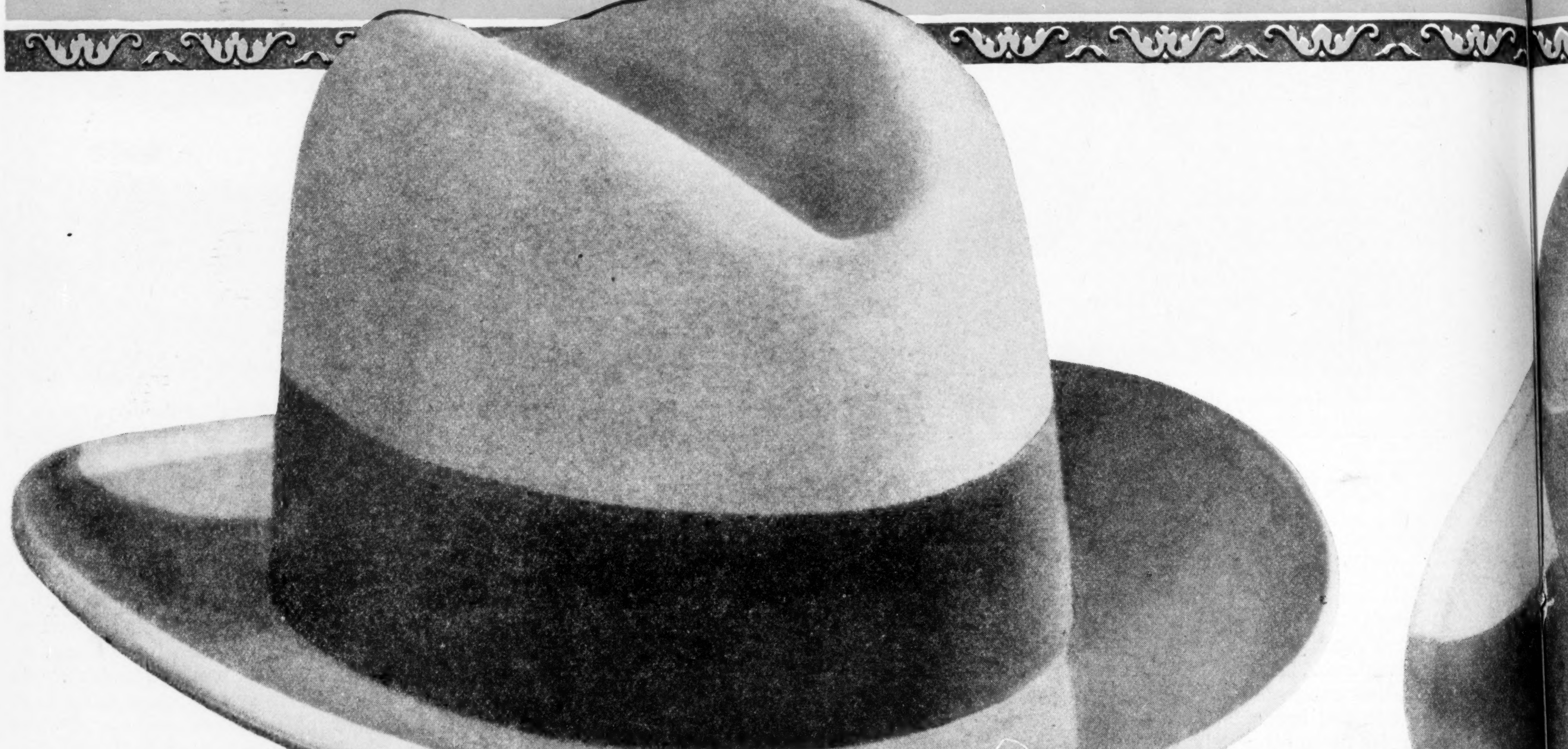
State and government officials are in close conference to construct the roads which should be built and to eliminate pork barrel expenditures for highways so much in vogue in earlier days.

You and I have no idea where our growing children will ultimately live. The motor car and better roads give them such a radius of action that not one of us can picture city and country living conditions twenty years from now.

Let's take this new mobile tool of progress and use it to make life safer and happier for those that come after us.

DUNLAP Cel

FOR SPRING 19



The "Metropolitan"

has the lines of youth. With the wide brim that fashion has made popular and in the soft grays and tans that well-dressed men everywhere are wearing, the Dunlap designers have caught the one best style for Spring.

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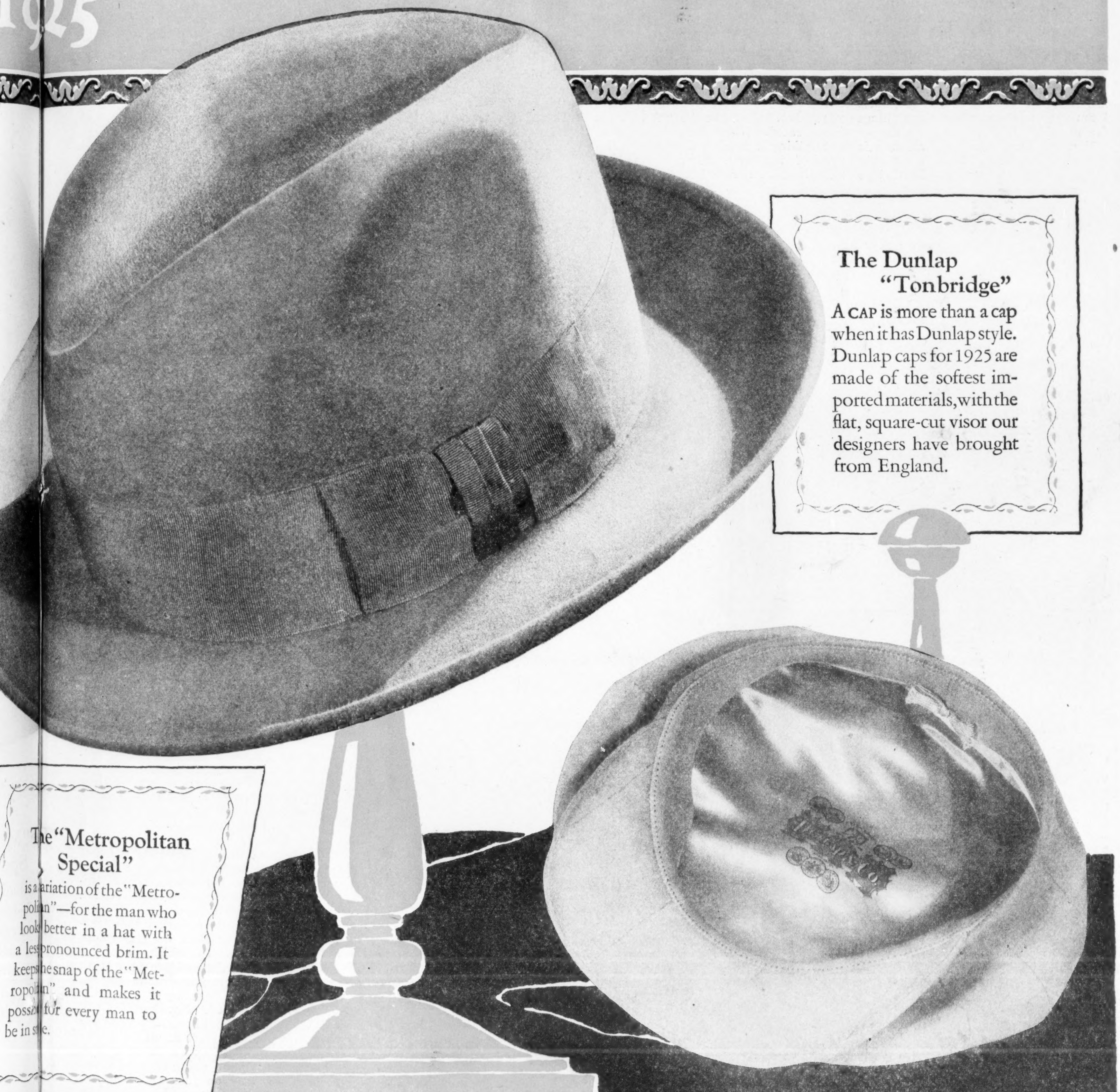


The Dunlap "Tonbridge"

A CAP is more than a cap when it has Dunlap style. Dunlap caps for 1925 are made of the softest imported materials, with the flat, square-cut visor our designers have brought from England.

The "Metropolitan Special"

is a ariation of the "Metropoli n"—for the man who look better in a hat with a less pronounced brim. It keeps he snap of the "Metropol n" and makes it posse for every man to be in s e.

(Continued from page 21) Houses there's Chinese and Indians and Russian princesses and professors and actors and all sorts of people. Just to hear them!"

"There's Boarding Houses full of students in Bloomsbury?"

"Every sort. One place that attracts me," said Mr. Preemby, pouring out what remained of the beer, "is Tumbridge Wells."

"Isn't that sometimes called Tunbridge, Daddy?"

"Formerly. But now it is always spoken of as Tumbridge Wells. At this Tumbridge Wells, Christina Alberta, there are hills with names that point directly to some connection with the ancient Israelites, Mount Ephraim and Mount Gilboa, and so on, and there are a number of curiously shaped rocks, shaped in the likeness of great toads and prehistoric monsters and mystical forms, and nobody knows whether they are the work of God's hand or man's. I am very anxious to see these things for myself. They may have a deeper and closer significance for us than is commonly supposed. There are plenty of Boarding Houses at Tumbridge Wells—I was told only the other day by a man I met in the Assyrian room in the British Museum—and some of them are said to be very comfortable and reasonable indeed."

"We might go there for the holidays," said Christina Alberta, "before the London session begins."

Outside was the summer afterglow and a dusky peace filled the room. Father and daughter followed divergent trains of thought. Mr. Preemby was the first to break the silence.

"NOW that I shall be in mourning or half mourning for some time, I have decided to give away all those Harris tweed knickerbocker suits and stockings of mine. Some poor man might feel the comfort of them—in winter. I have never really liked those *very* baggy knickerbockers, but of course while your poor dear mother was alive her taste was Law to me. And those caps; they get over your eyes when you're hot. That tweed stuff. . . . It is overrated. When you ride a bicycle or anything it ravels out with the friction of the seat. Makes you look ridiculous. . . . And I think that quite soon I shall get myself one of those soft gray felt hats—with a black band."

"I have always wanted to see you wear one, Daddy."

"It would count as mourning."

"Oh, yes, Daddy."

Mr. Preemby meditated pleasantly. The girl had common sense. Her advice was worth having.

"As for putting the swastika on your poor dear mother's tombstone, perhaps you are right in thinking it is not what she herself would have chosen. It may be better, after all, to do as you suggest and erect a simple cross. After all— It is *her* tombstone."

Whereupon Christina Alberta got up from her chair and went round the table—almost at a prance, until she remembered things—and kissed him. For some obscure reason she hated the swastika almost as much as she loved her Daddy. For her it had become the symbol of silliness and she did not like to think of him as silly.

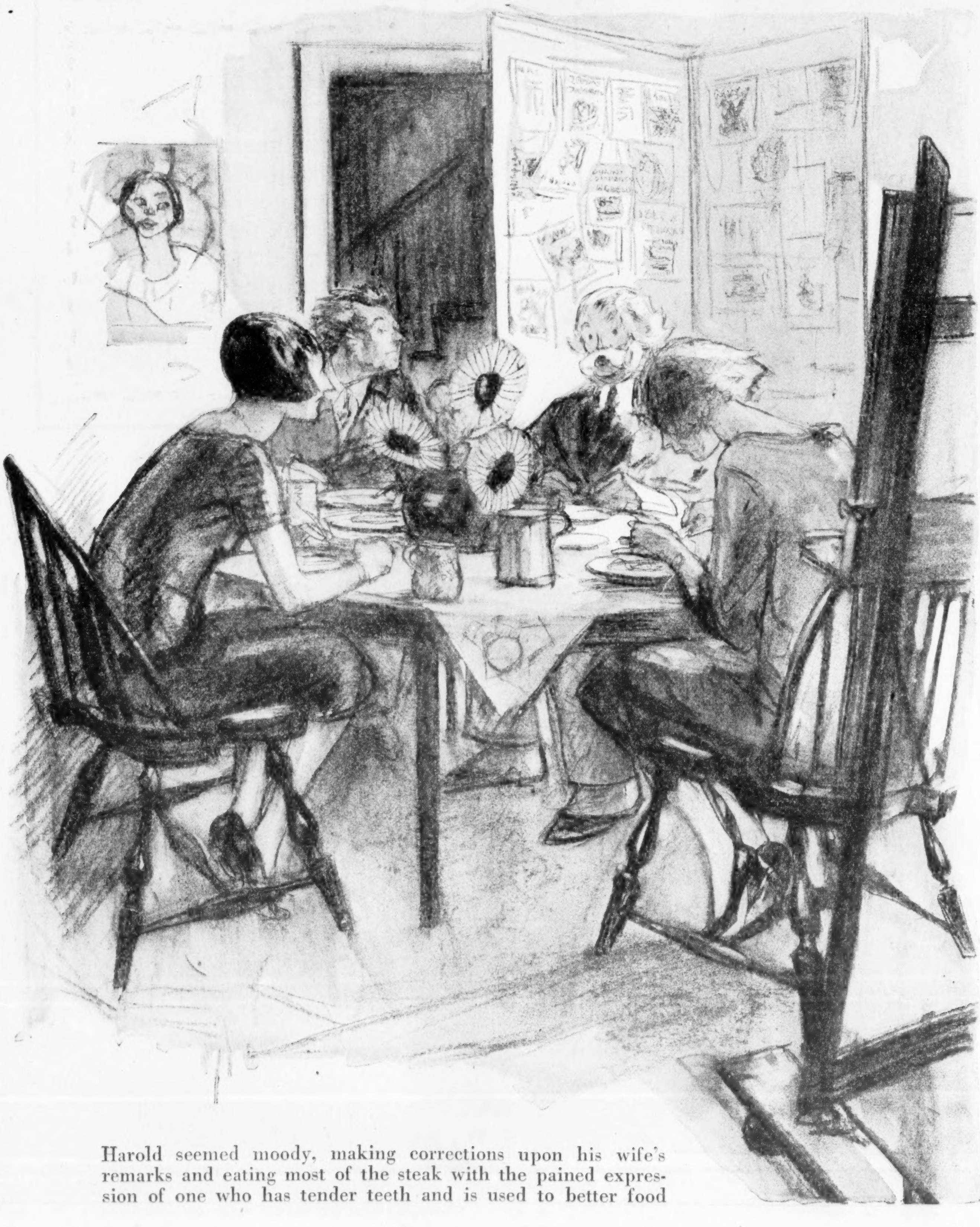
There was much to see to before the Preembys could go to Tunbridge Wells. There had to be quite a number of interviews with Mr. Sam Widgery at Woodford Wells and afterwards in the dingy offices of Messrs. Payne & Punter in Lincolns Inn. It was clear from the first to these men of affairs that Mr. Preemby was a child at business, but as they went on with him they realized that he was an extremely greedy and intractable child. It was six weeks before Mr. and Mrs. Sam Widgery could move in, sullenly and resentfully, to the Limpid Stream premises, and Mr. Preemby and his daughter could go on after a day or so in London to select a Boarding House at Tunbridge Wells.

Christina Alberta spent her early days as an orphan struggling against an unseasonable cheerfulness and a profound sense of release. She found her father ready to accept almost any explanation of her need to run up to London for a day, and even disposed to be tolerant when she came home late. She had quite a little world of miscellaneous acquaintances in London; fellow students and their friends, fellow students from the London School of Economics and fellow students at Tomlinson's School and art students they knew and medical students they knew and girls from the provinces who had chucked their families and got typing jobs, and so on to models and chorus girls and vaguely employed rather older young men of the intellectual class. She met them in and about the classrooms and in A. B. C.'s and suchlike places and in the New Hope Club, where there were even Labor politicians and men who claimed to be Bolsheviks, and she went to parties and duologues in studios in high, remote, extraordinary flats. It was tremendous fun, although a lot of it had to be snatched from the insistent claims and inquiries of Woodford Wells. And people liked her; they liked Christina Alberta; laughed at her jokes, they did, and admired her thundering cheek and never said anything about her nose. It was much more her natural world than the Taverners' School people had ever been. Nobody seemed to mind that she came out of a laundry; for all they seemed to care about that sort of thing she might have come out of a jail.

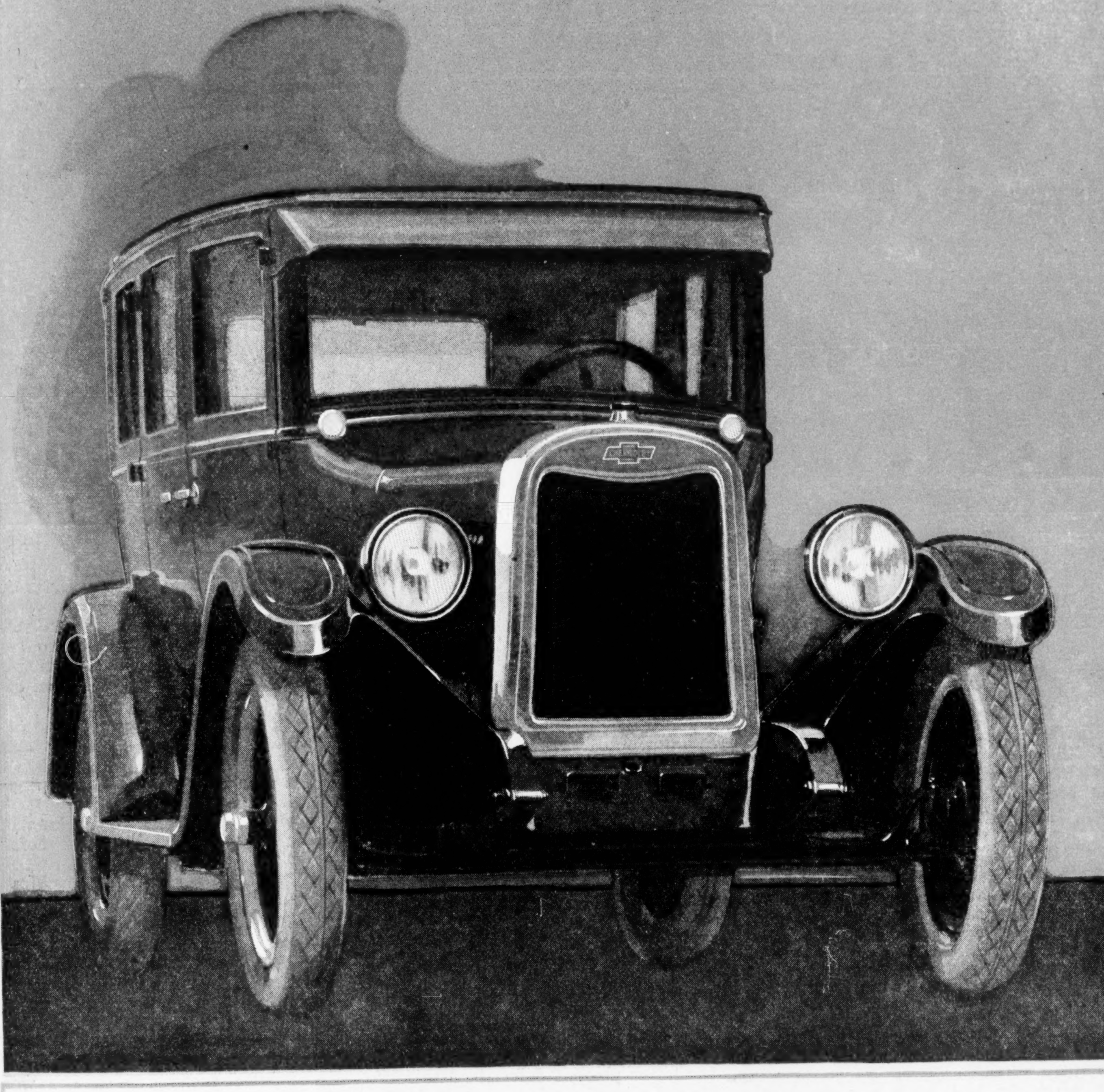
IN HER first grief for her mother she tried not to feel a sense of new unstinted freedom in regard to all these adventures and experiences. Her Daddy in his grief—bless him—was smoking much more than he had ever done before; he was even trying cigars; he had no nose for tobacco reek in his daughter—or for anything of that sort. He asked few questions and they were easily answered. Long years of exercise had made him almost constitutionally acquiescent. Christina Alberta realized that within very wide limits indeed now she might do anything she pleased whenever she liked. She realized also that there was no particular hurry to do anything at all. All the others seemed to be running about in pairs like knives and forks. It suited her humor to stay detached.

And the world had altered. This break-up of the old home, the death of her mother, the disappearance of every control except her credulous, inattentive Daddy, had jerked her forward from childhood to maturity. Hitherto home had seemed an eternal, indestructible thing, from which you started out for adventures, to which, whatever happened, you returned like a sea rover to rest, and where you went to bed and slept as you had been wont to sleep, secure, unthreatened. Now here the two of them, Daddy and herself, were in the open; no bolting place at all for them; anything might happen to them and might insist upon going on happening. She could now do just anything she pleased, it was true, but also she realized that now she had to take the unlimited consequences.

So that in *(Continued on page 36)*



Harold seemed moody, making corrections upon his wife's remarks and eating most of the steak with the pained expression of one who has tender teeth and is used to better food



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"MAIN 300—*please*"

By
FREDERICK L.
COLLINS

When in doubt call "The Times" —that's what they do in Seattle

"WELL, Marjorie," said Blethen one evening to his young sister-in-law, "how would you like a job?"

"What sort of job?"

"Down at the office. Answering questions."

"What sort of questions?"

"Any questions."

Blethen owns the Seattle "Times." Or, rather, the "Times" owns him, just as it owned his father and his brother before him. He *thinks* he's in the newspaper business, but, really, the newspaper business is in him.

Colonel Blethen is a citizen of the world, and belongs to the same clubs as I do in New York. He's a charter member of every world organization except the Maccabees. He didn't hear about them until the second week! And even when he picked out a war to fight in, it had to be a world war. That's Blethen!

Marjorie had been to school in the East, and had finished her finishing with a grand tour of the Rue de la Paix. She could answer any question from Paquin to Poiret. But she realized she was a little shy from Kant to Kitchener.

"Oh, that's all right," replied the colonel, writing out a modest notice for the paper to the effect that "Main 300" would answer *any* question, "come down to the office in the morning. We've got a library."

The Questions They Ask!

THE "library" of the "Times" proved to be a copy of The World Almanac! And one of the questions Marjorie had to answer was whether it was true that the Duke of Parma and Bourbon had twenty-two children, and if so, which one of the twenty-two was the Empress Zita of Austria! Going to the public library wasted a lot of time. So, she bought a book; and then another book; and another; until she could reach out from her own cane-seated swivel, without taking her ear out of the telephone receiver, and put her free hand into every handy reference book in the English language.

But there were a lot of questions which hadn't come to the attention of the old boys who wrote the reference books. Such as: "When did Tommy Meighan's first film come to Seattle, and at what theatre?" "Where can I get a load of cinders to surface my driveway?" "What were the names of Nat Goodwin's five wives, or were there six?" "What are the qualifications of a policeman in Seattle?" "Where is my canary?" And always, always, "What time is it?" Miss Colmary—Colmary is Marjorie's last name—answered all these questions. She even found the canary. But she discovered she had only one pair of hands and one pair of eyes and one pair of ears—and that they weren't enough. So one morning, after she had spent a night looking through every Sunday issue back as far as 1906 to find when Ethel Barrymore first played Seattle, she went down to tell her troubles to the colonel.

"What am I to do?" she demanded of her smiling brother-in-law.

"Well," said he, picking up his hat and starting for the golf links, "if I were running an information bureau, I'd never ask anyone else any questions."

Miss Colmary went back upstairs—they'd fixed her up with a corner in the roof—and between buzzes she thought. And the next day, without asking "anyone else questions," she hired four girls to help her, and ordered two extra switchboards from the telephone company. The colonel said nothing, and paid the bills. So Marjorie added two more girls and a wallful of filing cabinets; and three more girls, all college graduates, and encyclopedias in all languages; and three library experts and a set of loose-leaf reference books of her own invention; and some more college graduates and some more telephone exchanges, until she had eighteen trained young women assisting her and forty-five trunk lines operating day and night. And the colonel—he said nothing and paid the bills.

Thousands of people began to get the Main 300 habit. I got it myself! Two days after I left Seattle, I became involved in a smoking-car discussion about a quotation from the Bible. A salesman from a Chicago candy house, who used to be a parson before prohibition came in, insisted that the phrase was "let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone." And I was sure it should be "he that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone." The argument lasted most of the way from Fargo, North Dakota, to St. Paul, Minnesota. But, at the latter place, I determined to settle it; so I slipped a telegram to Main 300. Next morning, when the train pulled into Chicago, I was met by the following wire:

> *"He that is without sin among you let him first cast a stone at her John chapter eight verse seven."*

Neither the ex-parson nor I was right—but both of us had acquired the Main 300 habit!

In Seattle, about twenty thousand people a day take off their receivers and say "Main 300, please." A great many of these citizens ask about time: "When does the train leave for Spokane?" "What time does the ball game begin?"

And always, in an unending chorus, "What time is it, please?"

Between five and six in the morning, Main 300 answers a daily average of three hundred time questions from sleepy husbands and wives who want to know if it is time to get up. Between six and seven, Main 300 sets the clocks in five hundred Seattle homes. Between seven and eight, it sends fifteen hundred reluctant children promptly on their way to school. This is the peak hour for time calls. Four-thirty in the afternoon is the zero hour. And at nine o'clock in the evening, when Seattle begins to go to bed, the peak looms once more. From then on until midnight, father, mother, children, ask Main 300 if it's bedtime.

"Sometimes," said Miss Colmary, "I don't believe anyone in Seattle owns a watch."

"I should think it would pay you to present them with a carload."

"It wouldn't do any good," laughed the colonel, "they wouldn't wind them."

The Queerest Query of All

BUT, of course, the time questions are the easy ones. The real pinch comes when Main 300 is asked to make a noise like a camel! I know it doesn't seem reasonable. But John Dreher, one of "The Times'" star reporters who spent a whole week once "listening in" on Main 300, vouches for the story.

A Seattle father, it seems, was going through an animal picture book with his very young son and was making noises like pigs, like cows, like roosters, like dogs and like cats, and he was even doing pretty well in the undomesticated realm of animal life, taking his son into jungleland and the forests with the trumpeting elephant, the roaring lion and the howling wolf—when he was finally stumped.

The camel!

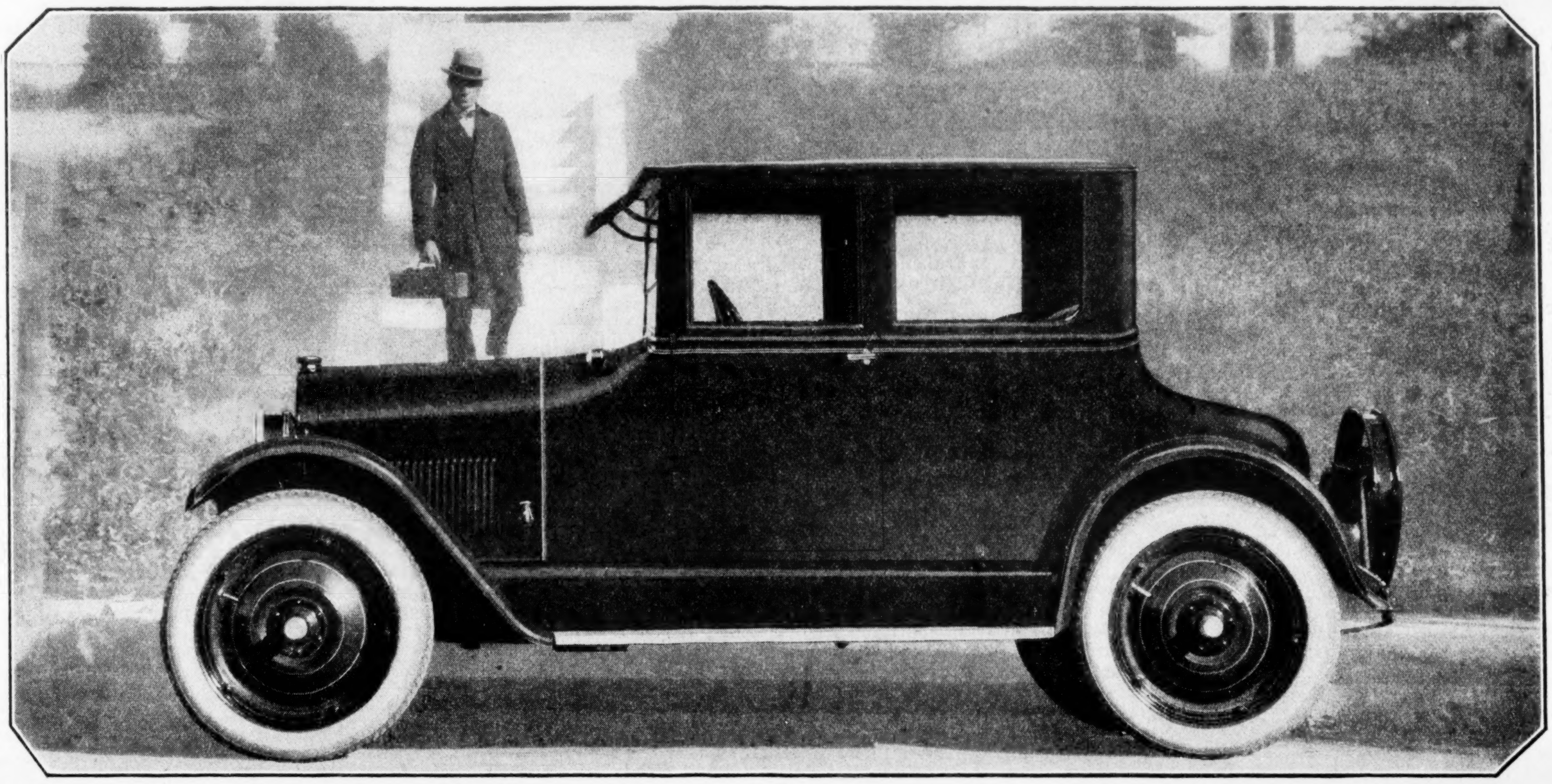
The accusing eye of Son was fastened on him. In his extremity, the father took a chance. He called "Central" and asked for Main 300.

And there was one member of "The Times" Information Bureau staff who'd heard a camel make a noise; had heard this noise a number of times when she lived back in Denver where a big circus "hibernated." And after she had cleared her throat and had taken several practice poises, she announced—amid the smiles of her sisterhood—that she was ready to go.

The father put his son up to the telephone receiver and directed him to listen. For fully two minutes the youngster stood, (*Continued on page 43*)

DURANT FOUR

for VALUE



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It's a delight to drive a Durant

Gone to Glory

Continued from page 7

the rasp of the other's; he flaunted no rhinestone pin, not even a ring upon his manicured fingers.

"I don't think I understand you," Miss Grant remarked.

"There ain't time to spare for an opening, sister. We got to work fast. You're Glory. Spider had you right—it's your hair."

Gorgeous insolence; medieval, unbelievably, in its directness. Miss Grant's lips achieved a smile.

"Hell, no!" said her visitor. "This ain't a kidding party. Don't give me the laugh. The Spider's got his ticket, a one-way pasteboard, for a longer trip than Sing Sing. Those river bulis winged him with a wild one—through the head. He made the swim all right, but he's done. The doc says so. There he lays, gabbling about 'Glory.' So I pieces together what he means, between shots in the arm the doc gives him, and beats it to the ship."

"But who are you?"

The girl clutching the top of the steamer chair was at bay; she knew that he knew it.

"I'm the Spider's manager. Let it go at that. He'd have been lightweight champ if he'd let the skirts alone."

"Do you realize what you are asking?"

"Sure. Sure, I do. But we got to work fast. He's outward bound—ain't I telling you? You got to help make it easy for him. You let him kiss you last night, didn't you? Maybe he could of beat that bullet if he hadn't stayed to jolly you along."

There was logic in it.

"The Spider's got good stuff in him, kid. He done his bit alongside Foch's frogs, with the bunch that went over from Camp Upton—and it wasn't kitchen police neither. I'll have you back in an hour and a half, s'help me. Be a sport, sister—come along. I got a car waiting."

He eyed her with frank expectancy. And behind his bluntness she divined real agony. He was trying, as desperately as he could, to make it easier for someone who meant much to him.

"You ain't afraid? That ain't it?"

Miss Grant stood up. "No. I am not afraid. I trust you. But I shall wish to bring another girl with me. May I?"

"Sure—but make it snappy."

The Dirty Dozen's ambassador replaced his hat as she left him.

"Good kid—game," he confided to a row of rusted belaying pins.

IN THE saloon Gloriana touched Gert Finnerty's arm.

"Meet my gemp'mum friend, Mr. Finnegan," the latter exclaimed, with ominous cordiality. "There's two kinds of salad."

"Delighted," Miss Grant responded, slipping fingers into the rawboned paw of one of Slacy's delivery wagon cohort. "May I see you in my cabin for a moment, Miss Finnerty?"

With the door shut, she regarded the toy-counter minion keenly.

"Can you get rid of that sandwich destroyer?"

"Finnegan? I can shake Jim Finnegan easy. He ain't steady, you know—he's only pinch-hitting for someone else."

"Then please do it. And you don't have to get permission from Miss Sparrow. I've asked her."

"What's the big idea, Miss Glory?"

"You've been cast for a part in the best movie scenario ever written."

"Suffering cats!" Miss Finnerty's rapture was almost asthmatic. "And I never been in a glass studio all my life."

"You've been performing in one constantly," contradicted Gloriana. "We all have. Only you never know it until it's time to write the titles for the last reel. Make it snappy."

The waiting car was an ordinary taxi. But its driver was anything but ordinary; he negotiated a route of intricate loopings, with an occasional skillful traffic-rule violation. If plainclothes man scent were to be thrown off, it was being done expeditiously; their progress was steadily downtown. The man who had called himself Kelly made no conversation. He twined and untwined manicured fingers; his brow was wrinkled. Then the car slowed.

"Steady, sisters," he counseled, as he helped them out; while he led the way through a narrow brick alley they heard the snort of a departing motor.

Several ferretlike youths stepped aside to let them pass. They were in a paved courtyard, with an overhanging network of wire clotheslines, toward which stretched two sickly trees. Beyond was a rear tenement rookery, with another cluster of sleek youths lounging at the entrance. These became animated immediately. One of them plucked at their conductor's sleeve, whispering.

"Well, we ain't too late. That's something."

The Spider's manager was beckoning.

"Two flights, with a broken board on the first landing. Take it easy."

THEY followed him, groping along a greasy stair rail, in the flicker from a pin point of gas; there was the smell of moldy wall paper, a sound of water dripping from a leaky tap, the constant creak of complaining steps. The stocky youth paused, his hand upon a door knob.

"Be a good sport," was his final adjuration. "See it through."

The latch clicked. They were inside.

Two windows, with faded curtains pinned tight; the litter of a cheaper domesticity than even Gert Finnerty was familiar with. Gloriana's glance encompassed it, and the face upon the pillow, bandaged from brow to nose, over which bent someone whose tools of trade were jumbled upon a chair.

"What's the dope, Doc?"

"Not long, now, Dan."

In the next room a woman was weeping—grief cut short at intervals, as if she were trying to pull together.

"Carlotta's shot to pieces," the slum surgeon said. "I gave her something to put her to sleep, but it wasn't enough. I daren't give her any more."

Gloriana pushed aside the clinging grip of Gert Finnerty.

"Can he see—at all—if you lifted the bandage?" she inquired.

"No. The optic nerve is smashed. God knows how the boy managed to keep on swimming straight."

Lips beneath the folded gauze were moving. They writhed into a grin.

"Gone—to Glory—this time—kid," she heard. "But I—got a date—to keep—first."

"Eesa that her, Dan?"

It was sudden enough to make Gert Finnerty gasp. The woman who had been weeping was in the doorway. Tears had swollen eyelids and cheeks, but one did not need the accent to recognize that hers had been the olive beauty of Italy, before sorrow marred it.

"Steady, Carlotta—steady."

The Spider's manager laid hand upon her arm, but she flung it off.

"Heesa die soon, lady. You know heesa gotta die? Heesa goin' leave me—Carlotta."

With one wrench Silas Grant's daughter jettisoned caste and its customs. She put her arm around the stricken girl.

"They've told me, Carlotta. I would give anything if I could save him for you."

"Heesa w[illegible] for you, lady. I know they say he [illegible] right in hees head. But heesa wait, jus' the same. Spider toucha my hair—he no see, but he can tella dif."

"I—got a date—Dan—on the—shop girl hooker."

The flash youth, dying on the soiled bed, picked at his bandages; gently the slum surgeon pulled his hands away.

"The yellow one—'slike silk—'slike silk."

Gloriana drew the girl closer; together they were kneeling, at the gangster's pillow.

"I'm here, Spider. Can you hear? It's Glory."

The doctor, feeling the weakening pulse, shook his head.

"He's going—fast, Dan."

"Maka him understan'," the girl pleaded. "He no see. But he feela da hair—yes?"

Deftly Gloriana did it. Down over the garish quilt fell the tresses that had held the Dirty Dozen's captain too long upon the after deck of the Guinevere.

"See—she eesa come, Pietro, mio."

Carlotta slipped an amber strand within the ceaselessly plucking fingers. They gripped it, clenched.

The lips fought to frame a smile. Almost they succeeded—almost, and then stiffened into a snarl.

"All in—Dan. All in—they got me. God—but it's hard—swimming in—the—dark."

The broken girl slid from Gloriana's arm, and was still. One of her red mules dropped, as the underworld practitioner carried her into the other room.

Miss Grant would have arisen, but the amber strand was tightly held by fingers which had abandoned plucking. It was Gert Finnerty who snipped it, with scissors from the surgical clutter on the chair.

"You made a good try, at that," was Dan Kelly's verdict as Gloriana knotted her hair into place. "Let's go."

Once more the groups of sleek young men, scattering to spread the news. No more sentry work; the Spider was beyond police reach.

It was a bit after nine o'clock when the taxi left them at the wicket of Pier 70. Dan Kelly bade them an undemonstrative good-by.

"She's his sister—Carlotta," he told them. "The only family Spider had. He was a wop, but you'd never get it from his talk. You've been a pair of game sports. You trusted the gang. We want to slip you a piece of change."

He had his wallet out; two bills were shoved toward them.

"I wish you'd let me look after Carlotta," said Gloriana.

The Spider's manager was puzzled. "The boys'll take care of her. She'll get along."

"But I might be able to do it better. Tell Mr. Kelly, Gert."

"She's Hardfist Grant's daughter," Slacy's sales clerk blurted. Wall Street's nickname for the shipping Crœsus slipped from her.

"Cripes!"

Dan Kelly whistled, and put the banknotes into his wallet, stowing it away.

"You got to hand it to the Spider. He was some picker. Much obliged, miss. But the boys'll look after Carlotta."

He lifted his imitation Panama with finality, and was stepping into the taxi when something prompted him to turn and follow them to the gangplank.

"Just a tip," he said, with a glance over his shoulder at the cab. "What you told me's graveyard stuff. Some of the gang ain't above doing a little blackmail business on the side."

THEN he was really gone. Murphy bade them good-night as they stepped upon deck.

Gloriana sat upon the edge of her berth; she was humming a tune. Gert Finnerty stood staring at her apprehensively.

"They've been playing 'The Beggars' Opera' in London for almost four years," said Gloriana, halting in her humming. "I heard it at Hammersmith. Captain Macheath was a gangster too, with his own Dirty Dozen."

Miss Finnerty fidgeted. "I'm worn to a frazzle," she hinted. "It's time both of us hit the hay."

Miss Grant seemed annoyed by the remark. She frowned irritably.

"Please don't interrupt. It puts the tune out of my head. Macheath is in love with Polly Peachum—not actually in love, you understand; just the way a gangster pretends. And, when he's got to die—they are going to hang him—he sings:

> "The fly that sips treacle is lost in the sweets,
> And he that tastes woman, ruin meets."

She was humming again—and smiling.

"John Gay wrote that, Gert; you know Gay? And there was a treacle well somewhere—no, that's Alice in Wonderl—"

"You go so far—and then you crack," recited Gert Finnerty. "Fainting won't hurt her a little bit. You always get a good sleep afterward."

But she went to work anxiously until Miss Grant suddenly sat erect, pushing the dripping face cloth away.

"You're drowning me," she announced. "I'm going to sleep now. If I wait to undress, I'll stay awake."

And go soundly to sleep she did. Looking for a wrap to throw over her, Miss Finnerty saw the pink kimono on a hook. When she lifted it something thumped upon the rug; something with a mother-of-pearl handle.

"Suffering cats!" she squeaked.

Yet she covered her sleeping companion carefully before picking up the evil weapon. Then she tiptoed, with arm extended, to the open porthole. With scarcely a splash, the scepter of the Dirty Dozen's dead ruler slid to the river silt where the Guinevere's anchor chains were chafing.

"That's that," she declared.

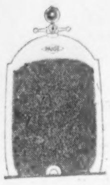
Finally Miss Finnerty snapped off the electric light.

"Gawd, but I hate to think of the top floor in the morning!" she confided to the dark.

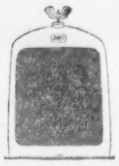
Gert Finnerty did not know that top-floor toys at Slacy's had been erased from her horizon forever. Gloriana had decided that, at least, riding uptown in Dan Kelly's taxi.

Will the DAWES PLAN *Work?*

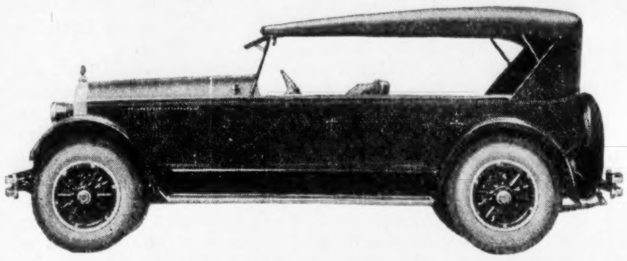
A YEAR or so ago we heard of something new under the sun—the Dawes Plan, which drove a wedge of common sense through the treacherous mass of reparations into the solid ground beneath. So far, good. The proof of this pudding is even more interesting than its concoction. In the next issue of Collier's, Samuel Crowther discusses the question, "Will the Dawes Plan Work?"



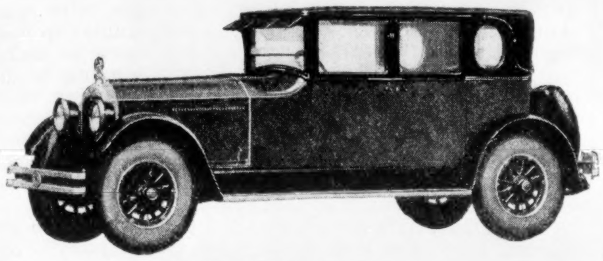
12 New Bodies



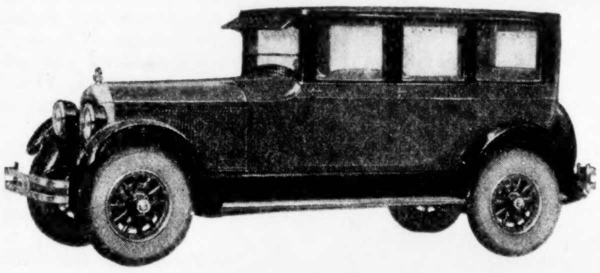
New Beauty—New Comfort—New Dependability



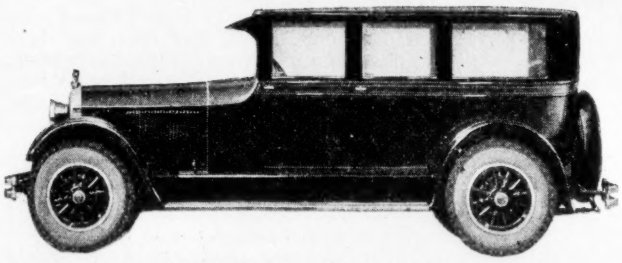
Paige Phaetons (5 and 7)



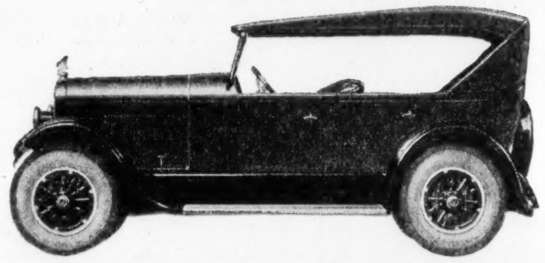
Paige Brougham (5)



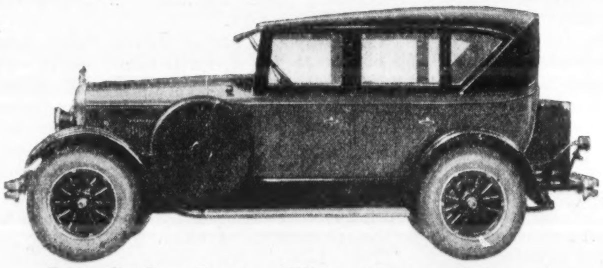
Paige Sedan (7)



Paige Suburban Limousine (7)



Jewett Standard Touring (5)



Jewett De Luxe Touring (Winter Enclosure $45 extra)

New engineering refinements; new features; old, proved features now improved—make all this possible in the New Paige and New Jewett.

In the New Jewett—you buy them in a car of convenient size. In Paige—in a larger car with the advantages of greater size and power. Prices have not been increased to provide for the many new features. The New Paige and New Jewett are now actually *underpriced* $150 to $200 compared with others in their class.

There are twelve new bodies from which to choose—new in beauty of line, colors, finish and equipment.

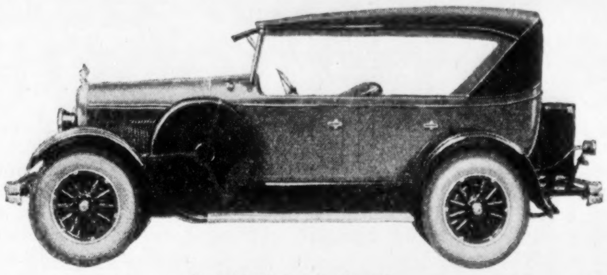
NEW PAIGE

Improved 70 horsepower motor—3¾ x 5 in.
New dynamically balanced crankshaft
New larger size water circulating pump
New increased radiator cooling capacity
Silent chain drive with automatic take-up
Wheelbase 131 inches defies rough roads
Rear springs over 5 ft. long; front 40 in.
New design springs for balloon tire action
Snubbers at all four wheels; new balloon type
Balloon tires 33 x 6.75; Firestone, Goodyear
Hydraulic four-wheel brakes (Lockheed type) optional at slight cost
New ball-bearing steering for balloon tires
New color combinations of gray and green
More beautiful bodies with finer upholstery
New riding comfort and new handling ease
New performance, ability and flexibility
New complete equipment of latest style
and Permanent Perfected Performance

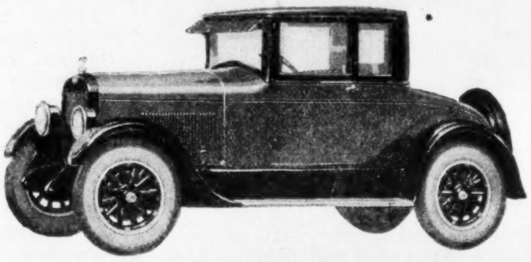
NEW JEWETT

New 55 horsepower motor—3¼ x 5 inches
New perfectly counterbalanced crankshaft
New silent chain with automatic take-up
New silent valves, guides and camshaft
New lubrication of pistons and wrist pins
New double-bearing wrist-pin construction
New type interchangeable main bearings
Hydraulic four-wheel brakes (Lockheed type) optional at slight cost
New larger size balloon tires 31 x 5.25 inches
New spring design for balloon tire action
New ball-bearing steering for balloon tires
New deep-crowned fenders—extra strong
New style running boards—2 inches lower
New bodies—Touring, Brougham, Sedan
New colors in permanent satin lacquer finish
New instrument board and window trim
New seat positions give new restful ease
New style interior effects and appointments
New handling ease and new riding comfort
New performance and new smoothness
and Permanent Perfected Performance

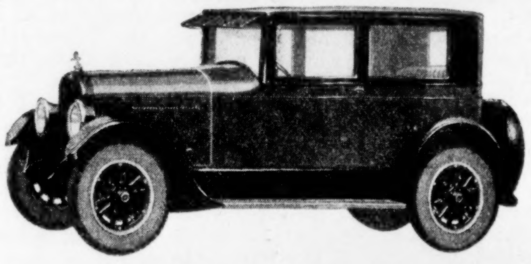
(505)



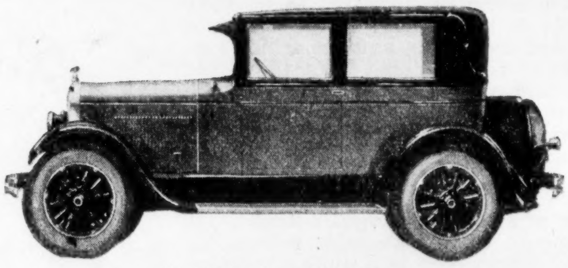
Jewett De Luxe Touring



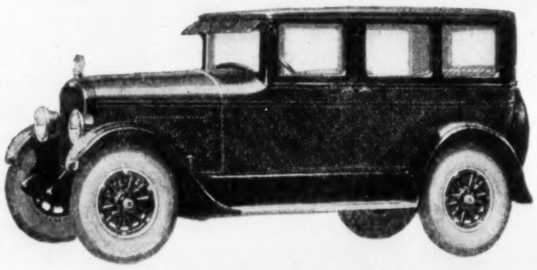
Jewett Coupe (3)



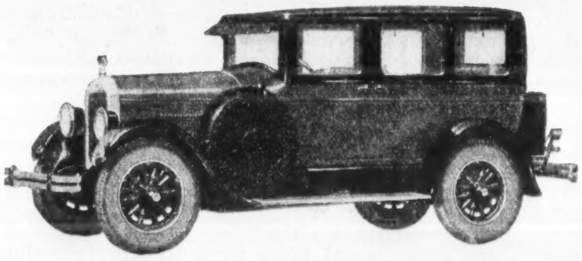
Jewett Standard Brougham (5)



Jewett De Luxe Brougham



Jewett Standard Sedan (5)



Jewett De Luxe Sedan

PERMANENT PERFECTED PERFORMANCE

The Croix de Guerre

Continued from page 12

We picked ourselves up, and we picked up our rations and canteens, and we found that nobody was hurt. We started up the road toward the top of the hill.

My wrist watch said seven o'clock. Clear and cool. The woods and fields smelled good, and it was as pleasant a night as you could want. A whiff of mustard gas once in a while—but mustard gas has a clean, good smell to it, if you don't get too much.

The lieutenant walked along in front, and after we had gone a half mile or so another shell came sailing over and dropped in the town behind us.

"Look out!" hollered the looey. "*Down!*" And the poor sap went diving into the ditch.

"My God," said Henry. "When they were hitting right beside him, he just ran round and round in circles. And now, when they hit half a mile away, he pretty near ruptures himself getting into a ditch."

The lieutenant was getting up again.

"Why didn't you men duck?" His voice was mad, high-pitched, and nervous. "Didn't you hear me say, 'Down'?"

"Yes, sir," I said.

"After this, when I say 'Down,' you duck, see? Or I'll have you tried."

On we went—the lieutenant in front, and me and Henry at the usual respectful distance behind.

ALMOST at the top of the ridge we found the end of the wire and the telephone and the pick and shovel. Also the scissors instrument, which consists of two things like telescopes mounted on a tripod. We carried this junk up to the top of the crest, and then down the other side a little ways to a place where we could get good observation. Then we reeled out the extra wire and connected up the telephone.

At the very top of the crest was a doughboy sergeant and a couple of men with a machine gun in a little hole on the ground, holding a section of the front line. There was no front-line trenches at this stage of the war. The front line kept advancing so fast that there was never time enough to dig trenches. So the infantry would have a hole in the ground every couple of hundred feet or so, and a machine gun crew in there. That was the front line, and we established our observation post about a hundred feet farther.

Every once in a while the doughboys behind us would send up signal lights. And across the river the Fritzes were sending up other signal lights. I never knew what all these signals meant, but I suppose there was some reason for them. Every once in a while a machine gun somewhere would bark out a few shots and then stop. And now and again big shells would go sailing along away up in the air, hitting somewhere in the back areas. But near us it was very peaceful.

Me and Henry started to dig, turn and turn about, and Lieutenant Ascott sat on a big rock and watched us.

After an hour we called up the battery to see that the line was all right. It was, so we kept on digging. The stars were slowly moving around. The big dipper was winging down under the north star, and that bunch they call O'Ryan was coming up in the east.

Along about two o'clock in the morning three German shells came over and burst one after another down in the mist by the river below us. And in a few minutes came three more, that hit in a line just at the edge of the mist—a little higher up the hill and a little closer to us. And after another few minutes three more, closer still.

We knew what that meant. They were "searching" the slope. Each time they fired, they would raise the range a little. Each salvo would hit a little higher than the last, until the whole slope had been covered. We knew all about that kind of fire; we had done it often ourselves. And at the rate they were moving up the slope, they would reach us in about fifteen minutes or so.

"Keep on digging, boys," said the looey. "I've got to make a reconnaissance." And he went walking back over the crest.

We kept on digging, and the bursts kept getting nearer. The hole was now three or four feet deep, so it would give us pretty fair protection.

Nearer and nearer came the bursts, and finally a salvo hit only a hundred meters or so down the slope, and we huddled in the bottom of the hole while the fragments whizzed by.

"I think," said Henry, "that we had better make a reconnaissance in the bottom of this hole until the storm blows over." So we snuggled down and waited.

The next three swooped down almost on top of us, but still in front. Another wait. Then another three, starting so slow and easy and quiet from so far away, and then all at once speeding up and coming down with a wild screech and a crash like the world was coming to an end. And then the buzz of the fragments. But this time the burst was up the hill behind us.

"Thank the Lord," said Henry. "They've got past us."

Several more bunches went by, hitting further and further away behind us. Then silence.

We dug on, until finally our hole was so deep we could stand up in it with just our heads looking out. We took branches and covered the fresh dirt so it didn't show up; and we tied a few extra branches in the bushes in front of our hole, and decided our job was done. And it was just as well, because the east was beginning to get light. And here all at once came our old friend the lieutenant a-creeping and a-crawling along through the brush down to our hole.

He didn't say nothing about his reconnaissance, and we didn't ask him.

IT GOT light fast. We began to see the outlines of the village of Vilosnes across the river, with the white road winding down the hill. The stars faded out gradually, and finally the sun came up.

I cranked the handle of the telephone, and Jim Davis' voice answered from the battery.

"All ready to adjust," I reported. "Tell them to lay on the town of Vilosnes and report when ready."

The looey started to set up the scissors instrument. He seemed nervous. His hands kind of shook, he bumped into Henry, and the instrument fell over into the bushes, making them sway back and forth something terrible.

"Damn!" said the looey, and then he turned to Henry. "See what you did? You should have helped me, instead of bumping into me that way and knocking over the instrument." He pulled the old scissors back, and the bushes swayed around some more. When I saw that I just drawed in my head and crouched down in the hole and waited. I didn't have long to wait either.

In about ten seconds, bang! off to one side of us. Then a long whistle and a bang across the river. It was a whizz-bang.

We all snuggled down in the bottom of the hole, and waited for the next one. And the next one was much closer. And after two or three trial shots they just opened up and gave us hell. Bang, bang, bang! And the air was full of smoke and flying dirt and whirring fragments.

And all at once I heard the lieutenant sort of moaning in my ear, "I'm hit! I'm hit!"

"Where?" I yelled.

He held out his hand and showed me where a fragment had plowed along the back of it. I got out my first aid kit and tied it up, while the lieutenant kept moaning and complaining and trembling all over. And then we snuggled down as deep in the hole as we could. And after a while the bombardment quit.

We lifted up our heads and began to look around a bit. And then I noticed that poor old Henry had got hit too. It was a funny thing—he had got hit in the hand, just like the lieutenant. He was holding the map at the time, and that is how come that brown stain.

"Hurt much?" I asked.

"I guess not," said Henry. "But we better tie it up." Which we did, and then we asked the looey if he was ready to adjust the fire of the battery like we had started to do.

But the poor looey seemed to have gone absolutely loco. He just groveled around in the bottom of the hole, and all he seemed able to say was, "I'm hit! I'm hit! I'm gonna get killed!"

Finally Henry said, "We'll have to see what we can do. You call up the battery."

I spun the crank and listened, and I spun it again and listened, but no answer. The line was dead.

"Cut by shell fire," said Henry. "I'll go and fix it."

"You can't splice wire with that hand," I said. "I'll go." And then the looey began moaning again.

"Don't you go," he said. "Don't you go. Don't anybody get out of this hole. Keep down. They'll see you and start firing again." He grabbed my feet, but Henry pulled him off and held him while I wriggled myself up out of the hole.

I moved very cautious, and crawled along that wire absolutely flat on my stomach, and I moved at a speed of about one foot a minute, and kept behind a bush or clump of grass all the time. After about fifteen minutes I found the place where the wire was broken. It took me ten minutes to find the other end and ten more to make the splice. But I wasn't going to do any hurrying. I went crawling cautiously back and finally got in the hole again. Then I twisted the crank, and I'll tell you it sounded good to hear old Jim Davis on the other end asking what was the matter.

"Line shot up," I said. "Had to go out and fix it. All O. K. now." So we set up the scissors instrument and then we asked the lieutenant if he was ready to adjust the fire. But all he could do was just lay there and moan.

"All right," said Henry. "I don't know much mathematics, but I can adjust this fire as well as anybody else." He looked through the scissors instrument.

"Tell them," he said, "number one, one round."

"Number one, one round," I repeated in the telephone, "and report when ready."

"Number one ready to fire," reported Jim.

"Fire!" I said. There was a little "plunk" in the receiver.

"On its way," said Jim. There was ten seconds' silence, and then the shell went swishing past, high overhead. Across the river came a dull red flash, and a cloud of black smoke just to the left of the town. And, last of all, the report of the burst.

"Right, ten," said Henry.

"Right, ten," I repeated into the phone, "and report when ready."

There was a pause.

"Number one ready to fire," came Jim's voice.

"Fire!" I said.

There was the same little "plunk," followed by Jim's singsong, "On its way."

Then the usual ten-seconds wait and the noise of the shell going by overhead. And this time it burst right in the town, and we could see the roofing tiles and building stones fly.

"That's fine," said Henry. "Now we'll adjust the other guns." So we checked up on gun number two, and number three, and number four.

Then Henry said, "Battery ten rounds. Fire when ready."

"Battery ten rounds," I repeated. "Fire when ready."

"On its way," came Jim's voice, and the next we knew, shell after shell was going by overhead, and burst after burst was shaking up the town. Tiles and stones flying all over the landscape.

After the ten rounds were completed, Jim's voice came over the line, "Report whether any indication of ammunition dump set on fire."

"No evidence," I said.

"Tell him," said Henry, "up, five, battery ten rounds."

"Up five," I repeated. "Battery ten rounds."

"We'll try the far side of the town," said Henry. "By raising the range five

(*Continued on page 41*)

The World Beats a Path to Her Door

By ONA REAGAN

IT IS Saturday night, 7:30 P. M., Pacific time. Over the radio a contralto voice announces: "This is radio KFGS, Angelus Temple, at Echo Park, Los Angeles, California." Then the number of an old-fashioned hymn is called and more than 5,000 voices are lifted in song—probably the largest chorus heard regularly by radio.

It is one of Angelus Temple's weekly divine healing services. A woman is presiding. Her church—devoted to interdenominationalism—is said to be the largest church in the world under the pastorate of a woman.

The woman is Mrs. Aimee Semple McPherson.

Mrs. McPherson is an ordained Baptist minister. Since she left her farm home in Canada she has crowded into her life enough experiences for several ordinary women. Before she was twenty—just previous to the birth of her first child—she had seen her missionary husband die in a hospital in China. When she was finally able to travel, she embarked for America with her baby, a small sum of money and—a deep faith in Providence. Her faith she has always had. Years later, when she needed a home for her children in a sunny climate, a grateful congregation in Los Angeles gave her one—lot, carpenter work and everything, including rose bushes and a canary.

For years Mrs. McPherson traveled. But not to-day. The world now goes to her. Men and women from everywhere pour into her temple. Some have heard her elsewhere and come to be baptized by her. Some have become acquainted with her over the radio. Thousands come—the lame, the halt and the blind; and the temple doors are never closed.

Her work is spreading. She's becoming famous. But to the members of Angelus Temple she is not a celebrity. She is what they would want their pastor to be: a simple, hard-working mother absorbed in the lives of her two children and her church.

California

SAN FRANCISCO BAY
THE GREAT VALLEY

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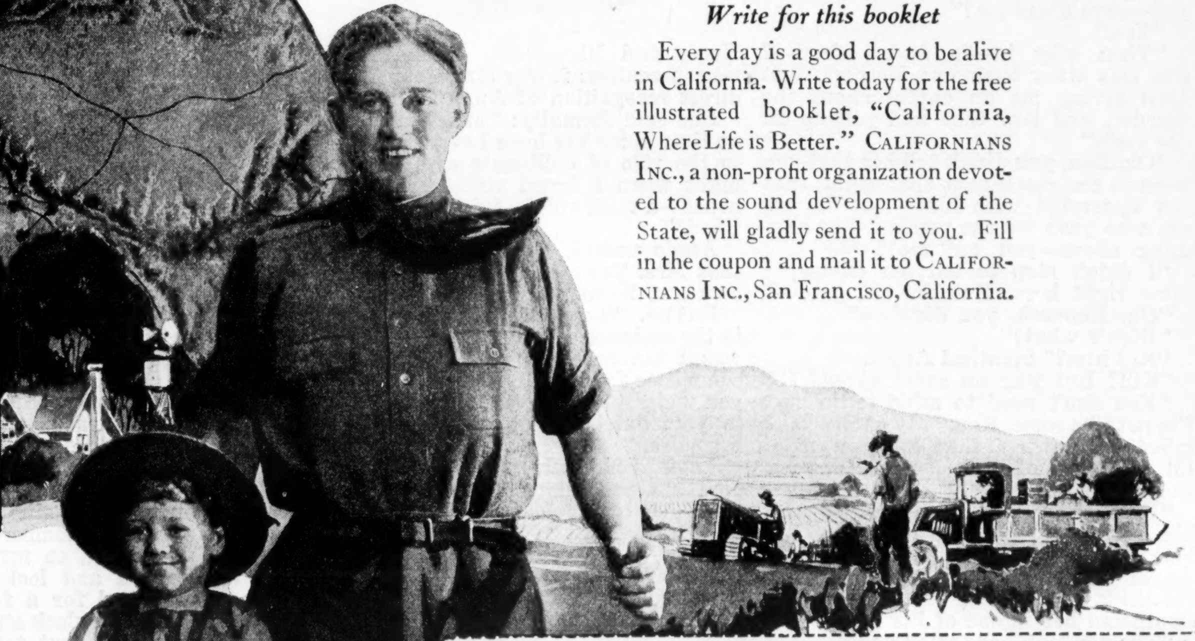

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The Devil's Third Horn

Continued from page 19

"Sure you can spare them? But *who—?*"

"How should *I* know? But it's my opinion," stated Mrs. Tobin impressively, "if we could find the man who gave her that pendant, we'd have a real clue."

"Fool! If she goes on like that—! I ought to tell her," choked Angie; "I ought to tell her to keep her everlastin' fool mouth shut."

But Mrs. Tobin was very shortly diverted to fresh fields. The Rev. Mr. Philip King was new to West Paradise. Mrs. Tobin had never had a very strong opinion of him, and after he had made such a point of establishing the Cabral girl's alibi she thought even less of him. She wondered whether he might not be too young and too susceptible to a pretty face for a minister. On a Sunday morning it occurred to Mrs. Tobin that Reverend King's sermon was in direct contradiction to certain passages in the Bible. On Monday evening she presided at a meeting of the Farther Lights Society and brought up the question. On Tuesday morning she headed a small committee to the parish house to talk over the matter with the young minister, and found him abrupt and not wholly courteous. Discussion grew. Within two weeks Mr. King had tendered his resignation, to take effect immediately.

NOW, after five weeks of absence, Kenneth returned. Angie met his dusty flivver on Main Street, and conscientiously looked the other way while her heart hammered.

Kenneth did not come to the restaurant. She closed up at ten o'clock, and did not even find him waiting for her at their gap in the fence. Better that he should stay away from her and be safe, Angie argued. She was glad. . . .

Kenneth's whistle under the window. "I'm coming in, Angie."

"You're *not* mad at me?"

"Yes I am. Mad as hornets. Only I decided to come and *ask* you— Mother hung onto me forever, and the battery's gone flooey, so we can't ride. I've got to talk to you; I'll just shut this door against your pleasant neighbors. What's wrong with you, anyhow, Angie? Don't you—care about me?"

"Yes."

"Then why in—in *hades*, dear—? But this other business: Mother's just been giving me an earful about the murder, and how they had *you* up on the rack."

"Oh, Ken, you didn't tell her that *you* were in the restaurant that night, that you quarreled with him—that it was you who gave me the pendant—or anything about—you an' me?"

"I didn't stop to tell her things; I came right here. But I'm going to—"

"Oh, Kenneth, you *didn't—*"

"Didn't what?"

"Kill him?" breathed Angie.

"Kill? But why on earth *should* I?"

"You don't need to mind tellin' me. I'm not like some, Ken. My uncles have killed—my own father killed a man. I'd be proud of you, Ken—killin' for me. . . ."

"Funny little kid." Kenneth's square, big hands held her two shoulders, his blue eyes, his ugly nice face were close. Angie wanted to reach up and touch the thick brown hair, but just then he smothered her in one of his hard hugs.

"The pendant," she tried again, after a time; "it's a queer thing, Kenneth, how it got there. I missed it after—after you'd gone."

"I don't know anything about it," he insisted, impatient of her withdrawal from him. "Look here, Angie, you believe me?"

"Yes. Oh, yes, yes, yes. Only we've got to be careful, Ken. Keep still an' not see each other."

"I'll be damned if I won't see you! Why, this puts an end to all this backdoor stuff. I'll tell them all I know about the Stillo man and that night—why shouldn't I? And we'll break it to them that we're engaged."

"But don't you see, they'll suspect *you.*"

"Bosh! When I explain to them that I never *saw* the man until—"

"Promise you won't tell just yet; promise you won't tell anyone?"

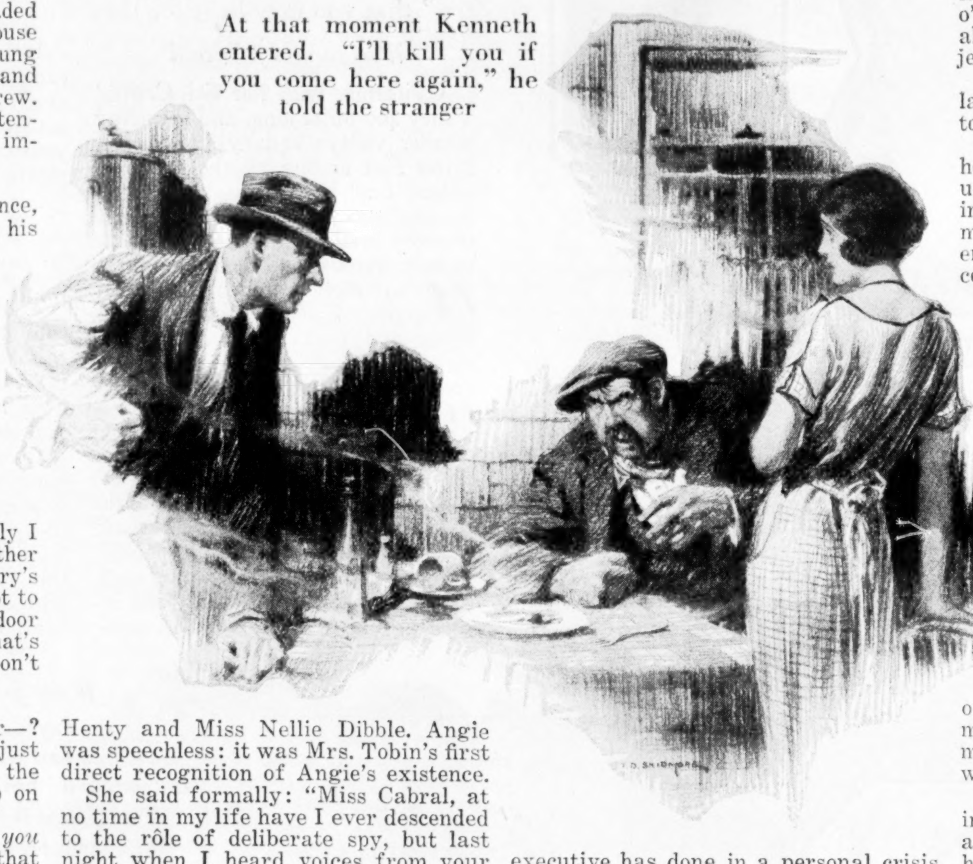
"Oh, gosh, anything!"

Angie gave up then, permitted Kenneth to hold her tight, tighter. . . .

A sudden racket of milk bottles on the back porch startled them apart; simultaneously, they turned toward the open porch window.

"What in—time!" And Kenneth was gone out the door like a flash.

He came back to Angie, who waited in the darkness, through the gap in the fence. "It was—someone; he made off through our yard. I don't understand, but I guess I'd better not stop longer. You lock your doors, Angie. I'll see you to-morrow. Good night, dear."



At that moment Kenneth entered. "I'll kill you if you come here again," he told the stranger

In a lull of customers on the following afternoon, while Angie was pounding Hamburger steak, she was visited, at the restaurant, by Mrs. Tobin, Mrs. Henty and Miss Nellie Dibble. Angie was speechless: it was Mrs. Tobin's first direct recognition of Angie's existence.

She said formally: "Miss Cabral, at no time in my life have I ever descended to the rôle of deliberate spy, but last night when I heard voices from your house—a male voice—I felt myself justified."

Angie waited, paralyzed, to be told that Mrs. Tobin had seen her with her own son, Kenneth.

But no. "I myself distinctly saw you in the embrace of a man. What man it was I am not asking. But I—we—a committee from the Ladies' Civic Guild, you understand—have called to suggest to you, quietly, that you leave West Paradise."

Angie could only stare at her.

"I am not asking for the name of your—visitor." Mrs. Tobin paused. "You prefer not to tell that?"

"Yes."

"Notwithstanding the fact that I do firmly believe that if we established the identity of your late caller we should also establish the identity of the man who knows something of this murder—"

But now Angie became aware of Kenneth standing just inside the screen door; he must have heard most of it, for he stepped up and announced quietly, "Here's your man, Mother."

He came over to the girl, put his arm about her, and hurt her with his anger, by the pressure of his hand on her shoulder.

Kenneth took a breath. "Well," he said, "*I'm* the fellow who was calling on Angie last night when you spied on us through the window. *I'm* the one who gave her that pendant!"

"No!" gasped Miss Nellie Dibble.

"What's more, I was here in the restaurant the night of the murder, and I kicked that tramp out for getting fresh with Angie. I was calling on her late in her house last night, on the q. t., because that's the only way I could see her without getting her talked about —by *you*, Mother."

Kenneth paused, but still Mrs. Tobin said nothing.

"I'm willing and anxious to tell the police all that I know about the Stillo man who was murdered. But first I'm going to marry Angie."

"Marry—Angie Cabral?"

"Yes, now, right away. Is there anything else I could decently do after the tales you've started? Even if it didn't happen to be the one thing I want to do?"

ANGIE herself had lost the power to protest or resist. Beneath Kenneth's hand she seemed to be swept up on a surge of helplessness, passion, fatalism; she had a curious sensation that the tides were closing in over them, and they'd better snatch while they could.

Mrs. Tobin was not a woman to be downed without a fight. Yet Mrs. Tobin did what many another grim and firm executive has done in a personal crisis —she crumpled up. Set, like a jelly in a mold, her collapse was a turnover.

When Kenneth said, "Come on," Angie simply went. When he gathered her into his flivver, about the only definite feeling of which Angie was conscious was surprise at Mrs. Tobin's neglect to stop them.

Detective O'Connell was waiting for them on the steps of Angie's house when they returned that evening. He asked Kenneth a great many questions; Kenneth answered them patiently and fully.

"Can you prove an alibi?"

"Why, yes, I remember I met our minister, Mr. King, on my way home, and we stopped and looked over the bridge and talked for a few minutes. We heard the town clock strike ten."

"Same reverend that talked to this young woman?" asked O'Connell.

"Yes."

"Where is he?"

"He's left town."

"So? Well, you'd better come along with me, Tobin," O'Connell decided, "until we can get in touch with the minister, anyway."

THE trial of Kenneth Tobin for the murder of Petro Stillo began with the next session of their county court in West Paradise.

Curiously, the biggest thing against Kenneth was the proneness of neighbors, of even the Tobins' best friends, to believe in his guilt. All these years Mrs. Tobin, spotless herself and powerful in the town, had been slinging mud —little bits of mud, nicely aimed—that had spattered almost everyone in West Paradise. This was West Paradise's big chance to come back at her.

The prosecution opened solemnly. West Paradise settled itself comfortably, in its own familiar little courtroom, for the declaration of the defense. Kenneth's lawyer, Maston, stated that his client was not guilty of the murder with which he was charged.

Angie had her first shock when the first witness for the prosecution took the stand. It was the freight train man who had witnessed the quarrel in the restaurant while he devoured two slabs of apple pie. He gave his name as Jim Stull. He was a slow, honest fellow, and he rehearsed the scene in the restaurant exactly as it had happened: The accused had said, "Damn you, I'll *kill* you if you ever come in here again; for a nickel I'd kill you, anyhow." Yes, it was about nine-thirty; Stillo had left, and the accused had followed him almost immediately. Yes, if the scene of the murder was fifteen minutes from the lunch room, and if the shooting had occurred at ten o'clock, there would have been just about time. Yes, that was the piece of jewelry.

Other witnesses, people of the village, were produced in rapid succession to swear as to the time of the shot.

Late in the afternoon Nina Zell made her appearance in the witness box. As usual, the old woman had almost nothing of relevance to say. But Angie, meeting her ironical black eyes, experienced suddenly the strangest shiver of certainty that old Nina could clear Kenneth if only she would open her mouth and tell what she knew. Nina would go back on the stand for cross-examination in the morning. Meantime the court was adjourned.

Angie went home and sat down on her steps, too listless for supper. She closed her eyes and thought how it would be if she had Kenneth here in the little house with her.

A step. From her dream of Kenneth, she opened her eyes to Kenneth's mother. The reaction was too much for Angie. As Mrs. Tobin collapsed on the step beside her, the hateful face, with its hair pencilings on the upper lip, seemed to Angie to merge into one of Nina Zell's hideous masks—the worst one, the devil's face with the three horns.

"Reverend King has disappeared up in Canada," stated Mrs. Tobin; "they are unable to locate him. Mr. Maston has just had a telegram."

"You mean they've—given up?"

"Not much chance, Mr. Maston says." The mole on Mrs. Tobin's chin quivered, the brooch on the net collar trembled.

Angie was abruptly sorry for the woman, only she couldn't go on looking at her.

Angie rose: "Will you please go now? I've something to do."

ANGIE made herself a cup of strong tea. She waited for the darkness before she set out for Nina Zell's house. Confronted by the lighted window, Angie was again swept by her child's terror of old Nina, bound by that hypnotic spell of her—as though Nina were her fate, from which there was no escape.

She rapped, pushed open the door. A kerosene lamp, sputtering in the breeze of a wide-flung window, wavered over old Nina, bent to a table, and over hideous false faces strung over chairs and walls and dangling from pegs in the ceiling.

"Good evening."

Nina grunted, looked at her.

Angie *had* to move her. She shut her eyes against the old woman, felt Kenneth's arms around her. She would gather up in one hand all of her love for Kenneth and would hold it out for Nina Zell to see. "Look," groped Angie, "you've *got* to help me. He's my hus-

(*Continued on page 40*)

The Pacific Northwest

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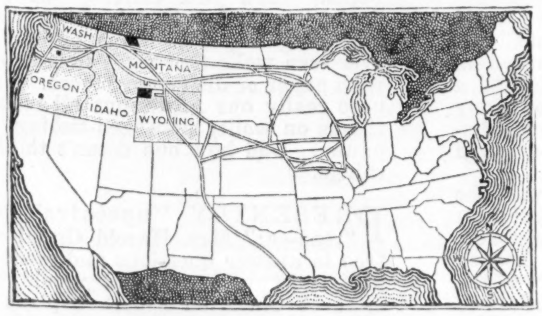

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Sargon, King of Kings

Continued from page 26

spite of her sense of novel, unbounded freedom Christina Alberta found she did not go up to London any more than she would have done during her mother's lifetime. Many of her most attractive friends, it is true, were away upon their holidays. And she found her father's company unusually interesting. Every time she came back to him he seemed to be slightly enlarged and of a firmer color and consistency. He reminded her of Practical Biology (Botanical Section) in the Taverners' School, when you take a dried-up bean out of its package and put it in a jar with water and observe it under the influence of warmth and moisture. It germinates. And he was germinating.

Mother had kept him dried up for nearly twenty years, but now he was germinating, and nobody could tell what sort of thing he might become.

AFTER a month of deep mourning Christina Alberta put aside her long skirts and returned to the more kiltlike garments to which she was accustomed. She had not been inactive while her father conducted his business settlement with Mr. Sam Widgery, and she had worked out a scheme of living that seemed to promise quite a happy life for her father and herself. She fell in with the Boarding House idea and with the project of beginning at Tunbridge Wells.

But she impressed upon him the view that, since their lives were to be migratory henceforth, and since there were a certain number of books, unsalable articles of furniture that Mrs. Widgery would not take over at a valuation, a number of curiosities—for example, a piece of shell which he believed to be a fragment of a great auk's egg, a Rosicrucian regalia, and a mummified hawk from Egypt which had prophetic qualities—to consider, there must be a sort of permanent headquarters in London at which these objects could be stored and to which he and she could return from the various Boarding Houses round and about the earth. And, pursuant to this suggestion, she made inquiries and worked out an admirable project for sharing some accommodation with two little friends of hers who practiced art, literature and picturesque economies in a converted mews in Chelsea. In fact, she made arrangements with them. She told Mr. Preemby she had made these arrangements according to his instructions, and after a time it did come to seem to him that he had given her the instructions.

Lonsdale Mews opens out of Lonsdale Road, Chelsea; and there is quite a noble entrance with large stucco pillars on either side and an arch over, on which is a design in relievo of Neptune and seahorses and the words "Lonsdale Mews." Inside there had once been stables and coach houses, and over each a bedroom and a sitting-room, which was also in the more prolific past generally used as a bedroom, and a cupboard and a landing and so forth, the little home of the coachman (and his wife and family) attached to the genteel carriage and horses below. But the advancement of science and the progress of invention have abolished gentility, and so reduced the number of coachmen and carriages in the world that Lonsdale Mews has had to accept other tenants; and being too narrow down the center for the coming and going of automobiles without a great deal of bashing of mudguards and radiators, has had to paint itself up attractively and fall back upon art and the intelligentsia.

Christina Alberta's two young friends were in possession of one of these perverted coachmen's homes, and as they were very inadequately prepared to pay the rent—it was a quite aristocratic rent—they were extremely glad indeed to welcome Mr. Preemby and particularly Christina Alberta as co-tenants. Mr. Preemby was to have the big room downstairs and there he was to arrange his books and his surplus furnishings and ornaments and curious objects, and have a sofa that could be made into an apparent bed when he wanted to sleep in London. And Christina Alberta was to have a little bedroom for herself behind this wherein a breezy decorative scheme of orange and bright blue more than made up for a certain absence of daylight and fresh air. But when the two young friends had a party, or when Mr. Preemby was away, they were to have the use of the big downstairs room, and in the case of a party Christina Alberta's room was to be a ladies' cloakroom.

The lessors were to retain the use of the upstairs rooms, and in the matter of the kitchen all things therein were to be held in common. None of this agreement was put into writing and many issues were left over frankly for future controversy. "We are to be the pigs that pay the rent," said Christina Alberta; that was the general idea. "Much we'll work out," said Mr. Harold Crumb. "Much will work itself out. It's no good being too definite." What was definite was that Mr. Preemby was to pay the rent.

Mr. Harold Crumb was a red-haired young man, a shock-headed young man with a rampant profile, dressed in a blue overall, frayed gray trousers and slippers. He had large freckled hands and he did black and white, which Mr. Preemby had supposed to be a whisky but discovered was an art. Harold lived by attempting to sell drawings for advertisements and pictured jokes for the weekly papers. His expression was lofty and his voice constrained, and it seemed to Mr. Preemby that he was suffered rather than met by Mr. Crumb. With Christina Alberta Mr. Crumb seemed to be on terms of tacit friendship, and no word passed between them. He lifted his hand and twiddled his fingers at her—with a kind of melancholy.

Mrs. Crumb was more effusive. She embraced Christina Alberta warmly and answered to the name of "Fay." Then she turned to Mr. Preemby and shook hands with him quite normally. She was a slender young lady with carelessly bobbed corn-colored hair, pale gray eyes and an absent-minded face. She also was dressed in a blue overall, she wore oyster-colored stockings and slippers and possibly other things, and her business in life, Mr. Preemby learned, was to review books for various newspapers and write romantic fiction for bookstall magazines. Her right forefinger had that indelible inkiness which only the habitual use of an incontinent fountain pen can give. There was a big screen in the downstairs room Mr. Preemby was to have that Mr. Crumb had made and Mrs. Crumb had covered with the bright mendacious wrappers of the books she had reviewed. This exercised Mr. Preemby the more because several of the wrappers were manifestly upside down, and he could not understand whether this was due to art, carelessness, or some serious mental lapse.

"We'll have something to eat," she told Mr. Preemby, and then they could settle up things. But she had a surprisingly rapid articulation and it sounded like, "*We'll 'f sum t'eat 'n' then* we'll set lup thins." It took ten or twelve seconds to come through to Mr. Preemby's understanding.

Meanwhile she had turned to Christina Alberta. "'Dabit 'f work to do," she explained. "Bres no' clear' d'way. Late las' ni'. You be'r loo' roun' he' while Nolly gessomeat an' Ikn do 'p stairs fore you see't."

"Right-o," said Christina Alberta, understanding perfectly. Mr. Preemby was left stunned, with his lips moving slowly. "So long," said Harold, and took some money out of a black Wedgewood teapot and went and fell over things in the passage, and presently went out into the wide world while Fay vanished upstairs.

"She's gone upstairs," said Mr. Preemby, interpreting slowly, "to do their rooms. And *he's* gone to get some meat. It's a nice, large room, Christina Alberta—and quite well lit. Quite.

"I don't think I've ever been in a Mew before," said Mr. Preemby, approaching a group of attractive drawings on the wall.

"In a *what*, Daddy?"

"In a Mew. Or in a Studjo. . . . I suppose these are Originals."

CHRISTINA ALBERTA awaited his reaction to the drawings with a slight anxiety.

"Looks like a lot of fruit and human legs and things," said Mr. Preemby. "Wonder what they mean? 'Summer Night,' it says, and that's 'Passion in Solitude.' Don't quite see it, but I suppose it's symbolical, or something." He turned his round, blue eyes to the room generally. "I could get a mahogany cabinet for my Curiosities and have it against the wall *there*—I'd like the sort with glass doors so that people could see the things—and if there was some shelves put across that place, it would hold most of my books. There'll have to be a bed somewhere, Christina Alberta."

"They've got a sofa upstairs," said Christina Alberta, "with an end that pulls down."

"Might go there."

"Or under the window."

"Of course there's my clothes," said Mr. Preemby. "I almost wish I hadn't practically promised Sam Widgery your mother's wardrobe. Rosewood it is. It has a lot of room in it and it might have gone against that bit of wall there. The trunk will make a sort of seat if we get the corners mended. Wonder how that screen would look the other way up. Books might go behind it. These easels and things I suppose they'll take upstairs. . . . We'll get things settled all right."

Christina Alberta turned about with arms akimbo to follow his proposals. She perceived that they threatened a considerable disturbance of the æsthetic balance of the studio. She'd just thought of a little bed-sofa affair with a bright rug over it. Silly of her to forget the baggage. But in the end perhaps it might be possible to arrest a lot of his gear in the passage. The passage was so choked already that a little more in it hardly seemed to matter. He could go out and get what things he wanted when he wanted them. She had a momentary anticipation of him in his shirt and braces, routing in trunks.

"Of course," said Preemby, "when you said you'd got two little friends in a *Studjo*, I thought they were two girls. I didn't think they were a married couple."

"They aren't so *fearfully* married," said Christina Alberta.

"No," said Mr. Preemby, and was restrained by modesty from further speech for some seconds. "Of course," he said, "if presently a Family came along—well, we'd have to move out, Christina Alberta."

"Never meet families half way," said Christina Alberta. "It isn't very likely anyhow. You trust Fay."

"You never know," said Mr. Preemby rather weakly and showed a tendency to drift back to those ambiguous drawings.

"About time we had a look at the upstairs rooms, Daddy," said Christina Alberta and went out into the passage to call "Fay!"

The answer came remotely. "'Lo?"

"*Read dee?*"

"Not yet."

Christina Alberta found her Daddy back in the illustrated corner with his head on one side like an inquiring sparrow. For some time nothing was said. "Of course," he remarked at last; "it's Art." He turned away with his face pursed up beneath the mustache, humming faintly. She perceived it was just as much Art as he could stand.

He ran his hand over the wall and turned intelligent eyes to Christina Alberta. "It's just canvas," he said; "what you pack things in. With sort of dabs of gold paint. I don't think I've ever seen walls that wasn't either done with paper or distemper before. I suppose really one might put all sorts of things on walls, cloth, bed-ticking, tarpaulin. Odd how one doesn't think of things."

PRESENTLY "upstairs" was "read-ee;" Mrs. Harold Crumb was free to answer questions and make explanations and Mr. Preemby could learn more of Christina Alberta's plans for his comfort. Upstairs was more various but less spacious than downstairs; the beds were dressed up rather than disguised as divans, and there was more vaguely improper but highly decorative Art. Like Christina Alberta, Mrs. Crumb had not fully considered Mr. Preemby's possibilities in the way of luggage, but she arose to the occasion very well. When Mr. Preemby spoke of the mahogany cabinet and the wardrobe, she said that it would be quite

(*Continued on page 38*)

THIS SUN *couldn't shine in* NEW YORK

FEW Americans know that Dr. Sun Yat Sen, president of southern China and at one time provisional president of all China, was once one of Greenwich Village's literary colony. In his younger days, while he was writing for various American magazines, he lived for many months in a tea house conducted by one of his countrymen on MacDougall Street.

Dr. Sun, a graduate of Oxford University, England, had taken part in a revolutionary movement in China which had been suppressed by the Manchus. An exile, he went to New York with the hope of winning sympathy for the liberal movement in America.

Unfortunately the western world did not show any interest in China. For nearly a year he worked in New York; but he failed to find a market for his stories. For many weeks he worked as a waiter. Discouraged, he at last borrowed money to return to China.

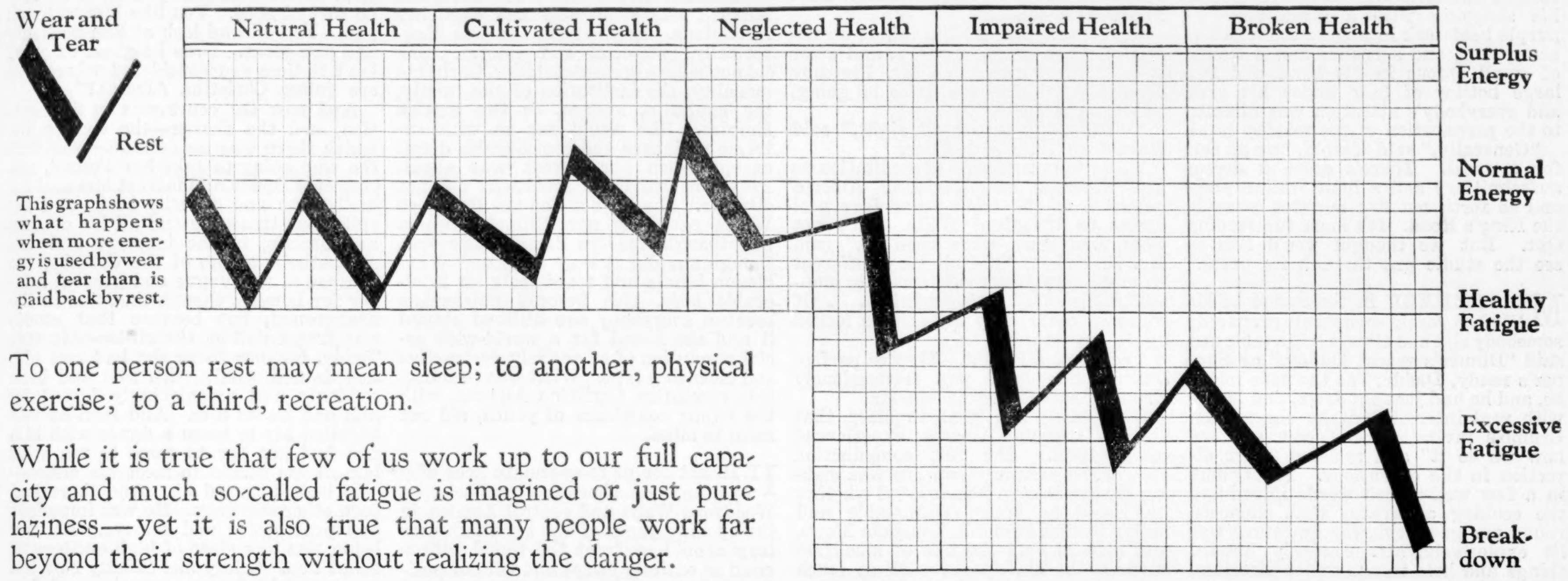
A few years later he was the recognized leader of the republican movement. When the Chinese revolution started in 1911 he headed the armies which overthrew the Manchu power, and was proclaimed president. Yuan Shi Kai, a wilier politician, supplanted him, and again for a few years he was an exile. To-day he commands the southern armies with his capital at Canton. He governs a territory containing a greater population than the United States.

It has been a far journey for Dr. Sun from the days in Greenwich Village, when he worked vainly to win the sympathy of America.

EDWARD S. O'REILLY.

Pay Yourself Back

ARE you tired? It is getting close to the time of year when people talk of feeling "all tired out" and there is much discussion of spring tonics. If you are fatigued and there is nothing organically wrong, the tonic you need and probably the only one you need is the right kind of rest to restore your energy.



This graph shows what happens when more energy is used by wear and tear than is paid back by rest.

To one person rest may mean sleep; to another, physical exercise; to a third, recreation.

While it is true that few of us work up to our full capacity and much so-called fatigue is imagined or just pure laziness—yet it is also true that many people work far beyond their strength without realizing the danger.

A certain amount of fatigue after exertion is natural but excessive fatigue is Nature's safety-device for warning that rest is needed. When you are over-tired, your powers of resistance are lowered and you are more susceptible to disease.

What brings about excessive fatigue? Usually over-strain —either physical or mental—and insufficient rest. Because your activity is both of the body and the mind, and one reacts on the other, your fatigue is a close interlacing of physical and mental weariness. Neither can be relieved separately. Emotional disturbances—worry, fear, resentment, discontent and depression also cause fatigue. The tired man is often a worried man and the worried man is usually a tired man.

If you are over-tired, find the reason and then try to plan your time so that you will have sufficient rest. If hard physical work is making you feel "all in" you may require more hours of sleep than usual even though this may mean temporarily giving up some form of amusement. Perhaps you are not eating the right amount of energy-making food. If you are a mental worker the kind of rest you probably need is exercise in fresh air. If excessive emotion is making you tired, the right kind of recreation probably will help you.

Remember that excessive fatigue is not a thing to be lightly shrugged away. There is often a direct connection between the first neglected signs of fatigue and a serious breakdown from which recovery is a slow, disheartening process. If you tire too easily and if rest does not put you back in good condition, it is more than likely that your health is affected and needs attention.

Workers—take warning! Pay back the energy that you take out of yourself. As the years mount up, longer and longer periods of rest are necessary to make restoration. The "spring tonic" that you need most likely is just a rearrangement of your hours of work, play and rest, and not medicine.

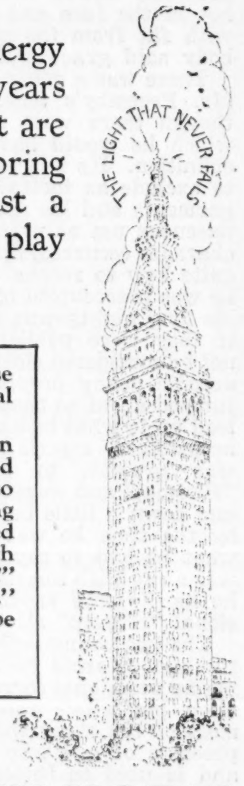
Employers of labor are coming to find that excessive, unnecessary fatigue is a great source of industrial and economic waste. It entails loss of production and loss of earning power. It is said to be a factor in the occurrence of work accidents and is closely related to the cause or aggravation of most cases of severe sickness.

Many large organizations have learned that physical fatigue can be minimized by careful control of working conditions. An increasingly large number of employees are now working only a reasonable number of hours each week. Machines, tables, benches, and seating facilities are being constructed to serve the needs and comfort of those who use them. Adequate, proper lighting and good ventilation have been found to be important factors in the battle against the serious consequences of abnormal fatigue.

Tests have shown that in connection with certain occupations output can be increased and fatigue decreased by arranging rest periods. Here in the Home Office of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, our more than 9000 employees have two rest periods, one in the morning and one in the afternoon. These periods of relaxation have a beneficial effect on both the work and the worker.

There are many hours of the day when men and women do not work. The good use of these hours is as important to health as is the right use of working hours. The Metropolitan has published a booklet, "What Would You Do With 36,000,000 Minutes (70 years of life)?" and another on "Industrial Hygiene." Either or both, of these booklets, will be mailed free to those who ask for them.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*


THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY ~ NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

Sargon, King of Kings

Continued from page 36

easy for Harold to "camouflage" them with very, very bright-colored paint, and she thought a lot might be done for Mr. Preemby's trunks and clothes by making a curtained alcove in a corner. "Trouble with clothes," said Mrs. Crumb, "is when somebody starts charades or dressing-up. Nothing is sacred. Last week somebody tore my only pyjamas limb from limb."

"We'd have to arrange," said Mr. Preemby, a little uneasily.

"We'll have to arrange somehow," said Mrs. Crumb.

But before anything could be arranged definitely Harold returned from his shopping with a large piece of purple beefsteak in a mere loin cloth of newspaper, and a lettuce and a bundle of small onions in his hand and two large bottles of beer under his arm, and everybody's attention was directed to the preparation of the midday meal.

"Generally," said Harold, "we go Out for a meal. There's quite a decent aufschnittery and a little Italian place and so forth not five minutes away in the King's Road. It's more fun feeding Out. But we thought you'd like to see the studio put through its paces."

MR. PREEMBY in the course of his life had rarely seen meals prepared; somebody else had always laid a table and said "Dinner's ready, Daddy," or "Supper's ready, Daddy," as the case might be, and he had just sat down, and it was with real interest that he obeyed Mr. Crumb's invitation to "come and see how we do it" and assisted under direction in the operations. Mr. Crumb in a few well-chosen words introduced the cooking apparatus that clustered round the gas stove, the gas stove was lit explosively, Mr. Preemby handed things and held things under direction, and got in the way a good deal. Christina Alberta, who seemed used to the job, chopped the onions and dressed a salad at a small kitchen table close at hand, and the steak got itself grilled fiercely and flaringly.

Meanwhile Mrs. Crumb laid a blue-painted table, in what was to be Mr. Preemby's room, with an orange-colored cloth and a selection of plates and parts of plates, yellow glazed mugs with rudely painted inscriptions in some rustic dialect ("Here's t' absent frens," and the like), several knives and forks, a pewter mug full of cigarettes, and a bunch of sunflowers in a brown-glazed bowl. And at this table Mr. Preemby presently found himself seated, very hot in the face and liberally splashed with fat from the grilled steak. Nobody said grace and the meal began.

There was a general assumption that Mr. Preemby's tenancy was settled, though there were many points upon which he would have liked a clearer definition. He was particularly anxious to exclude as tactfully as possible his garments and his specimens from promiscuous use as properties when these charades occurred, but he did not know quite how to reopen the subject. And he was preoccupied by a doubt whether his long nightgowns of Saxony flannel, if they were publicly exposed, might not be considered old-fashioned by these artistic young people. But their talk jumped about so that it was difficult to lead up to what he had to say. He was accustomed, especially when company was present, to clear his throat, "H'rrmp," and waggle his mustache up and down a little before he spoke, and by the time he was ready to deliver what he had to say one of the others was away with something else. So that he hardly said anything but an occasional "H'rrmp" all through the meal.

The two young ladies did most of the talking. Harold seemed moody, making an occasional correction or comment upon his wife's remarks and eating most of the steak with the pained expression of one who has tender teeth and is used to better food. Once he asked Mr. Preemby if he really cared for Good Music, and once if he had been to see the Iberian dancers last year, but neither of the inquiries led to a sustained conversation. "H'rrmp. No-oh," said Mr. Preemby. "Not exactly. Not particularly," and in the second case, "No-oh, I didn't."

Mrs. Crumb talked brightly of various newspaper jobs she had got and how she had been asked to do a children's corner in the "Patriotic News" and whether she would accept the offer —Mr. Preemby thought the editors and newspaper proprietors she mentioned seemed a depraved lot—but mainly the talk concerned the movements and readjustments of a large circle of friends. After the meal there was coffee, and Harold with an air of resignation went and washed up.

There were many little things awaiting attention at the laundry, and after two or three cigarettes Mr. Preemby decided, "It's time for us to be going, Christina Alberta."

"We'll work it out all right," said Harold on their departure.

There were intervals of meditation as Mr. Preemby and Christina Alberta returned in the train from Liverpool Street to Woodford Wells. "It's not what I've been accustomed to," said Mr. Preemby. "It's all very different from the way your mother used to manage things. . . . Less orderly. . . . Of course I could keep my clothes locked up in my trunk."

"You'll do all right. They're perfect Dears. *She* loves you tremendously already," said Christina Alberta.

But before she went to sleep that night Christina Alberta experienced compunction. She felt compunction about these arrangements she was making for her Daddy. She doubted whether he would be truly comfortable and happy in that studio in Lonsdale Mews, and able to lead the life of steadfast curiosity he anticipated with so much quiet pleasure—ever humming to himself about it and working his mustache and saying "H'rrmp" when he was not otherwise engaged.

This story, it cannot be too often reiterated, is the story of Mr. Preemby, who became, as we shall tell in due course, Sargon, King of Kings. But Christina Alberta has got herself hatched into this story very much like a young cuckoo in a wagtail's nest and it is impossible to ignore her. She was virtually in control of him, and she had the egotism of her sex and age.

She had also a pitiless conscience. It was almost the only thing she could not manage in her life. It managed her. It was a large, crystalline conscience with no foundations and no relationships; it just floated by itself in her being; it was her gravitational center and the rest of her could not get away from it.

When Christina Alberta went up for examination and judgment before Christina Alberta there was no nonsense in the proceeding: a fearful frankness. It was cards on the table, everything in evidence, no etiquette, not a stitch on, X-rays if necessary. These examinations were all the more terrible because they were done in what was practically an empty room, without screens, curtains, standards or general beliefs of any sort. It is appalling to think of the drapery and function that was absent from Christina Alberta's court of conscience. In the first place, Christina Alberta was completely and explicitly irreligious. In the next she was theoretically antisocial and amoral. She did not believe in respectability, Christian morality, the institution of the family, the capitalist system, or the British Empire. She would say so with extreme plainness and considerable detail except when her parent was about. Prevalent winds of sentiment did not stir her. She did not find the Prince of Wales ravishing nor "Punch" funny. She thought modern dancing tiresome, though she did it very well, and Wimbledon tennis and tennis talk an intolerable bore. She favored Bolshevism because everybody she disliked abused it and she hoped for a world-wide social revolution of an entirely destructive and cleansing type. What was to follow this revolution Christina Alberta, with the happy confidence of youth, did not seem to mind.

IT IS not for us to speculate here why a young woman born and bred between Woodford Wells and central London in the opening years of the twentieth century should confront the world with a mind so entirely swept and void of positive and restraining convictions; we put the fact on record. And if she had been sustained by all the beliefs in Christendom and a sure and certain respect for every detail of the social code, whatever that code may be, she could not have confronted the world with a more cheerful confidence, nor with a stronger persuasion that Christina Alberta had to behave, in some undefined fashion, well. Christina Alberta had to be Christina Alberta, clear and sound, or the court of conscience made things plain and hard for her.

"Christina Alberta," the court would say, "you are the dirtiest, filthiest little thing that ever streaked the dust of life. How do you propose to get clean again?"

Or, "Christina Alberta, you have been lying again. You'll lie to *me* next. First it was laziness made you lie, and now it is cowardice. What are you going to make of yourself?"

There came a time when the court had to address Christina Alberta in this fashion: "Your nose, Christina Alberta, is large beyond comparison. It will probably go on growing all your life—as noses often do. Yet you are setting yourself out to charm and fascinate Teddy Winterton. You go to places where you think you will meet him. You fuss and preen yourself like any female idiot. You dream all sorts of things about him, disgraceful things. You are soppy on this young man in spite of the fact that you know he is—no sort of good. You like him to touch you. You sit and look at him foolishly and you gloat. Does he gloat on you? Isn't it time you considered where you are going, Christina Alberta?"

And now the court was in full session, and the charge—the charge for which there was no defense—was that she was going to take her absurd, unprotected Daddy and intrust him and his foolishness and his silly books and his ridiculous treasures and all his dreams and desires, to the insecure and unsympathetic studio of the Crumbs, not because of any vague and general hunger for London, though that was in the background, but because that studio was frequented by the all-too-seductive Teddy, because there she had met him and danced wildly with him and been suddenly and astonishingly kissed by him and kissed him. And then he had beguiled her to learn a dance with him and had got her to come to tea with him at his studio to meet his sister—who hadn't turned up. And there had been other meetings. He was impudent and provocative and evasive. All her being was in a state of high excitement about him. Coldly and exactly now the court unfolded the operations of her mind to her; showed how the thought of Teddy, always present and never admitted, had guided her decision to harbor with the Crumbs. Only now did she come to confession and clear vision. "You have lied to yourself, Christina Alberta," said the court; "and that is the worst sort of lie. What are you going to do about it?"

"I can't let the Crumbs down now. They count upon us."

"You are in a mess, Christina Alberta. You are in a worse mess than we thought you were. *Soppy* you are about Teddy Winterton. Why not call things by their right names? You are in love. Perhaps something frightful has happened to you. Little rabbits run about the hedges and every day is like every other day for them, they waggle their little noses and wiggle their little tails and do what they like with their paws. Until one day there is a ping and the snare snaps on the little furry foot and everything you try to do after that is different. The snare holds your movements and you must just dance round it and squeal if you like, till the man comes along. Is that what has happened to you? And for Teddy? Teddy with that open lying face!"

"No," said Christina Alberta, "I don't love him. I don't love him. I've been silly and soppy and adrift. I am no more worthy to be called Christina Alberta. But it hasn't got me yet, and it shan't get me. I'll pull Daddy out of it and myself out of it: I vow and swear. . . ."

"H'm," said the court.

IT SEEMED to Mr. Preemby that the first evening he spent in his new quarters in Lonsdale Mews was the most eventful evening in his life. Impressions crowded upon each other. Insomnia was not among his habits, but when at last he lay upon his shake-up bed he was kept awake for most of what was left of the night (it was the frayed piece with the bleak dawn in the middle of it) trying to get these same impressions sorted out, impressions about his new surroundings, impressions about Christina Alberta, impressions of new and unprecedented personalities, a marmalade of impressions.

This Railroad is DIFFERENT

RUNNING north from Nome, Alaska, for about eighty miles across Seward Peninsula, is the most remarkable railroad in the world. Its motive power is supplied by dogs.

Of ordinary narrow-gauge construction, it was built between the years 1900 and 1906 to carry supplies to the mines north of Nome. Twenty-pound rails were laid on ties placed across slabs piled on the tundra. Proper ballasting was impossible in most places and knuckle-jointed locomotives were used to overcome the unevenness of the track.

By 1911 the richest and most productive gold deposits on the peninsula had been worked out.

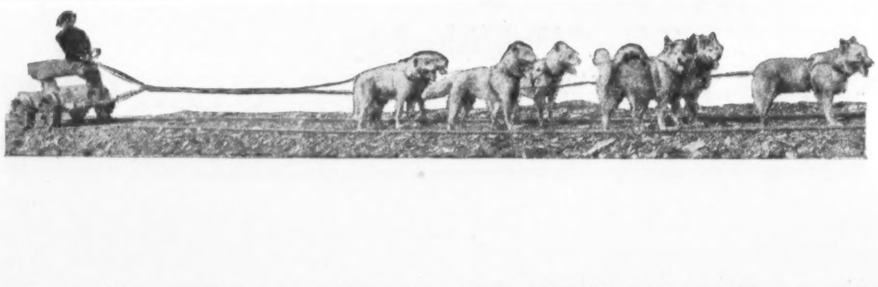
There was not sufficient traffic for the railroad; and service was discontinued. The locomotives and cars were allowed to gather rust on sidings, and for years the track lay neglected in the tundra grass.

But not entirely neglected. Dog drivers built some flange-wheeled cars and to-day the abandoned track is a well-traveled thoroughfare.

The dogs furnish the motive power. With half a dozen dogs, two men can make forty or fifty miles a day with ease. With more dogs, and traveling slower, considerable loads of freight can be transported.

Two years ago the territorial government bought the line and right of way and it is now being put in repair especially for the use of dog teams. Runways are being constructed between the rails to make the footing easier, and the track is being leveled and straightened as much as possible.

In places there are long descents to be made. The dogs are then taken aboard and enjoy the coast downhill quite as much as the passengers. D. M. LE BOURDAIS.



Mr. Preemby and Christina Alberta arrived at the studio according to plan about half past three, but the Picton van which had started that morning with Mr. Preemby's bags and trunks and the crates of books and curiosities and the late Mrs. Preemby's roomy wardrobe, which had, after all, been rescued from the clutches of Sam Widgery, did not arrive until it was nearly six. Unfortunately, the furniture dealer in Brompton Road, from whom Mr. Preemby had purchased a specimen cabinet and a long low walnut bookcase, had delivered these articles the day before, and all the animosity of the modern artist toward self-assertive wood had been aroused in Harold. He and Fay, and a friend or so who had dropped in, had sat up quite late painting these new pieces a deep ultramarine blue, with stars and splashes of gold, like the paper they put around the necks of Ayla, Tsarist and suchlike champagnes. When Mr. Preemby saw their handiwork he could scarcely believe it was the same cabinet and bookcase.

"I suppose one could get it off again," said Mr. Preemby.

"But see how they are assimilated by the room," expostulated Harold.

"I mean if we moved at any time," said Mr. Preemby. "I know it's art and it goes with the things here very nicely, but there's neighborhoods I wouldn't like to move into—not with these things as they are. You don't know what people's imaginations are like."

MATTERS went a little tediously until the arrival of the Picton van. The sofa-bed was arranged and rearranged. The bed things, blankets, sheets, and pillow cases were to be put in a bundle on the top of Mr. Preemby's flat trunk behind the book-wrapper screen. "We shall have to find some other place for the bottled beer," said Harold. "It's too hot in the kitchen and too dangerous in the passage. But I've an idea we might have it in the scullery under the sink, with a cloth over it and water dripping on the cloth. Evaporation. I'll see about it."

Mr. Preemby was surprised by a yawn. "I suppose you'd like to have some tea," said Fay suddenly, and she and Christina Alberta prepared some.

Harold was obviously in a strained and nervous state. He walked about and went upstairs and out, and returned; he smoked endless cigarettes and pressed endless cigarettes upon Mr. Preemby; he made recondite remarks in a strained voice. "All this is like something out of Dostoievsky," he said to Mr. Preemby. "In a different scheme of coloring of course. Different but the same. Don't you think so, Mr. Preemby?"

Mr. Preemby nodded his head in a sympathetic, humorous, not too explicit manner. "H'rrmp," he said. "It *is* a bit like that."

"Things will work themselves out," said Harold. "Things will work themselves out. You know that poem of Ruby Parham's." He cleared his throat. "It is called 'Waiting,'" he said. "It goes like this":

His eyes became fixed and glazed; his voice gathered volume, so that the words seemed more than life-sized.

"After every minute
Comes another minute
And then, rest assured,
Another.
Like drops from a ledge in the rain.
You may not want to go on;
But *they* will,
Oh! endlessly
Taking your life away, death, not final and complete,
But death in the midst of life,
A piece of death.
Death by attrition.
Drip on, Old Death-in-Life!
Slow, dull, implacable, unendurable!
Drip on."

"That 'Drip on' is great. But perhaps you don't like modern poetry?"

"I don't *mind* it," said Mr. Preemby genially.

"Of course nothing of a really destructive nature *can* have happened to that van," said Mr. Crumb in a pessimistic tone.

When Picton's van arrived and the roomy wardrobe began its destructive march through the passage, Mr. Crumb called suddenly upon his maker in a loud, distressful voice and vanished for the better part of an hour.

Christina Alberta was torn between a sympathetic understanding of Harold's state of mind and the fear that her Daddy might perceive the unfavorable reaction he produced in Harold and be hurt by it. She and Fay became brightly helpful with the unpacking. "If I might have one of those blue pinafores of Mr. Crumb's to put on," said Mr. Preemby, "I'd be glad. These black things of mine show every mark."

Mr. Crumb's overall reached far below Mr. Preemby's knees and somehow justified his calling it a pinafore. It brought out something endearingly infantile in his appearance that appealed to the maternal instinct lurking in Mrs. Crumb. She struggled with a persuasion that he was really a little boy of nine who had been naughty and grown a big mustache, and that she had to take care of him and restrain him and generally tell him not to. The books were put in the bookshelves, as Mr. Preemby said, "just anyhow;" they could be sorted up later, but the curiosities and specimens took longer and had to be "put out" more or less in the cabinet. There were not only real curiosities and specimens, but many little things that Mr. Preemby had accumulated because they looked like curiosities and specimens. There was, for instance, a piece of one of the laundry delivery-van mudguards so bent by a collision as to resemble a human torso in the most striking fashion; there was the almost complete skull of an unknown mammal, probably a fallow deer, picked up in Epping Forest; there was a potato, now rather shriveled, in which it was possible to detect thirty-seven distinct human faces and—specimen of an entirely different quality—a large flint in which there were no less than fifty-five. Ages ago some primordial Preemby had discovered and loved that very same flint and had brought out the likenesses by chipping an eye here or a nostril there; but Mr. Preemby did not suspect the help of that remote and perhaps ancestral hand. Even in waking life Mr. Preemby saw faces in everything. What he would have been like with a high temperature it is impossible to imagine.

Christina Alberta's anxiety about her father's reception by the Crumbs diminished as she saw his virtual conquest of Fay. Fay treated him firmly but indulgently, and they lost a good deal of time while she tried to see all the fifty-five faces of the wonderful flint. They had to start and start again, but always they lost count about "Twen-tee" or "Twen-tee-one." The question would arise whether they were counting one of the faces over again.

HAROLD returned in a moody state and could be heard, all too distinctly, kicking Mr. Preemby's packing cases in the hall, but Fay went out to him with a lofty sleep-walking expression in her pale eyes and the concussions ceased, and presently Harold came downstairs again looking almost handsome in nankeen trousers, a blue jacket with big silver buttons, and a voluminous black tie, and was quite nice to Mr. Preemby.

"You won't mind my touching that wardrobe of yours up a bit?" he said. "It damps us off as it is. Kind of reproaches us. One of us has to be altered, you see, it or me, and either I paint it or else I get a silk hat with a deep mourning band and a gold-handled umbrella. Which would cost no end of money. Whereas I *have* the paint."

"If you can get the paint off again," said Mr. Preemby. "You see, if I was to move—*back*. . . . It's all right to have all this paint in a Mew. But out of a Mew. . . ."

"Exactly," said Harold. "My idea is to make a little pink house of it, with windows and so on. Something very simple. Rather like the scenery of a Russian sketch. Chauve Souris sort of stuff. Conventional to the *nth*. And we might put up placards at the corner of it according to what is going on. Make a bit of an institution of it."

"So long as it makes things agreeable," said Mr. Preemby.

He found his hair being ruffled affectionately. "Dear little Daddy!" said Christina Alberta.

(*To be continued next week*)

Even the north wind can't blow it out

THERE is an old reliable joke about blowing out lights, but you never hear of any one blowing out an electric light. Even the north wind doesn't make much of a success at that.

Through wind and rain your electric light still burns bright. In stormy weather or fair weather the Light and Power Company sees to that.

As a matter of fact it is the darkness of storm that brings a sudden increase in the use of light. Everybody is snapping on switches, and the electric company must respond instantly.

Men and machines ready at your call.

Linemen up the poles in nasty weather.

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Published in the interest of Electrical Development by an Institution that will be helped by whatever helps the Industry.

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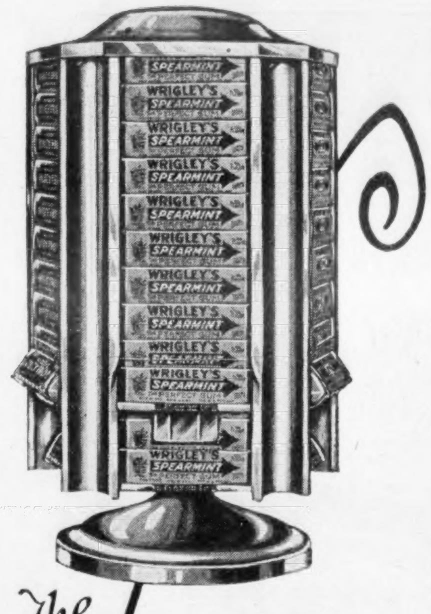


The Wrigley Vendor

This Wrigley vending machine will be found at drug, confectionery and many grocery stores ~ in fact most everywhere that confections are sold.

It is a Salesman of Cheer - of Refreshment - of long-lasting Enjoyment ~

It is a monitor that stands for Big Value for little Money.

It is designed to keep always handy for your "ready reference" the Wrigley package of benefit and pleasure ~ ~

WRIGLEY'S
JUICY FRUIT
CHEWING GUM
THE FLAVOR LASTS

F40

WRIGLEY'S

SEALED TIGHT KEPT RIGHT

"after every meal"

The Flavor Lasts!

She Knew George Washington

Continued from page 10

Grandmother, he did, and about sunset a carriage arrived, and Miss Elizabeth and myself were taken in it to Mount Vernon. It is such a beautiful house, and everything in it is also beautiful. And just think, Monsieur de Washington met us himself, and took us to Madame de Washington.

Miss Elizabeth could hardly walk from fright. But I looked at everything, and I saw that Monsieur le Général was dressed quite plainly in a brown coat, but his cravat was very handsome, and he looked more like a soldier than when he was on horseback. Madame de Washington was also beautifully dressed, in a black silk, quite heavy, and the kerchief on her breast was also of lace, and her cap suited her to perfection. The General said that if he had known a little French girl, and the daughter of a Frenchman who had fought with Monsieur de Lafayette, had been all this time living so near to him, he would have had us come to see him before. And he said that now he thought he just remembered Monsieur mon Père, and told me to write home and say so, and he asked whether we were in good circumstances. I said I did not know, because although our father sent us money, my Maman feared that we had lost the property which we had in Picardy. And then Monsieur le Général replied that I must tell Monsieur mon Père that if ever he was in need of anything to write to him, and he would see what he could do for him.

This does not look as if he were angry with Frenchmen. But then he is so good, and he looks so good, and Madame de Washington, she made us sit close to the bergère in which she was sitting herself, and she said that we must have some refreshments, and she gave orders to bring us nice cakes, and some kind of bonbons I had never eaten before, and preserved cherries, and confitures, which, however, were not as good as those which my Maman makes. And before we were allowed to go home Monsieur le Général told us that there would soon be a wedding in Mount Vernon, when his nephew, Monsieur Lewis, would marry Mademoiselle Custis, and that we must come and see the bride in her finery. And Madame de Washington said that this was a very good idea, and that she would send again her carriage to fetch us, and that we could spend the night in a room next to hers, when she would take care of us. And she kissed me and Miss Elizabeth, before sending us home, when Monsieur le Général told me that he thought he could kiss me also, as I was the daughter of one of his old comrades.

When we got home, we could talk of nothing else, and of the wedding which we were to see, and Revered Grandmother, I think that you will be glad to know that at last I was able to see Monsieur de Washington, and to write to you all about him. . . .

I almost forgot to say that before we left the salon at Mount Vernon I made another curtsy to Madame de Washington, and this time Miss Elizabeth did not forget to drop one also, so that everything passed off quite well.

I humbly commend myself to you, Revered Grandmother, and remain

Your humble and obedient granddaughter,
ADÉLAIDE-ROSALIE.

12 January, 1799.

Revered Grandmother,

I don't know yet when this letter will go to you, but I must write to you at once all about the wedding of Monsieur de Washington's nephew with Mademoiselle Custis, which took place yesterday at Mount Vernon. Madame de Washington had not forgotten her promise to send her coach to fetch us with Miss Elizabeth, and she had a nice room assigned to us, where we could sleep quite comfortably as well as dress before a large mirror.

The next day, which was yesterday, was a great day, because it was not only the wedding day of Mademoiselle Custis, who is, I think at least, a relative of Madame de Washington, but also the birthday of Monsieur le Général. And you should have seen all the congratutions which he received!

He seemed quite pleased to think that his nephew was going to be married on his birthday. And he kissed the bride so affectionately, and there were tears in his eyes as he did so. She was beautiful, and beautifully dressed in white and silver brocade, with large *paniers*, rather larger than I have seen for a long time. But her eyes also were filled with tears. And Madame de Washington was crying quite loud. She looked quite magnificent, almost more so than the bride, in a soft dove-gray brocaded silk, with pink bows, or at least they looked pink to me, but perhaps they were mauve, I really had no time to look because all my attention was given to the bride, and to the bridegroom, who seemed so happy as he looked at her.

There was a beautiful sermon preached by the curé who married the pair, and he said that they ought to feel very proud to have been married from the house of Monsieur de Washington, whose example they ought always to follow. But it seemed to me that Monsieur le Général was not pleased to hear himself praised.

After the wedding ceremony was over, there was a great meal, and the health of the young pair was drunk, and then the bride threw herself in the arms of Monsieur le Général, and afterwards in those of Madame de Washington. One can see at once that she looks upon them as if they were her father and mother.

There was a large variety of cakes, and all kinds of nice bonbons and confitures and the feast was very well planned, and the house looked beautiful, decorated with bunches of evergreens, and there were big plants in the corners, and garlands around the pictures and mirrors. All this had been arranged by Madame de Washington herself. She must be a wonderful woman, and Monsieur le Général is a wonderful man. It is not surprising that everybody loves them both so well.

I am so tired that I cannot write any more, so, Revered Grandmother, let me commend myself to your kindness and indulgence and remain

Your always dutiful and humble granddaughter, ADÉLAIDE-ROSALIE.

23 February, 1799.

Revered Grandmother,

I want to relate to you to-day a thing which no doubt will interest you very much. Last Tuesday as we were walking with Mistress Nance we met Monsieur de Washington out riding as usual, and can you believe it but he recognized us at once, and stopped his horse to call us to him. Of course I dropped my best curtsy, and he smiled, and said that I was a very polite little girl, to which I replied that my Maman had taught me one must always be civil, especially to one's elders.

This made him smile again, and he asked where was my Maman and I replied that she was still with some friends in Philadelphia, and that I was staying with Mistress Nance who was so kind to me, but that I had written my Maman all about his kindness to me, and how I had been present at the wedding of Monsieur le Général's nephew. He then asked me whether I had enjoyed my stay in Mount Vernon, and I replied that it had been wonderful, and that I should never forget it nor how lovely and happy the bride looked.

"And did you think I looked happy?" inquired Monsieur le Général.

"Yes," I replied, "and I think Monsieur le Général is always happy when others are."

"Oh, what a clever little girl you are," he then said, and stooping down from his saddle, he patted me on the head, then said I must write to my Maman, and tell her that if she came to join me, he hoped she would come also to Mount Vernon, and see him and Mistress Washington, that is how he called her.

And, Revered Grandmother, I was so happy, and Mistress Nance said that I ought to be quite proud, to have been told such nice things by such a great man as Monsieur de Washington, and so I thought I would write you at once all about it, for fear I might forget some part of it.

Your humble and dutiful granddaughter,
ADÉLAIDE-ROSALIE.

5 March, 1799.

Revered Grandmother,

It is not so long ago that I wrote to you describing the wedding of Monsieur de Washington's nephew, and alas, alas! I never thought that I would have so soon after that happy day, to tell you about the death of this good and great man. He passed away on the 14th of December, after an illness of one day and a half. We have all of us been crying ever since, and at the funeral there was not one dry eye among the thousands of people who had gathered together to render him the last honors.

There were soldiers, but everything otherwise was quite simple, only we all felt as if we had lost a father. Mistress Nance, Miss Elizabeth, and myself, we have been weeping continually, and it seems impossible he could have left us.

Revered Grandmother, I commend myself to your kindness, and remain

Your dutiful and humble granddaughter,
ADÉLAIDE-ROSALIE.

27 December, 1799.

The Devil's Third Horn

Continued from page 34

band, Kenneth Tobin is—my *new* husband. I—I'm *married* to him, d'you see?" She sat down, weakened by the strength of her own feeling.

"Married?" Nina repeated vaguely. "Aye, *I* was married once, I know how that goes. You make no sugar out of marriage. Comes to ugliness like me—ugliness like him"—she tapped the false face. "Prettier crooked or straight?" she asked, fitting a nose to the mask like a feather to a hat. "And what shall we call him, huh? Diego, Petro—*Petro* is a dear little name, eh?"

Angie tried again: "You were right. Our fate lines do cross."

"Cross?"

"It's not reasonable. You *must* have heard something! If you heard only another voice outside your window—not Kenneth's voice—if you'd swear to that!"

"Eh?" Nina rose. She rambled about the room and spoke in irrelevant riddles. "Laws! . . . Like the spider's web, they catch the fly and let the hawk go free. . . . Ha, ha. You see my *baulomui*—my pig face?"—and she blew the dust from a mask. "Pig face, frog face, snake face. . . . Men—all men! At twenty he is a peacock, at thirty a lion, at forty a frog, at fifty an ass. Dead, he is a devil," she chuckled; and she stopped to stroke, like a kitten's fur, the lurid mask with its three horns which was repeated most frequently among her masterpieces.

Brewing ugly faces, wooing them—caricaturing a world she hated. Angie wondered what tumble in old Nina Zell's past had given her this peculiar crack.

But suddenly Nina returned to her: "You think 'cos you are young and pretty— Humph! Once *I* was young and pretty. You don't believe? No?"

She caught up the brush that was still dripping scarlet paint, daubed her own lips and cheeks; she caught up an old black shawl, wound it about her. She drew up her body, flung back her head, and with just a movement of her arms she was dancing—her whole body was dancing! It was a moment only, but Angie felt the enchantment of an old beauty, an old power.

Kenneth! She touched Nina: "You'll tell them—?"

"Tell them? *Tell* them! Why should I tell them? Bah! Talk, gossip! Talk, I tell you, killed me as dead as that devil's face there when I was bare twenty-four. Talk?" In a sudden passion she tore off the red cardboard horn, the middle one, and skewed it under her heel. "I talk nothin', never. You see me—I am silent, with never a word." She crossed her arms, fixed her brilliant eyes upon Angie, defied her with her silence and a grin.

Angie went home. She wondered, passively, hopelessly, what old mystery in the other's life was touching her own life, bringing her tragedy.

ANGIE leaned across to Kenneth's attorney on the following morning: "*She* knows!" But nothing could be got from old Nina.

"Aye, I heard the shot. I've got ears on me head.

"Aye, it might a ben ten o'clock.

"Heard nothin' else, saw nothin' else. . . . Ol' *diddecoy*, a stranger to me, I tell ye."

For the rest she took it upon herself to instruct the court in her favorite philosophy—that the devil's third horn was gossip; she cackled; she wandered. and had to be jerked up short.

Nina was followed by more witnesses against the accused. To Angie it seemed as though the whole town had turned out to testify against Kenneth. She no longer listened. She merely sat and looked at Kenneth. Ten, twenty years, with luck. . . . When he came out she would be forty—*forty!*

But now, at the end of hope, came a curious interruption—an objection from the defense and a ruling by the court. The state had not yet shown that the man mentioned in the indictment had been killed. A certain Petro Stillo was set down. Was there one present who could say, of his or her certain knowledge, that the dead man was this Stillo and none other?

There was no one.

Was there anyone within the call of a subpœna who could testify?

The gypsies! Where were the gypsies?

Angie, even before the significance of this incredible luck had penetrated, watched old Nina in fear, but Nina maintained her traditional silence.

Almost before Angie realized what had happened the trial was off, and Kenneth—why, Kenneth had come home to her! The case was postponed until the *corpus delicti* could be established, and there began a frantic search for the gypsies. Meantime Angie and Kenneth shut their doors upon the heavy shadow of suspicion and abandoned themselves to the play of housekeeping and the reality of love-making.

But September flamed into October, and still nothing happened. The gypsies who had identified Petro Stillo could not be found. Nina Zell, if she held the evidence which could send Kenneth back to the courtroom, kept it locked in herself. Angie's fate still hung on Nina, she felt, but in the old woman's silence she had begun to trust. It was only the gypsies whom she feared now, and she scanned every stranger for the gypsy eye.

Angie was almost glad when Kenneth had to tear himself away from her for another trip, for, clear of West Paradise, she felt that he was temporarily safe. It was during his absence, on an afternoon when she had taken her sewing through the gap in the fence to the big porch at the invitation of Mrs. Tobin, for whom Angie now felt deeply sorry, that they were approached by Mrs. Henty with the news.

"Amy," she panted, "I—I don't know how you're going to forgive us. We've made an awful mistake. Nina Zell's been found dead, and they've discovered— You'd better come on over, both of you—it concerns you two."

Angie avoided the back room, where old Nina's body awaited the coroner. But there had been dragged out into the shop, and flung open, amid the clutter of false faces, an old black chest. The chest contained a very old, exquisite Spanish shawl, black, embroidered with birds of paradise, pomegranates, and passion flowers in such jewel colorings as Angie had never imagined possible to mere silk. It contained too a photograph of a young and striking girl with the eyes of Nina Zell—a dancer wearing the shawl, and earrings of double crescents. So they were earrings. They *did* come in pairs! There was also a modern firearm—a .45 caliber automatic army pistol—and a note, half in English, half in some foreign tongue, which seemed to be threatening in its tone and which bore the signature of "P. Stillo." The evidence that it was Nina Zell herself who had shot Stillo seemed fairly complete.

The rest of it was a mystery. Angie, kneeling before the shawl, heard again the click of the castanets, saw the flash of that young Nina's eye. Old Madrid days, perhaps, when she had been a wild, lovely dancing girl, the toast of young Spaniards . . . had married a dark and jealous young gypsy, like herself . . . had come to grief through the tongues of old hags, and had learned to hate all men? Where did Stillo come in? Had he tried to rob Nina? But Angie would never know. Whatever her life had been, Nina had learned the lesson of silence so thoroughly that she had taken her silence to the grave with her. She was an unsolved mystery, and as such the terror and the fascination of her would remain with Angie always.

THE evidence was almost complete. It became absolutely complete on an evening of the following week. Angie was out of sugar. She dug through the cupboard and brought up an old cracked sugar bowl which she had packed into a market basket, along with other crockery, and carried home with her when she had closed up the restaurant. Angie laughed in triumph to find the sugar bowl half full. No, she had no time to be kissing Kenneth! He wanted his supper, didn't he, and his tea with sugar —such an, awful, disgraceful lot of sugar? And they'd have to hurry, wouldn't they, if they were going to be on time for Miss Nellie Dibble's radio party, to which they had been urgently and specially invited? But Angie succumbed to the kiss, and the sugar bowl, squeezed between them, came to grief. It broke, and the sugar spilled onto the floor, and something dropped with it.

"Well, I'll be damned!" said Kenneth.

There at their feet lay the missing earring.

The Croix de Guerre

Continued from page 32

that way, we ought to cover most of the area we missed before."

"On its way," came from Jim, and the shells were going over again. And in the town came a tremendous flash, followed by a roar. Then more flashes, while a solid column of black smoke went rolling up to the sky.

"We've got the dump!" yelled Henry.

I reported into the telephone, "Ammunition dump destroyed." Then I added, "Ask the captain if there is any more adjusting."

"Nothing more to-day," came the reply. "Good work. Come in when you can make it."

We looked at the looey, and there he was, still huddled in the bottom of the hole, and moaning.

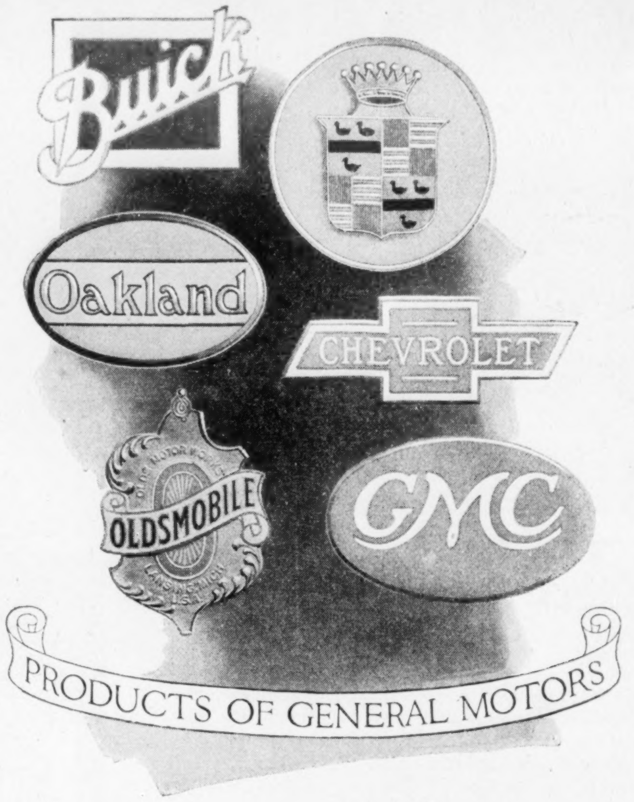
"If you're hurt that bad," I said, "we'd better go right back now."

Then Henry said to the looey, "If anybody should ask you about it, you can tell 'em that you were the guy that adjusted the fire and got the ammunition dump. You are the lieutenant, and you were supposed to do it. And if they find out you didn't, you'll get hell."

"Come on," I said, "Let's make a rush for it. It's only about a hundred feet to the crest, and once we get behind that, we'll be safe."

We pulled the looey up, and we

FACTS ABOUT A FAMOUS FAMILY



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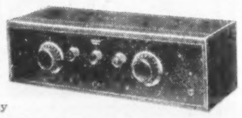

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pushed him along, and we all ran as fast as we could over the top of the ridge and down into the woods on the other side. And just as we got into the woods, we heard the crash of whizz-bangs hitting behind us.

We just kept on running. We was fairly safe now, but we'd had about all the whizz-bangs we could stand. So we ran and ran; and the more we ran the scareder we got; and the scareder we got the faster we ran, until finally we got all out of breath, and we slowed down and looked around.

We had reached the town of Dannevaux. Right in front of us was an ambulance picking up wounded, so we asked the driver, and he said he had room for just one more. As the looey seemed to be hurt the worst, we shoved him in.

Me and Henry walked on through the town.

"I feel kind of sorry for that poor feller," said Henry. "I guess he had never been to the front before yesterday, and he was just naturally scared to death."

"Just the same," I said, "he didn't have to bawl us out the way he did."

"Well," said Henry, "that didn't hurt you any, and I guess the reason he did it was because he was so scared he just had to do something to make himself feel big and important."

"Well," I said, "we got the dump."

"Yes," said Henry.

"And I'll tell you, Henry, old horse, the way you handled the fire of the battery was great stuff. If that lieutenant ever gets his brains back, he ought to recommend you for one of the medals we was talking about yesterday. If I was one of these birds going around with a basketful of medals, I'd give you two or three."

"Aw, shut up," said Henry, so I shut up.

ABOUT this time we came out on the other side of the town of Dannevaux, and right there Henry pulled the boner that I was afraid was going to land him in serious trouble.

As we came out from this little town of Dannevaux, we seen some sort of a French officer standing beside the road, with field glasses in his hands, looking up the valley. He had medals pinned all over his chest, and I remember thinking that he was probably a very big bug in the Frog army.

As we went walking down the road, we had to pass him; and just as we got opposite there came a big German shell screeching along overhead. It was away high up, and anybody that knew anything about shells would have known that it wasn't going to hit anywheres near. And of course, at any other time, Henry would have known, but just then Henry wasn't really himself. He was nervous and jumpy.

So when he heard that shell he gave a scared look around and made a dive for the ditch just like the crazy lieutenant. But the Frog officer was right between Henry and the ditch; and Henry hit into him smack, bang—knocked him over into the ditch, and fell on top of him. Down they went, kerflop, while the shell went sailing on down the valley and hit far away.

Then Henry got up, and the Frog officer got up. And the Frog officer started waving his hands around like only a Frenchman can, and jabbering away so fast nobody could have understood him even if they had known the French language—which me and Henry didn't. So Henry tried to apologize, and told him he didn't mean to hit him. And I tried to explain that we was all nervous from having a hard day.

So finally this Frog officer made a grab at Henry like he was going to take hold of him and lead him off somewhere. And Henry backed off. But the Frog came after him, so me and Henry both turned around and ran down the road.

We kept on going, and after a couple of minutes, we looked back again, and here came a big American touring car with two stars on it, which meant that it was owned by a major general. The car passed on, and in the back seat was the Frog officer and a couple of American generals. As they went whisking by, we could see him hollering and pointing at us; and then we seen that the chauffeur put on his brakes, and the car stopped. The chauffeur came walking back. He was a sergeant. "What's your name?" he asked Henry.

Now ordinarily Henry would have had sense enough to give a wrong name, so as not to get himself in trouble. But this time he was so weak and tired and nervous that he just told his right name, and what outfit he belonged to. The sergeant went back to the car, and it drove away.

We walked on down the road, and we dragged along very, very slow. We was tired and nervous and hungry, and after we finally got back to the outfit we went over to the battalion dressing station, and they took off the bandage and looked at Henry's hand. It was torn up a little worse than we had thought, and when they began to dress it poor old Henry just keeled over and fainted away. So the doctor said he better go back to one of the field hospitals. They gave him a shot of anti-lockjaw dope and loaded him into an ambulance, and away he went.

HE WAS gone a couple of weeks, and then he came back all rested up, and full of food, and looking fine. And the day he got back there came a message from the colonel that we was to report in his dugout. We was scared to death.

We went in and we saluted and stood at attention. The colonel looked straight at Henry.

"I have here," he said, "a report of misconduct on your part, for which charges have been preferred against you."

"It was an accident," said Henry. "I didn't mean to knock him into the ditch, and I tried to tell him, but he couldn't understand."

But the colonel paid no attention.

"The charges," he said, "are preferred by Lieutenant Ascott, who is now in the hospital suffering from shell shock and a wound in the hand. You are charged with insubordination in that you refused to take cover when ordered, that you used insulting language to an officer, and that you showed gross negligence in upsetting a fire control instrument and making a disturbance that drew the fire of the enemy."

The colonel looked up. "Have you anything to say?" he asked.

"No, sir," said Henry.

The colonel turned to me. "I called you over also," he said, "because this report states you are to be reprimanded for your part in this affair. No charges have been preferred against you, as your case is not as flagrant." He looked us over, and we looked back at him, and finally he said:

"If I thought more of Lieutenant Ascott, I might think more of these charges. In any case, I have decided to drop them. And I am letting you off partly on account of an order which I have just received from the French Army. It is a citation—written in French—and it states that on October 3d General Girardeau of the French Army, temporarily attached to this division, was visiting the front lines with the division commander. The enemy suddenly opened fire, and as a large-caliber shell came over, it is reported that you"—he looked up at Henry—"threw yourself upon the general, hurled him into the ditch at the side of the road, and by placing your body on top of him protected him from flying fragments, thus in all probability saving his life. This citation carries with it the French Croix de Guerre."

He picked up something from the table, and while Henry stood at attention he pinned it on his blouse.

"No time for any ceremony to-day," said the colonel. "You are dismissed." So we saluted and started back for the battery.

"Don't tell anybody about this," said Henry as he took off his decoration and put it in his pocket.

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Well," said Henry, "if I wear it, anybody that knows how I got it will think I'm a fool. And if I give it back the colonel will get sore. So I guess I'll just have to keep it out of sight, and save it. Some day it'll make a good souvenir for my grandchildren."

There's No Such Word as Quit

Continued from page 13

befuddled, uncertain, wondering what was going to happen, none too confident of stepping again into the range of that big right fist. There was no sign of discouragement or doubt on Dempsey's part as he came across the ring to hunt his opponent down. The habit of concentration had been too well fixed to be broken up in a minute or two.

To a certain extent different temperaments are needed for different games. In football and boxing much depends upon one's ability to put on extra pressure at the big moment. In golf the best asset is a cool, serene mind.

When he first began tournament golf and for several seasons afterwards, Bobby Jones had a far better temperament for football or tennis than he had for golf. He was high-strung, keen, driven on by nervous energy. He had the temperament that sends a halfback crushing through a line or that sends an end scampering down the field to drive the punt catcher into the ground. But when it came to a hard golf match this same temperament frequently had Jones hurrying his swing, increasing the pace of the club and thereby breaking up his fine rhythm through over-eagerness. At Hoylake in one match he was frequently sixty yards ahead of his opponent, almost running to get up to the ball for the next stroke.

It was not until the last two or three years that Jones was able to crowd back this over-eagerness and suppress his burning desire to go to it. He is still one of the fastest of all golfers, but the hurry is no longer on the mental side.

Once in a while a star competitor comes along who gets keyed up to a high pitch and temporarily runs amuck. Yet he won't be as consistently good as the competitor who can keep his mental balance, who has a grip upon himself.

Two of the greatest in golf, from the viewpoint of competition, are Jerry Travers and Walter Hagen. Travers had a serious flaw in his wooden club play. There were long stretches when he couldn't use the wood at all. Weighing only 140 pounds, he had small hands and small wrists and was in no sense a long-range hitter. Yet such was his concentration and determination that he won five national championships within a period of nine years. At one time or another Hagen has won almost every championship which the world of golf knows. Nothing discouraged either of them.

In one championship Hagen was six strokes back of a certain star at the halfway mark. "What's your chance, Walter?" someone asked. "I'm all right," he said. "If Bill can pick up six strokes on me in the first 36 holes, why can't I pick up six on him in the second?" He picked up *seven* strokes.

There are certain types who always revel in a hard battle. They may not be any keener for victory than others. They may have no greater courage. They are merely at their best when the going gets rougher. George Owen of Harvard is a striking example.

Owen, unlike Ty Cobb, had no vast desire to win every start. In the earlier games he was as likely as not to take life easy and leave the score to fate. But when it came to the Yale battle Owen was another player. He was not the Berserker type aroused by fury into flame. On the night before each Yale game he slept as soundly as a child. He never worked himself into any frenzy. He was a quiet, pink-cheeked, soft-mannered athlete who on the day of the big game suddenly decided to play a lot of football. He reveled in the prospect of a hard, close battle. On offense and defense he was all over the field, alert, keen-eyed, ready for the first chance. He had no goat for anyone to get. He was too busy playing football to hear any side remarks.

He figured in eleven consecutive victories against Yale at football, baseball and hockey before he ran into his first defeat. And in each of these victories he was a leading star. In his last Yale football game a scrambled punt flopped around midfield. We have never seen a football scooped up as quickly as this one was.

It was this same quality of mental alertness which helped to build up the fame of Notre Dame's great backfield. The men composing that backfield were not only fleet-footed but they were also a hard, determined set of runners who knew what they were doing at every step. If one passage was blocked they had the rare faculty of switching their attack at a half second's notice to another sector. They could cut in and out at greater speed than any set of backs we ever saw because their brains were working as swiftly as their feet.

Two of the greatest competitors now in sport are Charley Paddock and Helen Wills. Both have an unlimited amount of determination. No one has a greater amount of coolness and poise than Helen Wills.

It was only the soul of the great competitor that carried Bucky Harris and Washington to a world series championship. In the face of trouble, hard luck and misfortune, Walter Johnson's two defeats, Peckinpaugh's injury and the rest of it, Harris never wavered for a moment in his unbroken determination to drive on through with what he had and leave the issue to fate. If he was discouraged he never gave a sign. He had ten thousand things to bother him, yet he threw his entire concentration on each game, playing brilliantly through all.

The true competitive soul is never fazed by hard luck. For it finds too great a thrill in facing a handicap and playing the game out to the end. No entry who curls up under heavy odds has the competitive spirit that carries one through, either to victory or a great performance.

"Main 300—Please"

Continued from page 28

with his ear glued to the instrument before he finally grasped the situation—as the parent later explained—when his face suddenly lighted up and he smiled the perfect smile of childish understanding.

According to Dreher, "wagers on every subject under the sun are settled hourly. Baseball questions, card games, prize fights, and the record of the fighters; football data, election results, temperatures of the moment and of the past; distances between points all over the world, speed records and records in all branches of athletics and sports. Then the spelling-bee! It seems a shame 'to give them away,' but many who ask Main 300 to 'spell this word for me, please' are stenographers."

Then, there are the really serious questions.

"Scores of times," said Colonel Blethen, "frightened people have called up for instructions in first aid to persons who have taken poison or who have been rescued unconscious from the water. And—this is to me the biggest thing Main 300 has ever done—there are in Seattle eleven little children who have been provided with foster parents by 'The Times' Information Bureau. Divide all our work and our expense by this magic number and the result is all we want of success at Main 300!"

Yes, perhaps, to a great-hearted man like the colonel, this is the biggest thing Main 300 has done. But, to the itinerant student of human nature, a much bigger thing is the picture Main 300 offers of a city's heart and soul—the key it furnishes to what a city thinks.

The Supreme Artists *of the* Opera Brought *into* Your Home

The finest vocal and instrumental opera selection by Victor or Brunswick artists are now to be heard by Radio. You can always get your favorite selections in permanent form in Victor or Brunswick records, from your phonograph dealer.

SilverVoice
the True Voice
of the
Master
Musicians
Can be heard
at all good dealers

SITTING in your living room at home before your SilverVoice Radio Loudspeaker, you have but to close your eyes to visualize the very presence of the famous Victor or Brunswick artists who are generously broadcasting for your pleasure. Clear, pure, vital come the strains through SilverVoice, the loudspeaker de luxe with the natural tone. You are carried away with the exact and perfect reproduction of the timbre of the voice and the quality of the instrument you are listening to. SilverVoice is indeed the masterpiece of loudspeakers.

Manufactured by RADIOTIVE CORP., *Brooklyn, New York*

DISTRIBUTORS—*A Few Jobbing Territories Still Open—Write or Wire*

MR.—"*Gosh, Mary, you are wearing a pretty smile these days. Have you found a new disposition?*"

MRS.—"*No, but I've found a new pair of ears. My deafness has gone since I got my ACOUSTICON.*"

DEAF? A post-card restores the joy of good hearing again

FREE Ten Days' Trial of the
New Radio-Built Hearing Aid

Every sensible deaf person realizes that there are graver penalties of deafness than personal annoyance and embarrassment. The constant strain to hear menaces the sweetest disposition, drains the vitality and sears the face with hard lines of irritability.

Health and beauty both show the effects of poor hearing.

And what folly it is to endure deafness when science has provided such easy and proven relief.

Radio engineers have perfected a powerful little personal hearing aid—worn practically concealed—which immediately restores good hearing, even to the poorest ears.

This device, called the radio-built ACOUSTICON, is based upon the same sound-sending, reproducing and amplifying principles of the radio itself with the deaf person as his own receiving and sending station.

Like the radio, the ACOUSTICON has a transmitter and a receiver. But sensitive to a pin drop. So powerful they pick up any sound the human ear can hear and deliver it clearly, distinctly and resonantly to the impaired auditory nerve.

FREE 10 DAYS' TRIAL

The new radio-built ACOUSTICON is a marvel of lightness, comfort and inconspicuousness. A joy to wear and use. We are so sure it will delight you, regardless of what other device you are now using, that we invite you to try it 10 days without a penny of risk. No red tape to go through. No deposit or payment of any kind. Just send your name, address and free trial request to the DICTOGRAPH PRODUCTS CORPORATION, Dept. 1319, 220 W. 42nd St., New York City.

The *Acousticon*
The Radio-Built Hearing Aid
TRY IT TEN DAYS FREE

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5 Cents
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S.B. COUGH DROPS

Keep your throat comfortable and voice clear

– also Menthol Cough Drops in the orange-colored box

5¢

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Malted Milk

Safe Milk

For Infants, Children, Invalids, Nursing Mothers

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Court Reporting Pays Big Earnings 200% higher than ordinary stenography. Also Shorthand, Typewriting, Bookkeeping, Secretarial Courses taught by our improved home-study method, makes you expert in short time. Few minutes' study daily in spare time enables many to double salary. Enormous demand for graduates. Free employment service. **Money Back Guaranty.** Don't start any business course until you get our free scholarship plan. Send for book today.

NATIONAL BUSINESS INSTITUTE, Dept. 116, 3902 Sheridan Rd., Chicago

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You know this price is sensational for an all-wool suit or topcoat in these times. How would you like to be the selling agent for such a line of clothes and make the big money that is to be made introducing these clothes in your town? This is an unusual opportunity for the right man. If you think you are that man write at once to Dept. 300.

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Earn a big income! Be your own boss! Large, substantial N. Y. firm needs sincere men at once to sell clothing—the finest garments ever offered at $24.75—latest N. Y. styles, splendidly tailored of fine woolens. We help you sell—give you large, handsome kit that makes it easy to get orders. You collect liberal commission when you make the sale. *Big repeat business.* Excellent future as field managers for right men. Start now—write for kit today and be on the job in less than a week. Write immediately.

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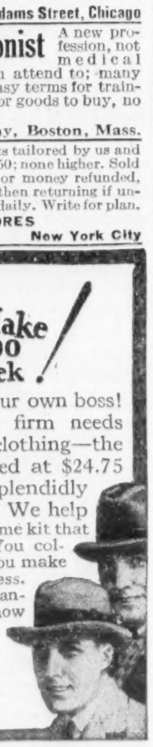


Collier's House

Continued from page 20

this way without a cellar is much warmer, much dryer, much more convenient than a house with a cellar. Central heating systems, which are of course familiar to everyone, are now made which function just as well on a level with the floor to be heated as they do in a basement. You don't have to go downstairs to look at the furnace. When you shake it, ashes do not drift all through the house. You can carry the ashes outdoors without climbing a flight of steps. So the house without a cellar is not only much cheaper to build, more comfortable to live in, but is also more convenient in detail.

After my experience in building, in order to facilitate further operations, I divided the job into eight parts. I have described the first two, building the foundation and putting in the concrete base floor. Any contractor can do it for you without a question. You have only to hand him the plan. On this plan your architect will have marked where the water goes in, where the sewer line runs in a trench in this concrete base, and where the water pipes and heating pipes similarly pass.

The third job in building a Flagg type house is putting up the walls. It is so simple that again any contractor can do it. These walls can be built out of any kind of stone, out of concrete, even out of brick. They cannot be built of wood. You know, of course, the advantages of building such a house as this is, a house that will stand forever, that needs no paint, that will not rot out. It's a satisfaction merely to look at it. In our neighborhood we like field-stone best as a material, but any stone will do, such as Indiana limestone scrap. These walls can be built by ordinary hand masonry without running the cost up, but it is cheaper to build them with forms. That is the way Collier's small house is being built.

The forms enable you to stand the rock up on edge and to fill in with concrete behind. This makes a beautiful wall with large faces showing, a true mosaic. Any kind of standard concrete form will do. Mr. Flagg's patented forms are designed for the use of a contractor who understands them. They cost about $800, and we used the original set with which Collier's first house was built four times. With some repairs they could have been used again, but we had an advantageous sale for them and let them go. For this new house we are using ordinary steel forms which we rented for this job for $120. They work perfectly well. Just as good forms could be made for one house on the job out of two-by-fours and roofing boards as any contractor can do. All of this lumber would then be used in the framing of the roof when the carpenters come on the job. The only expense in these forms then would be the labor, and our figures show that not only can we build a more interesting stone wall with forms, but that we can save money by using them. The unions have required that we employ one mason with a card. The rest of the work is done by hod-carriers.

These walls rise magically. From the time we stepped on the lot at Bryn Mawr Park until the masonry was done was just twenty-five days including Sundays (Saturdays are half holidays), but we were not interrupted by rain.

If you will look at the architect's sketch (Talbot Hamlin, A. I. A., in collaboration with Warren S. Matthews, C. E.) you will see at once that these walls are amazingly low. They average four feet eight inches on the outside. The roof sits on this wall and since it slants upward at a forty-five-degree angle there are six feet of head room at the edge of the room within. The walls of an ordinary stone house of one story are at least eight feet high. Of a two-story house they are sixteen feet high. This means that although the gables of this one-story Flagg type house are only twelve and a half feet high, by ordinary construction they would have to be seventeen feet high. The same kind of increases would occur in a two-story house. In other words, the Flagg idea saves half of the masonry.

There is still more good news. The half of the wall which is left off here is the expensive half, the half which requires scaffolding and the lifting of tons of material way up in the air. In my county where there are many Italian masons, I can buy wall including material for fifty cents a cubic foot for the first five feet above ground. The next five feet costs seventy-five cents a cubic foot. A third five feet costs a dollar a cubic foot.

This is so simple, so completely lacking in mystery that it is hard to believe that none have ever before taken advantage of it in American building. The reason why they have not is because in the first place we have built out of wood which requires a tie at the wall height. Such beams extending across the room form the ceiling of the ordinary house, giving it a bridge construction which holds the whole structure together. When we built out of stone, without imagination, we built the same kind of walls, that is, up to the same height, as we did out of wood. That gave us the flat ceilings we are used to. But stone walls are so strong that they will support the thrust of the roof. You don't need the tie beam. You can build your walls low enough to be economical, high enough to give you head-room at the sides of the room.

"In Every School"

America is telling us that it thinks our children should be taught morals as well as the three R's. J. L. Lovelace, a Texas county school superintendent, says: "I'd like to have a framed copy of the Moral Code in every school." We have hundreds of letters like that. Is there a copy of the Code in your child's school?

The result of building in this way is that your room is two thirds in the roof. That is the characteristic of the inside of a Flagg house of one story. It is characteristic of the second-floor rooms of a two-story house.

If you don't like the idea you will not want a Flagg type house. You must have a house with an attic in it, a house which will cost you at least thirty per cent more—the price of your flat ceiling.

Two problems will immediately come to almost every person's mind when he visualizes rooms such as I have described. Are they expensive to heat? The answer to that problem is simple indeed. There is no greater cubic content in such a room than there is in the ordinary room with an eight or a nine foot ceiling. Ordinary insulation of the room, such as high-class construction everywhere demands, means that heat escapes no faster in such a room than it would if there were an attic.

The other question is whether or not such a room is hot in the summer time the way the ordinary attic always is unbearable. This room would be precisely like the attic if Flagg had not devised a means of keeping it cool which is so thoroughly adequate that his rooms can be kept ten degrees cooler in the summer time than the outside air. That system of automatic ventilation will be described in a later article.

Few of the letters which Collier's received about the first Collier's house criticized it. Now and then a writer seemed to think that the original experiment was an effort to build more cheaply by means of skimping. That of course was a misunderstanding. There was no skimping in Collier's first house nor will there be in Collier's smaller house. Plans for the plumbing call for the most expensive type of bathroom fittings. By consulting the plan of this house, you will see that there are laundry facilities as well as kitchen facilities. The heating is done by hot-water systems because they are the most practical ones when the furnace is on a level with the radiators. The pipes, however, are concealed. The floors are insulated so that they are warm and dry. The windows are casements so that in summer they can be opened wide. The electric lighting system calls for a large number of outlets. The doors are big and heavy. There is a closet in every bedroom with extra closets for other purposes. The hardware is almost exclusively brass. The upkeep on a house of this character should be not more than a third of the upkeep on an ordinary frame house.

All these things are expensive. It is no cheaper to put a bathroom in a Flagg house than in any other, but if you wish to build your house to take advantage of Flagg economies and to build still more cheaply, you can put in a much cheaper bathroom with lower-price fixtures than those which the prospective owner of this house demands. If you wish to have a house which is smaller than this one you can save on the cost of this one almost exactly in proportion. If you cut off a bedroom having one hundred and sixty-five square feet you can save more than $1,100—figuring the cost of this kind of construction at seven dollars a square foot.

Collier's is not building a theoretical house. Or as cheap a house as can be built. This one was designed from plans by Mr. Matthews for the man who owned the plot on which it is being built, for the use of his family.

Had the Collier's house been designed to have additional space in a second story it would have cost proportionately more. Of course every contractor and most architects will immediately question such a statement. They will tell you that it is undeniable that a two-story house is cheaper to build than a one-story house. That is true with ordinary construction, but it is not true of this type. The square footage of usable space according to our experience is just as expensive upstairs as down when your walls are low, when you stick to the fundamentals which have been laid down. Whether or not you build one story or two stories using these methods is entirely a matter of taste and perhaps also of the size of your piece of ground. If there is not room enough to let the house ramble over the ground you must of necessity go up. If you prefer that your sleeping rooms be in a second story, then too you must abandon the very low ground-hugging design of this Collier's house. Even then of course the Flagg type house with two stories is much lower than an ordinary house.

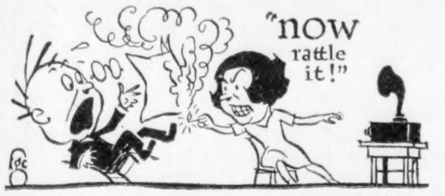
Now that I have been through it and am going through it again, I am more than ever impressed by the fact that we are building with a new simplicity and a new kind of beauty. I am more than ever certain that any contractor can follow the simple directions and meet practically no new problems of construction. Flagg has simplified, not complicated. The rest of the articles, detailing the remaining five jobs to be done, I am sure will bear me out.

Picked Out Of The Air

by Jack Binns

Studio Sheiks, Please Note

A MILLION of the best readers in the country await your contributions to this page. Big station announcers should be able to keep me poor paying for good radio stories, intimate little what-nots about the big-wigs and dumb-bells you try so hard to sell to critical BCL's.


"now rattle it!"

Wanted: Noiseless Paper

MRS. RUSH of Terre Haute, Ind., tells me she is very much annoyed by Mr. Rush's rattling newspaper when she is trying to make DX records. It is so bad she has difficulty in getting the announcement of the station call letters. She would like to have someone invent noiseless paper for her husband. It would be cheaper to send him to the "movies" when the big stuff is on the air.

Did They Broadcast?

MRS. D. P. HALEY of Winthrop, N. Y., sends me this: "One very warm evening last summer Mr. and Mrs. Lyons of Brasher Falls were sitting on their porch listening to the radio of their friend Lloyd Davis across the street. Suddenly they noticed a strong odor. Mr. Lyons and Mr. Davis, armed with guns and flashlights, prepared to do battle with the intruder. They reached the foot of the porch steps, when by their flashlights they discovered, sitting in the driveway, three baby skunks, with heads to one side and ears cocked, apparently enjoying the radio as much as anyone."

Was it a bedtime story which held the attention of the three little kitties?

In the Reds' Land

IN MOSCOW the subjects of the Bolshevik government get their radio en masse. Loud speakers are fixed on the "People's House," so that the people may listen to the programs from the local station in the grounds outside the "People's House."

Right-Handed Hearing

W. F. ARMSTRONG takes issue with me on the statement that most people hear best with their left ears. He declares that the telephone receiver hook is placed on the left side because most persons are right-handed. It is so fixed, he says, to enable them to use their starboard flippers in taking down messages. Of course, W. F., I may have been a little prejudiced in announcing the result of my observations, due to the fact that I am a port-sider by nature and not by choice.

We'd Like to Know Too

MR. AND MRS. C. S. BROWN of Argusville, N. D., were recently awaiting the arrival of a well-known passenger-carrying bird. Charles is a traveling salesman for a radio concern, and near the critical time he was in another town demonstrating a receiver, when out of the loud speaker there came for him an important message. The telephone and telegraph wires were down, so the broadcast station at Fargo obliged. Charles rushed home in time. He says that now whenever he is introduced to anyone they invariably remark:

"Oh! you're the fellow whose wife went to the hospital in Fargo a while ago. I heard it on the radio. How's the wife and baby?"

Let's Be Natural

THERE is a strong bond of friendship between fans and the various station announcers emphasized in the mail which I receive. It is a good thing for radio that there are so many different styles of announcing. It takes from broadcasting any possibility of monotony. In some localities the announcer is as important to the fan as any of the artists on the program. By all means let us develop latent talent in our announcers. Radio may be mysterious, but let's keep our stations humanized.

Some Cars Are

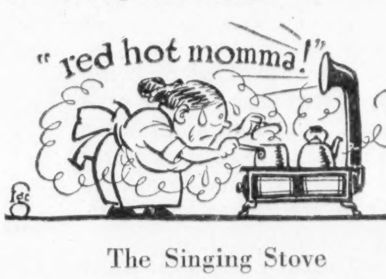
HERE is an important tip from Dallas M. Blatt of Camden, N. J. He writes me that a neighbor invited a number of friends to witness the DX ability of his set. They arrived, but the neighbor had overlooked the little duty of seeing that his storage battery was charged. Then someone had a bright idea. There was an automobile parked in front of the house. They took the battery out of it, and hooked it up to the radio. The neighbor pulled the switch. The next morning he was leaning up against the counter of a radio store buying a new set of tubes.

Moral: The car was equipped with a 12-volt storage battery.

Does Coffee Sound Like Soup?

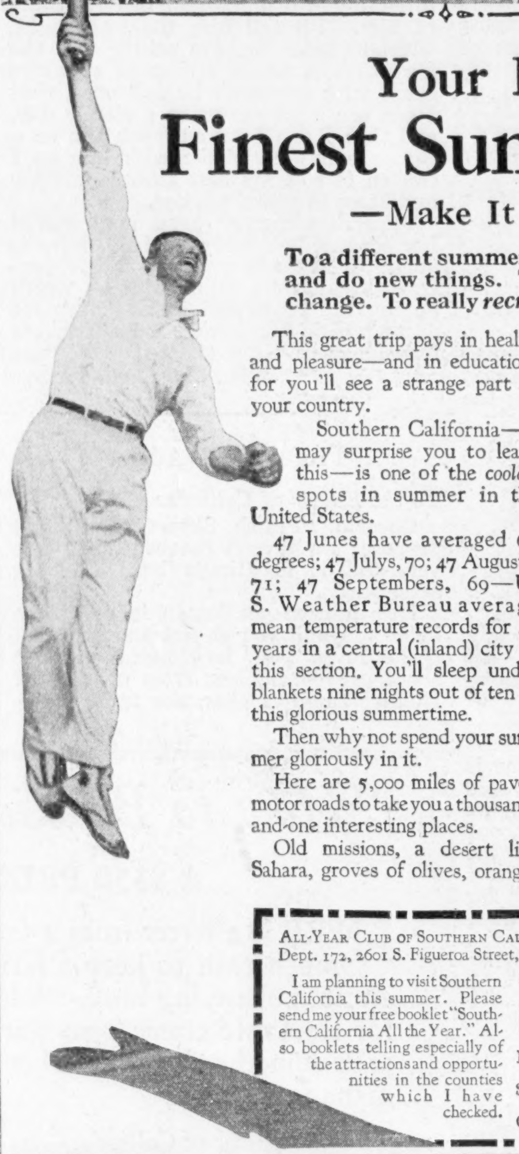
OFFICIALS of a New York broadcast studio sent this story to editors: During the broadcast of an hotel orchestra, a waiter dropped a loaded tray. The next day the station received a special delivery letter containing the following earnest query:

"Was it soup or coffee that splashed when the tray was dropped? We stand two to one in my family that it was a distinctive coffee splash, with only my wife holding out for soup."


"red hot momma!"

The Singing Stove

HERE is one for the psychologists to explain. Mrs. H. F. Wall of Gastonia, N. C., tells it. "One cold rainy Sunday night," she writes, "I was reading in my room on the second floor in front of a red-hot heater when a weird noise startled me. I opened the hall door but found nothing. Then from the ash door of the heater, which was standing open, a woman's voice came forth, accompanied by music. I could not make out the instruments. The singing stopped and I resumed my reading. In a few minutes a mixed quartette sang a church song. Across the hall from me on the first floor is a radio. One of its brace wires is fastened to my chimney. The radio was not being used at the time. Can you explain why my heater 'picked this out of the air'?"



Your Family's

Finest Summer Trip

—Make It *This* Summer

To a different summerland. To rest, to play, to see and do new things. To get a great, rejuvenating change. To really *recreate*. It pays big dividends.

This great trip pays in health and pleasure—and in education, for you'll see a strange part of your country.

Southern California—it may surprise you to learn this—is one of the *coolest* spots in summer in the United States.

47 Junes have averaged 66 degrees; 47 Julys, 70; 47 Augusts, 71; 47 Septembers, 69—U. S. Weather Bureau average mean temperature records for 47 years in a central (inland) city in this section. You'll sleep under blankets nine nights out of ten in this glorious summertime.

Then why not spend your summer gloriously in it.

Here are 5,000 miles of paved motor roads to take you a thousand-and-one interesting places.

Old missions, a desert like Sahara, groves of olives, oranges and figs, sea beaches, mountains, mountain lakes, 5,000 feet above the sea, great moving picture plants, costumed actors going on location. Camping parties with their loaded cars, hikers, golfers, tennis players, sailors, bathers everywhere.

Great cities and picturesque resorts. A fine sunshine. NO RAIN.

A different climate and a different atmosphere. You feel it and you thrill.

The whole family will respond, spiritually, mentally and physically. Men, women and little folk—all are enchanted, for this land has something for each one.

What better time than now or in the summer.

Plan it now at any rate — tell her and the boys and girls what you're going to do, and hear their approval.

Special low-cost, round-trip fares on all railroads from May 15 until October 31.

Southern California is the new and interesting gateway to Hawaii.

Ask any ticket agent to tell you all about this trip. Or mail coupon below to us for full information.

Do it now.

ALL-YEAR CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA,
Dept. 172, 2601 S. Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, California.

I am planning to visit Southern California this summer. Please send me your free booklet "Southern California All the Year." Also booklets telling especially of the attractions and opportunities in the counties which I have checked.

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☐ Riverside County
☐ San Bernardino County
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Here's Just What You've Been Looking For!

You can earn your own spending money. Get valuable prizes. Build up a permanent paying business of your own.

If you're a live wire, you can do it, the same as thousands of other fellows do it. You can have the Junior Sales Agency representing America's three leading magazines — Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, and Collier's, The National Weekly.

WRITE ME TO-NIGHT

JIM THAYER THE CROWELL PUBLISHING CO. DEPT. A-2 SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND

"PLUMB SKEERT," who asked whether she ought to propose to her timid suitor, is getting lots of advice. "Go to it!" is the cry of the bachelor element. Some of them admit that if they'd had more courage they wouldn't be single now. "Propose without seeming to" is the slogan of the married men, tacitly admitting that they didn't mind a little help. Women, as a rule, scorn the direct "Will you?" They intimate a knowledge of more artistic methods.

P. S. will get the entire correspondence. Only a fraction of it is printed below.

"Happily Ever After"

To the Editor of Collier's:

In your January 10th issue "Plumb Skeert" asks for encouraging advice. My own case was similar, I being the man.

I was certainly surprised when the girl told me how she felt toward me. I thought the sun rose for her, but as I had nothing to offer, compared to what she already had, I felt I would only be taking up her time.

Well, anyway, it is ten years now, and our family life is held up as a model by a whole neighborhood; our home is cozy and much admired; her folks, cold at first, are among my best friends; we have a little car; and, best of all, our blond-haired son is winning all the prizes in school.

Tell your man, "Plumb Skeert," for 10 to 1 he feels just the same toward you as I did toward my girl.

PROUD DAD, San Francisco, Cal.

A Moon Helps

To the Editor of Collier's:

"Plumb Skeert" doesn't seem to me to raise the question "Must Man Propose?" She suggests something newer in queries: Has the rising generation, which makes so much love, lost the art of courting?

Not only the man but also the maid and the moon do the proposing. Shades of Cleopatra, "Plumb Skeert," remember the wiles of woman!

According to Sir J. M. Barrie it is "what every woman knows" that a man likes to think he does everything himself. But according to Dorothy Dix's Miranda "Women is got de right to propose; but, my lan', a woman is sholy lackin' in probusness ef she has to pop de question herself."

L. G., Telford, Pa.

Another Way to Get Him

To the Editor of Collier's:

The lovesick maiden who asks "Should Man Propose?" ought to take a correspondence course in common sense. What man wants to marry a girl who shuts up like a clam when he comes around?

Men want good jolly companions these days. There's too much competition for a girl who has nothing to offer but a dumb, dull devotion to get very far even with a "quiet" man. A girl with a good line, an even disposition and a healthy interest in sports will probably make a better wife than the emotional, self-conscious type.

The object of my life right now isn't to let my Bill know how much I think of him. I'll tell him that, all right, when he asks me. I'm selling him the idea that a whole string of evenings spent with me won't be dull ones, that I can see a joke even on a cloudy day, and that I can have as much fun on a cheese sandwich picnic with him as I can on one of his best theatre, supper and home in a taxi parties.

"Plumb Skeert's" beau may marry her because he's sorry for her. Mine is going to sew me up with a life contract because he thinks it'll be worth paying my board bill just to have me around. And I'm honest enough to see that he doesn't get cheated.

B. B., Cleveland, Ohio.

Professional Advice

To the Editor of Collier's:

Cheerio, "Plumb Skeert," but don't propose; we haven't reached that plane yet, and it is always hard sledding afterwards.

He's a rare gentleman indeed if he loves you and you do not know it, and if he loved you, how could you set about preventing him from proposing? Neither family riches, nor family poverty could accomplish it—he would be like the "Noble Roman in Rome's imperial day," who gave us the maxim "I'll find a way or make it."

DR. MARY, Washington, D. C.

Those Beethoven "Blues"

To the Editor of Collier's:

Robert Haven Schauffler's accusing Beethoven, in a recent Collier's, of being the inventor of "jazz" has burdened my mind considerably.

There is *no* doubt of the origin of the modern "jazz." Just as the highly emotional Negro spirituals impelled the Negroes of the old South to shout and roll on the ground in religious ecstasy, so did a new rhythm in diametrical contrast, evolved by the cake-walkers, arouse opposite emotions in a new generation of Negroes, inspiring them to droll antics and queer contortions. Even the very earliest, crudest, syncopated rhythm of the cake-walk penetrated the thin veneer of refinement a higher civilization had put upon the vast majority of white people, and they too adopted the new musical style, and yielded willingly to the alluring tempo.

The effect was that of a musical narcotic requiring an increasing dosage to maintain the ecstatic thrills. Thus came the modern "jazz," and the end is not yet. Beethoven did not invent it. Not a single syncopated passage can be found in his work. The Scherzo, number 6 of opus 18, cited by Mr. Schauffler as the origin of "jazz," is a splendid example of Beethoven's utter disregard for the musical tradition of his time; a splendid example of the expression of individuality which opened the door to the Romantic school; but it is not syncopation.

Of course if, as Mr. Schauffler suggests, the string quartet be replaced by "jazz" instruments, including the "jazz" rhythm, it would probably make a catchy little "jazz" selection; but it would not be Beethoven's quartet for strings.

B. R. WINSLOW,
Baltimore, Md.

Gunning à La Mode

To the Editor of Collier's:

Three years ago there appeared a story by a noted writer in which one of his characters was done to death by a 30-30 rifle, in *1889*, and a year later a *.42* caliber revolver was the cause of another undoing.

And now Collier's has its hat in the ring.

Old George, "the man who loved hate," never needed to take more than three shells for his old-fashioned 30-30 carbine, which was so doggoned old-fashioned that it had a *bolt* action.

Isn't there a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Gun Cranks?

RALPH PIKE, Kalispell, Mont.

Are Stepmothers Mean?

To the Editor of Collier's:

Why is it that stepfathers are seldom criticized one way or the other and that stepmothers are *always* blamed?

I believe that the fairy stories have had a great deal to do with it. When I was a child I was a great reader of fairy stories, and I remember that witches and stepmothers were always in evidence and always mean. When I became a little older and had a stepmother I expected her to be mean, and I suppose I aggravated her accordingly.

Now that I am grown, I realize that she was just a woman with her faults and virtues like the rest of us. Her temper was her worst fault, but that was inherent and she always regretted it afterward. She was Irish, rooted and grounded in her beliefs; I was American (adventurous), wanting to prove every theory before I accepted it. Naturally we conflicted at times; but her good qualities far outweighed her bad ones, and I feel sure she would have acted the same way toward her own children if she had had any. Stepmothers are just people—some of them are good and kind, some are mean and hateful.

GRACE FULLER,
Shreveport, La.

"How to Be Rich Though Poor"

A $350 PRIZE CONTEST

HERE is a letter from a farmer's wife. "It doesn't take much cash to keep a farm family going," she says in an accompanying note. "No rent to pay. Many things for the table come from garden and field. But it does take some hard cash." This is how she and her husband manage:

To the Editor of Collier's:

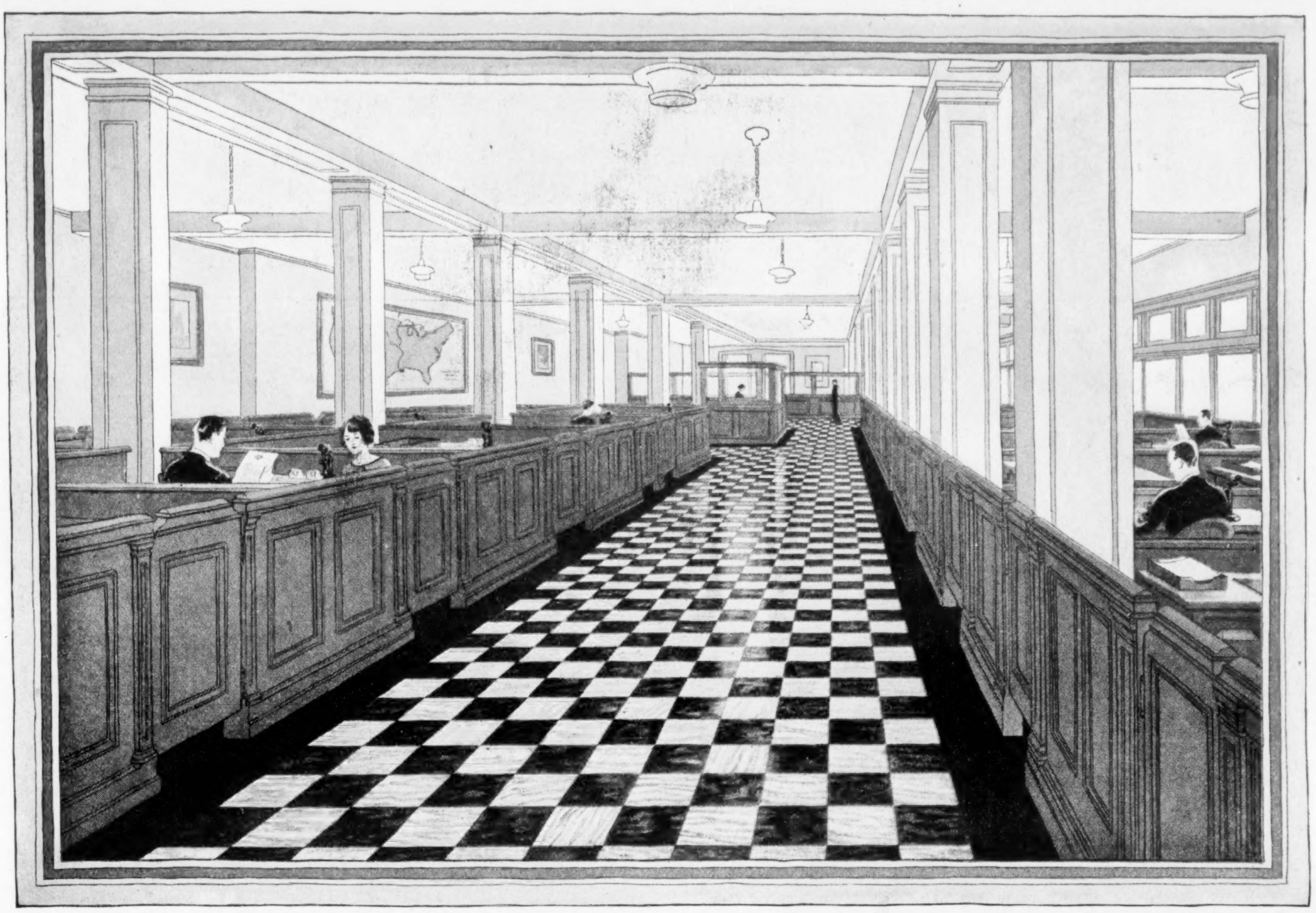
Jim and I were both country kids. When we married, realizing that farm money was mismanaged, we agreed that all our cash income would go into a common fund. Each of us drew so much a year for clothes, and so much a week for such expenses as groceries in my field, and cow feed in Jim's. We've always tried to manage intelligently what little money we have had. We avoid running bills or borrowing.

When the harvest is in sight, and we know fairly well what there will be to sell, and what prices it will bring, we begin planning what we can best afford to do with the money coming in.

When our plans for the big spending of the year are settled, we stick to them. And so in ten years of married life we have never lost our heads during the season of plenty, like so many farm folks, and have steadily added to the comfort and convenience of our place, inside the house as well as outside.

AGNES F., Iowa.

If you are spending a small income wisely write us a letter. Tell us, for the benefit of other readers, how you manage it. For the best letter we will pay $200; for the second best, $100; for the third best, $50. Letters should not exceed 200 words, should reach us by March 7th, and cannot be returned. Address Contest Editor, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York.



Look for the CIRCLE A *trademark on the burlap back*

This picture shows a New York office recently designed by Michael Revello, Architect, now with Tiffany Studios. The floor of Armstrong's Marble Inlaid (Pattern No. 76) is silent, foot-easy, and dignified.

Good Business Floors and Good Business Managers

WHEN the firm outgrew its old quarters and moved to the sixth floor of the new building, it was a big task for the office manager.

"What is the new office going to look like?" was the question everybody asked. Naturally, one of his first considerations was the floor! Every eye that enters the office sees it. Every foot that enters, enters over it and bears down on it and carries in dirt on it. Looks were important. Cost mattered. Maintenance was a problem. Silence was a consideration.

The floor that meets all needs

The office manager commenced to analyze the office floor and divide it into its various functions. There was the president's office to plan for. It must be heavy on looks. There were the long office avenues to consider. They must resist the wear of constant foot traffic. And also the floor must fit into the color harmony of all the new furnishings. And he had to have it quick!

Then the office manager was reminded of Armstrong's Linoleum; and if he didn't say "Eureka," he felt it! Here was the floor that rang the bell to every question that raised its head. Here was the stately floor for the president's office. Here was the wear answer to the office avenues. Here was the harmony of general looks he had wanted. Here were the daily upkeep, economy, and dignity—all to be had, and to be had at a moment's notice.

New designs for business floors

Now for action. He wasted no time in calling up the local merchant who sold Armstrong's Linoleum. That merchant sent his man with an array of possible patterns—two-tone Jaspés for the dignified president, in brown and gray and blue and green; marble tile inlaids for the general offices; bordered effects for the private offices.

And when these new floors were laid, as smooth and flat as a table top, and proved not only lovely but silent and springy and foot-easy—well, the office manager sighed with relief and went home early.

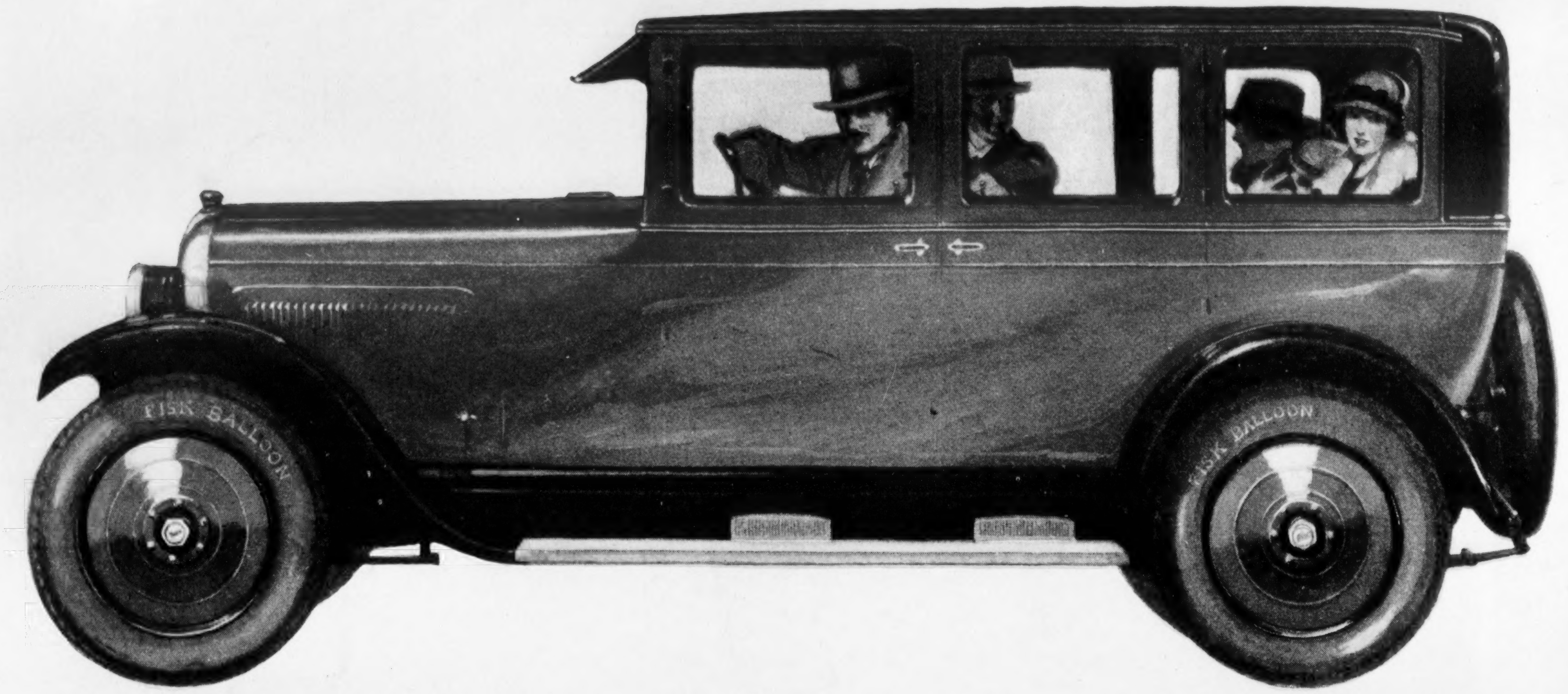
Whether you are the office manager, the president himself, or someone who realizes the need of better floors in your place of business, call up your architect, contractor, or any good linoleum merchant for information on the advantages of Armstrong's Linoleum floors and their low cost. When you buy linoleum you can be sure of getting Armstrong's Linoleum by looking for the Circle A trade-mark on the burlap back.

Send for this book

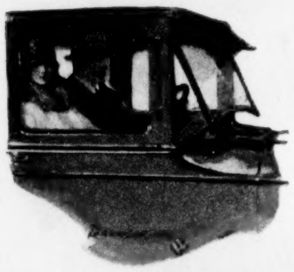
Write for a free copy of our 48-page book, "Business Floors," which shows colorplates of the many different designs and gives complete information on the care of linoleum floors, together with photographs of linoleum installations and complete directions for cementing Armstrong's Linoleum permanently in place over concrete or wood. Address Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, 2508 West Walnut Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Business Floors

Armstrong's Linoleum *for every floor in the house*



Overland Gives the Public New Ideas of Six-Cylinder Value



A one-piece ventilating windshield and a sun visor give clear driving vision.

Overland has given the automobile industry the surprise of its life by producing a fine new Overland with SIX CYLINDERS—a car that passes away beyond the everyday goals of six-cylinder performance—a car without a rival at its price, much less an equal! And a car the public is greeting with unprecedented eagerness. An immediate success!

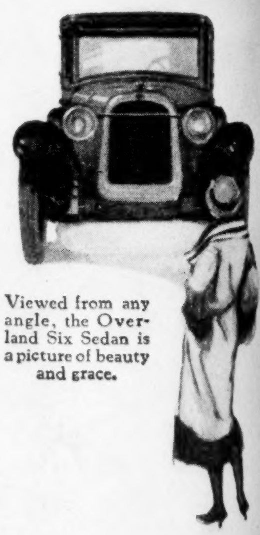
Everybody knew that Overland would someday build a Six. But instead of jumping hastily into Sixes, the Overland engineers decided to plan and work slowly, and hold back until an Overland Six could be offered that would out-six any other six of its size.

Overland presents its new Six in two body models—two beautiful Sedans that will appeal to the eyes and hearts of all true disciples of luxury — a Sedan with four doors and a Sedan with two doors.

The new Overland *Six* is new in engine design — new in body style — new in chassis structure — new with all new advantages of up-to-the-hour engineering. Smart. Low. Big. Roomy. Luxurious. Disc wheels. Fisk balloon tires. A very charming car—and as good as it looks — *good to the very core.*

As to the engine, six cylinders never lived and worked more happily together. An engine that is clean, simple, quiet, powerful—a real advance in engineering.

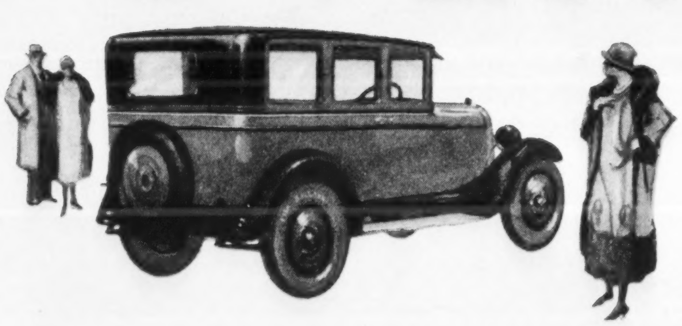
Overland knew all along that a very unusual Six could be built at a very unusual price — and Overland at last has built it. And here it is—the most tempting value in six-cylinder history!



Viewed from any angle, the Overland Six Sedan is a picture of beauty and grace.

Willys-Overland, Inc., Toledo, Ohio, - *Willys-Overland Sales Co. Ltd., Toronto, Canada.*

The New OVERLAND *Six*



The kind of a car that makes the friends of owners wish they owned that kind of a car.